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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1883.

LONDON LANDOWNERS, LONDON IMPROVEMENTS, AND THE HOUSING OF THE POOR.

THOSE who knew London twenty-five years ago, and still more those whose knowledge extends to an earlier period, cannot but admit that the town has undergone a wonderful change. Where narrow and inconvenient thoroughfares with dingy houses existed, wide and noble streets, lined with palatial dwellings, are to be seen. The mud banks of the Thames have vanished, and are replaced by probably the noblest embankment and roadway in the world. The horse-killing dip of Holborn valley has been levelled by that wonderful example of engineering and constructive skill—the Holborn Viaduct. Upon the filthy purlieus of Smithfield Market stands a handsome and commodious meat market. The new Law Courts cover a site worse in aspect than even the adjacent Clare Market; and upon the site of rookeries, where criminals sought and often found refuge from their pursuers, and into which even the police feared to enter, justice now sits enthroned. The narrow and traffic-laden streets of the city are gradually being widened, and adorned by the erection of stately buildings. The market gardens of Kensington and Earl's Court are covered with mansions and palaces; while north and south, east and west, London has been extending itself in all directions, reaching from

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Hammersmith on the west to Stratford on the east, and from Highgate in the north to Sydenham far south—the most marvellous city in the world—"a province," in fact, "covered with houses." These vast improvements, attended as they undoubtedly have been with manifold advantages to the whole community, have entailed an enormous expenditure, and a vast burden has been imposed upon the ratepayers. The municipal debt of London is at the present time over twenty-three millions sterling, to which, if we added water and light, matters which have been taken over by other large municipalities—and the purchase of the interest of the water companies cannot much longer be delayed—we should increase this obligation to very little short of seventy millions sterling. While these improvements have most unquestionably proved advantageous to the whole community in making life more enjoyable, in securing that splendid system of drainage and improved sanitation which has made London, taken altogether, one of the healthiest and cleanest cities of the kingdom, there is a class who have derived especial benefit from this great outlay of what we may call public expenditure, and that is the landowners of London. Properties whose rentals twenty years ago were represented by

hundreds are now productive of thousands. The landlords have thus been enormously enriched by casting an undue burden upon the inhabitants at large, and they have escaped their fair share of the liability whilst they enjoy to the full the advantages. The whole weight of the burden of local taxation in the metropolis falls upon the occupier, and the escape of the landowner is one of those crying evils which must before long find a remedy, or prove a serious menace to the highest interests of the town. Mr. Fawcett in a debate on the Public Works Loans Bill in 1875, put forward the injustice of this in a very clear manner.

"What," he said, "was the present position of local taxation? The great increase in the local taxation had been carried chiefly by perpetually calling new rates into existence, and he would prove how peculiarly unjust was the system of throwing every shilling of the capital and interest of loans for public works upon occupiers and not upon owners. He would take the Artizans' Dwellings Bill as an illustration of his proposition. The Home Secretary said that although the Bill would in the first instance involve a considerable charge in order to carry it into execution, yet the ratepayers would be ultimately remunerated and compensated even in a pecuniary sense. Admitting that statement to be truly accurate, what did it amount to? Supposing 600,000 \pounds were required to be raised in order to provide dwellings for the working classes, it must be borrowed on the principle that the whole of the money, principal and interest, should be repaid in twenty-one years. To do that it would be necessary to impose a shilling rate, the result being that at the end of that term the municipality would, according to the supposition of the Home Secretary, find itself in possession of a property worth 800,000 \pounds . But every shilling of the additional rate would have been paid by the occupiers, while not a single farthing would have been contributed by the owners of the buildings or the owners of the land on which they stood. If, then, the occupiers had given to the municipality a property worth 800,000 \pounds the rates would be reduced; if the rates were reduced, the rents would be raised; and it came to this—that the occupier of a house would be rated in order to enable the owner ultimately to put the money into his own pocket in the form of increased rent. It was difficult to imagine anything which involved a greater infringement of the principles of financial justice. There could be no doubt that, if for the sake of effecting any improvement, money was borrowed and a new rate was imposed to pay the principal and

interest of the loan, every shilling of the rate would be paid by the occupiers as distinguished from the owners of farms, houses, and business premises."

Nothing can be truer than this, and hence it has come to pass that in placing the burden for improvements upon the ratepayers who are only occupiers, the landlords have their properties improved, and their incomes increased at the cost of the inhabitants at large, and they are not called upon in any way to contribute whilst they ultimately come in for the sole benefit of the expenditure. This should not be so, and it is grievously unfair to the ratepayers that it should be permitted to be so. It is altogether a one-sided arrangement in which the interests of the many have to be burdened for the ultimate benefit of the favoured few, and the proposal adopted by Mr. Goschen's Select Committee upon local taxation in 1870, "that it is expedient to make owners as well as occupiers directly liable for a certain proportion of the rates," is one that commends itself not only as sound in policy but just in principle, and one that must be conceded and acted upon when Parliament comes to deal with the subject of Local Taxation.

It is therefore true to say that while London improvements tend to make the condition of the town better, the landlords or owners derive large pecuniary advantages to which they really are not entitled. The value of their property has been enormously increased, not by any act of their own, but at the expense of the inhabitants at large.

While our great landowners are thus enabled to derive princely revenues from their metropolitan possessions, what have they done in return to the community? The answer is distressing, for it portrays a selfishness which is lamentable. For, if the truth is told, they have done nothing to advance the interests of the people. Not a school or a museum, not a library or mechanics' institute, have they pre-

sented out of all their wealth. They drain the utmost farthing they can. When any great improvement scheme touches their possession, they stand out for the utmost compensation, as if their interests were sacrificed instead of being enhanced by such improvements. Without any wish unduly to mention names, the conduct of the Marquis of Salisbury with regard to the proposed improvements through Soho must be well in the recollection of the reader, while for an example of pure selfishness one need only point out that enclosure within high walls at the western end of the Victoria Embankment, erected by the Duke of Buccleuch and others. It may safely be said that if the Thames Embankment were constructed at this day, that large space of ground, which was mainly reclaimed from the muddy ooze of the Thames at the public expense, would not have been permitted to be claimed and enclosed by any private individuals, dukes or others. Twenty years hence it is very doubtful if such an enclosure will be tolerated, and lucky indeed will the owners be if they receive compensation for what they ought never to have enjoyed. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* a short time ago did well to call the attention of the public to this greedy selfishness of our London landowners. It is sorry work, to say the least, that for the purpose of establishing a few drinking fountains in the metropolis, an appeal should have to be made annually to the charitable; and it is strange that such appeals should be made by one who derives one of the largest incomes from metropolitan house property. If we compare the conduct of London landowners with the noble munificence of such men as Sir Francis Crossley, Sir Titus Salt, Josiah Mason, Mark Firth, and others of that class, who out of their wealth have given largely to the towns from which they derived that wealth, it is much to their discredit. In the London of to-day we have no such citizens as those named. London of old produced many noble

examples of that sort; but in recent times, with one notable exception, the metropolis has had to provide for itself. That exception, it need hardly be said, was the late George Peabody—an American citizen, who out of his wealth, and in gratitude to the town in which that wealth had been mainly acquired, made a gift which will hand his name down to posterity as one of the greatest benefactors of the poor of London. Our great landowners in London would do well to follow such a worthy example. Their right to enjoy the wealth derivable from this aggregation of people upon their property should be accompanied on their part with some acknowledgments that property has its duties as well as its privileges. One thing is perfectly clear, that the policy which has hitherto prevailed, whereby the costs of improvements are thrown solely on the occupiers, will not long outlive its exposure.

With the exception of the drainage system, which was carried out over the entire metropolis, the improvements to which we have referred have been generally confined to the central and west districts of London, where the wealthier classes of the community dwell, except so far as regards certain main streets. There are many parts of London which have scarcely undergone any improvement at all during the last twenty-five years. In the more favoured west-end division, where the town is comparatively new, wide streets are the rule, and the requirements of the Building and Public Health Acts are observed. Elsewhere the improvements are confined to the main thoroughfares. And one grave result arising from this widening and improving of the main arteries of communication is the fact that the picture it presents to the eye of the mere passer-by is fair, while it shuts out from our view the dismal, overcrowded, and unhealthy areas lying behind, and it is only those who travel out of the great thoroughfares, who go into the bye-ways, the courts and

alleys of this metropolis, that fully realise how little has been done, how much there remains to do, and how dangerously close together are wealth and poverty, light and darkness, comfort and utter squalor.

In an article for a magazine for general readers, it would be probably out of place to dwell at any great length, or with any detail, upon the state in which tens of thousands of our labouring poor are housed. The details are profoundly revolting. But it is necessary to give some idea of the state of things—and those who require more information can seek it by studying the reports of the Medical Officers of Health, and visiting the localities indicated. They will then see that human beings have to dwell, children have to be reared and brought up, in habitations in which humane persons would not kennel their dogs, into which the sunlight never penetrates, in which the atmosphere is mephitic, and where the most ordinary sanitary arrangements are absolutely absent. Many such areas exist throughout London, the owners of which comprise ecclesiastical bodies, corporate bodies, and some of the principal landowners, men high in the state and in society. Thousands of families have to dwell in single rooms of the most wretched description and in the most wretched condition, wanting all that conduces to health of body or mind, and where the moral existence is necessarily and unspeakably degraded.

This is the description of one wretched quarter, as given in evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1881, by a sanitary inspector for Whitechapel:—“A more deplorable state of things could not possibly exist. The houses are in a very dirty condition. Some of them are entirely without privy accommodation, and in other cases the privies are so dilapidated and filthy as to render them unfit for use. In some cases there is no water supply; in

others the fittings are so defective that the water flows over, and the yards are flooded in consequence of the drains being defective. [The closets having been taken down in some cases] the tenants are left without any accommodation, and they have to go wherever they can to find a convenience. In some cases the soil is thrown into the streets.”

In the Borough this is a description given by the medical officer:—“There was a large court, and there were certain privies in the court, and most of the privies were occupied as stables for the costermonger’s donkeys—one place being retained for the use of the whole population that is in this small square.”

In Limehouse Mr. Rogers, the medical officer, found “in one house the water-closet was in a cupboard—the sanitary conveniences were terrible.” And hundreds of other sickening and revolting cases could be quoted if necessary.

These are simply fever dens, and the fruitful breeding ground of disease, dangerous to the entire community. It is in such places that epidemics break out, and as diseases of this kind do not stop where they begin, the health of the whole community is constantly menaced by the existence of such rookeries. From a mere selfish point of view their effacement is therefore desirable, to say nothing of the salvation it would bring to the helpless poor, who are mainly the victims. The rate of mortality in these insanitary districts is terrible. In Brown Bear Alley, Limehouse, we are told while the average mortality rate for the whole district was 23·9 per 1,000, the death-rate here was 50 per 1,000 in 1874. In another rookery in Whitechapel, while for the whole district the rate of mortality was 26·4 per 1,000, the death-rate on an average of three years was 33·4 per 1,000, not counting the deaths that occurred in infirmaries and hospitals, into which the sickly were frequently removed. Another medical officer—for St. George’s-in-

the-East—states that in one year he had a return showing the number of deaths from zymotic diseases in the entire parish to have been 115 ; of that twenty-two were in the lower district alone—a very insanitary district—giving one-fifth of the whole parish, when in reality the population of that district is only one-thirtieth of the parish. The infant mortality is perfectly appalling. The poor babes wither away, and with their dismal surroundings have not a chance for life. The death-rate of infants under one year is frightful ; and those who survive are emaciated and stunted. We are told that tadpoles will not develop into frogs without sunlight. In the same way these poor babes from their very birth are stunted, and grow sicklier and sicklier until death overtakes them.

In permitting such a state of things the whole community are responsible for a terrible sacrifice of human lives, and for consigning to a state of misery which words cannot portray tens of thousands of wretched human beings. And it is not merely the physical character of the people that suffers grievously : their moral character cannot help being vitiated. How is it possible to be otherwise when human beings are penned together in overcrowded dens regardless of age or sex ?

Conscious of the evils arising from this overcrowding of the poor some efforts have been made by a few philanthropists and others to provide fitter habitations for the working classes. Foremost, of course, in this category stands the Peabody Trust, who have erected numerous blocks of buildings in various parts of the metropolis, in which are housed many thousands of people, under circumstances where the decencies of life can be observed, and with the utmost advantage to the moral and material interests of those who have been fortunate enough to secure for themselves the position of tenants of the Trust. A commercial enterprise by a company, of which Sir Sydney Waterlow is chair-

man, has built at Bethnal Green several extensive blocks, in which a large number of the better class of the poor, such as mechanics and artizans, are housed ; and this has given proof, if proof were needed, that as a mere matter of commercial enterprise, apart altogether from the higher considerations which surround any system for the better housing of the poor, it affords a safe investment to those who have money to lay out. Sir Sydney Waterlow's Company pays a handsome dividend, although it lets its suites of rooms at a weekly rental well within the power of the better sort of our labouring classes. The Peabody Trust, also, although it undoubtedly has to a certain extent the element of a charity about it, is so well managed that it yields the interest upon the capital which the trustees resolved upon. The large blocks of fit dwellings erected by these bodies are eagerly sought after by the working classes, and rooms are never empty beyond a week or two at a change of tenancy, which shows that the poor themselves are anxious for better habitations and gladly avail themselves thereof. It is the greatest calumny imaginable to say that the poor prefer to infest the slums. And it is perfectly astounding to read in the evidence taken by the Select Committee of the House of Commons upon the Artizans' Dwellings Act Amendment Bill in 1881 the statement made by Mr. Ashby, a member of the Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London, that "the poor people cannot endure the fresh air. We have such an extraordinary class of people to deal with—they will not thrive in the fresh air, they want to be in dirt." Such a statement is utterly indefensible, and without any foundation in fact.

The legislature has shown its desire to provide better and healthier habitations for the poor by its action in passing the various Public Health Acts, and as regards the metropolis, more especially by passing Mr. Torrens's Artizans' Dwellings Act

1868, and Mr. Cross's Artizans' and Labourers' Dwellings Act 1875. The motive and the object of these two last named statutes were most excellent. By Mr. Torrens's Act, of 1868 power was given to vestries and district boards to deal with individual cases of houses which had become, by dilapidation and want of sanitary arrangements, unfit for human habitation. But strange to say, the local authorities permitted it to remain almost a dead letter. In 1874, Sir Ughtred Kay Shuttleworth called the pointed attention of Parliament to the question of the housing of the poor in a speech of very marked ability and power, and he extracted from Mr. Secretary (now Sir Richard) Cross a pledge to deal with the matter at the first opportunity, and the promise was faithfully kept by the preparation and introduction at the next Session of the Artizans' and Labourers' Dwellings Bill which became the Act of 1875. While Mr. Torrens's Act was limited in its scope to individual cases, Mr. Cross's Act enabled the local authorities, which in London was the Metropolitan Board of Works and the City Corporation, to deal with large areas wherever the medical officers of health represented any area owing to overcrowding, closeness, and want of light and sanitary requisites, to be unhealthy and insanitary.

Very soon after the passing of the Act, several representations were made by medical officers to the Board of Works and the Corporation respecting areas which in their opinion should come under the operation of the Act, and in consequence thereof several sites were selected for condemnation, and these in time were acquired and cleared of the wretched dwellings that existed upon them. In the City, in Whitechapel, in St. Giles, and Bermondsey, large areas were thus acquired for the purpose of securing healthier homes for the working classes.

Unfortunately, however, the Act proved to be cumbrous in its ma-

chinery, and so costly in its operation, that it became manifest in a very short time that if put into operation upon any very large scale, it would involve a very large expenditure of public money, and add considerably to the burden of the ratepayers. And hence it gave rise to so much hostile criticism that it became to a certain extent unpopular in a very short time.

The rock upon which Mr. Cross's Act came to grief was its false principle of compensation to the owners of the properties which had been allowed to become condemnable as unfit for habitation. It is true that the arbitrators appointed to decide the question of compensation—Sir Henry Hunt in the first instance, and after him Mr. Rodwell, Q.C.—extended to the principle of compensation an interpretation which was never contemplated, which, in fact, was endeavoured to be guarded against. Mr. Fawcett at the time pointed out the outlay which the Act would involve, with its market value of compensation:—

“Under the Act of 1868, which was now in force, if a house was condemned as being unfit for human habitation, the owner was punished by receiving for it the minimum rate of compensation; but under this Bill, when a house was condemned, the owner was to be compensated on a principle which would give him the very amount that he could realise. The Bill said that the owner of a house must be compensated at the market price of his property, and in calculating the market price an element which they would have to take into consideration would be the income which the house was yielding at the present time. It was perfectly notorious that the more disgraceful, the more overcrowded, and the more deficient was the state of many of these houses, the larger was the income they yielded, and the ratepayers therefore would see their money lavishly paid to owners who had allowed their property to fall into such a condition that it had to be condemned as unfit for human habitation.”

The result of this principle of compensation in a very short time involved the Metropolitan Board in a very large loss, for the amount which they had to pay for compensation was utterly out

of proportion to what they were obliged to sell the sites at for artizans' dwellings, and a loss of over half a million in a short time rather alarmed the ratepayers. How, therefore, came it to pass that so large a compensation was given to persons who had no claim to liberal treatment? This was the pertinent question put by Lord Camperdown in a speech of his in the House of Lords in 1879, and he answered it in this way:—

“In the first place, the sums paid to them were out of all proportion to the sums eventually obtained by the sale of the sites. Again, these bad houses were very densely populated; but where proper houses were erected fewer tenants could be accommodated, and the money received for rent was consequently less. . . . It was said the Board had taken these properties at a fair market value. If that was so, there was some defect in the working of the Act. He did not object to a purchase at ‘a fair market value,’ but what was that fair market value? It seemed as though the Board had purchased the property not according to the actual value of the individual house, but had taken the rents paid by the tenantry, and given so many years' purchase upon them. It seemed to him that the proper course of proceeding would have been to consider these houses as condemned nuisances, which must be removed under the Nuisances Removal Act, and paid for them accordingly. He had no hesitation in saying that the effect (of the working of the Act up to that time) had been to establish and encourage a trade in those houses which were unfit for habitation. It was notorious that persons had been paid for such houses very much larger sums than they could have obtained in the open market, and therefore it might be taken for granted that in case of the other schemes which had not then been sanctioned, a considerable trade in this class of houses would be established.”

In fact, when schemes under the Act were propounded there arose a regular trade in these unhealthy habitations, and a system of fraud was practised upon the arbitrators, who in calculating the compensation to be awarded gave effect to the element of rent. Rents much in excess of what had been received were stated to have been received, and rent-books were manufactured wholesale with the view to deceive and mislead the arbitrators, and to secure a higher compensation.

The landlords crammed human beings into these wretched dens, and the greater the overcrowding and the more wretched the buildings, the greater was the difficulty of obtaining them on any reasonable terms.

There would really be no hardship, no injustice at all, so far as we can conceive, especially when regard is paid to the principles already adopted by the Legislature in many matters affecting morality, sobriety, and the public health—there would be no novel infringement upon the rights of property—if Parliament were to insist that when owners of inhabited houses permitted their property to become liable to be condemned as unfit for human habitation and detrimental to the public health, they should be called upon to demolish the same, remove from the surface the materials, and rebuild thereupon a building to house as many as had been displaced, to the satisfaction of the local authority, and that upon his failing to do so after a reasonable lapse of time after notice, the ground should be acquired by the local authority at a value based solely on the ground itself, if indeed absolute forfeiture should not be demanded.

It may be said that this would amount to confiscation of property. Confiscation appears to us to be a word which invariably rises to the surface when any great reform affecting the propertied class is proposed, and nothing is easier than to raise up this bugbear to frighten timid people. But confiscation in one form or another is really very frequently involved in legislative action. In this country there is no such thing as absolute right of property. The old Roman legal maxim, *cujus est solum ejus est usque ad cælum*, although in a measure engrafted upon our law, has no real force in this country. But apart from that, we have so frequently interfered with the rights of property, and have imposed conditions upon the possession of property, the breach of which may entail forfeiture, that there is really nothing very new or

very startling in the proposal that Parliament should insist upon certain things being done by landowners as a condition for their possession of land. Moreover, the right of an individual to enjoy his own property is limited by an obligation which has the force of law, that he must so use it as to cause no injury or prejudice to his neighbour. If this is so with regard to an individual neighbour, all the more strongly should it be so with regard to an adjacent community of people. Lord Camperdown, in the speech to which we have already made some reference, approached very near to the true remedy against this undue compensation for unhealthy dwellings, when he had the courage to suggest that they might pass an Act requiring the Nuisances Removal Act to be put in force with an adequate penalty, and when he questioned the justice of owners of houses which are a source of plague and disease, and a disgrace to a civilised community, being allowed to make profit out of the letting of such places for human habitation. This view accords with the opinion of many of the witnesses examined before the Select Committee upon the Act in 1881, and if we may judge by some questions put by Sir Richard Cross, the author of the Act, it would appear as if he also were of opinion that the owners of such dwellings should receive no very liberal treatment—in fact, that Parliament should by an Act declare specifically what compensation should be given, *if at all*—implying necessarily that there may be cases in which absolute forfeiture even might with justice be declared.

The Artizans' Dwellings Act of 1875 clearly has involved certain considerable losses which eventually fall upon the ratepayers of the metropolis, and for this reason it has undergone a certain amount of unfriendly criticism. But the object of the Act is a matter which should not be viewed as a mere commercial transaction, nor should it be measured by the strict rules of political economy. Even, however,

were it so, it can, we think, be defended. The construction of healthful dwellings for the poor will prove in the result absolutely advantageous to the material prosperity of the community in the saving of life, in the prevention of the spread of epidemics and diseases, the burden of which, in case of any serious outbreak, would have to be borne by the ratepayers, and therefore it will, in our opinion, be an expenditure well justified by the result, and so prove a matter perhaps of profit rather than loss.

Mr. Vigers, the surveyor of the Peabody Trust, gave it as his opinion, an opinion with which we entirely agree, "that it is very well worth the while of the public to face the work and do it—it is a great benefit to us all, and a great benefit to the working population, for I have a very strong creed upon that point that it is simply a waste of money to educate the growing population and send them to live in such miserable dens as they have been obliged to live in. I think the Act of 1875 has done a great service, and those who do not believe in it now will live to believe in it, and that it will be a great public good."

But it is essential that the landowners should bear their fair share of the burden, and that the occupiers should not be called upon to make undue sacrifices for the ultimate enrichment of the owners.

When our working classes are properly housed, a great change will come over the community, and as long as they live as they have now to do there lurks a real; danger which may involve society in an overwhelming overthrow. This danger is not fanciful, it is real, and it is far wiser that we should fully understand it in time. It is perfectly certain that the rising generation, who are being educated and enlightened, will not tolerate what their fathers have done; they will become conscious of their own power, and if their best interests are neglected by those in authority, they will secure for themselves that which it

would have been better to have granted them. The condition of the poor, and the existence of so much misery, is a danger which menaces society as a whole.

Crime, immorality, and degradation certainly prevail to a very grievous extent in this great metropolis, but speaking with some experience of this dark side of our community, and making reasonable allowance for their wretched condition, their debasing surroundings, the miseries they have to undergo, the straitened poverty which they have to bear, we may safely say that our wonder is not at the amount of crime and degradation which exists, but at the fact that it is not infinitely worse. Indeed the virtues of the poor cannot fail to impress itself more and more upon those who are in any degree conversant with them, or who come into contact with them. The hardships they endure without complaint or murmur, the absence from

their home-life of every element of comfort, the pestilential places in which they have to dwell, their struggles against adversity, their ever-eager readiness to extend what aid they can to the helpless, and their true charity one to another in their troubles and their sorrows, can only enlist the deepest sympathies of those who have knowledge thereof.

In the very vilest of these dens, with all their unhealthy surroundings, you frequently come across instances of the noblest, truest heroism. It is to lift these out of their misery, to shed light upon their lives, and so elevate them to a worthier citizen's life that our efforts should be directed. As long as the poor are permitted to overcrowd the wretched habitations in which for want of better they are constrained to dwell, our educational efforts will be retarded, and the work of the schoolmaster made difficult, and partly valueless as well.

SENILIA: PROSE POEMS BY IVAN TURGENIEF.

THE following preface to the edition of the *European Messenger* will explain the origin of the pieces below:—

Ivan Ssergejewitch Turgenief, in accordance with our request, has given us his permission to present to our readers the fleeting thoughts, fancies, and impressions, which he, from time to time, has noted amid the varied scenes of daily life—his own, as well as others—during the past five years, and which he has committed to paper. For these, as for many others, no place was found in the already completed and published works of the author. They form a collection in themselves, and the author has, meanwhile, selected fifty fragments from among them.

At the conclusion of the letter which accompanied the sheets now

published by us, I. S. Turgenief wrote:—

“The reader should not peruse these ‘Prose Poems’ in succession; they would most probably weary him, and he would throw the book aside. But he may read them singly, one to-day, another to-morrow, and then, perhaps, one or the other may sink into his soul.”

These sheets have no collective title; outside the envelope containing them the author wrote: “Senilia—An Old Man's Fancies”;—but we prefer the words which he let fall at the conclusion of the above-quoted letter: “Prose Poems,” and publish the leaflets under this title. It thoroughly explains our views, both as regards the source from whence these sketches have flowed,—the author's soul, which

is well known for its sympathy with all questions that move humanity,—as well as the impressions which the poems may convey to the reader. For they are really poems, although written in prose. We print them in chronological order, beginning at the year 1878.

PART I.—1878.

IN THE VILLAGE.

It is the last day of July; a thousand wersts wide around is Russia—home.

The whole heaven is a shadowless azure, only one solitary, tiny cloud floats therein, and melts away. Perfect calm, heat. . . . An atmosphere like lukewarm milk.

The larks chant, the doves coo, the swallows dart about, silent and swift as arrows; the horses whinny as they graze, and there stand the dogs, gently wagging their tails, without barking.

There is a faint scent of smoke, of hay, of tar, and of leather. The field of hemp is already ripe, and exhales its intense but agreeable perfume.

In a deep but not a precipitous ravine stands an array of weather-beaten pollard willows. Beneath them flows a streamlet, and the little stones on its bed tremble under the eddying surface of the water. In the distance, where heaven meets earth, one can see the blue lines of a large river.

On one side of the ravine stand small and neat granaries, with firmly closed doors; on the other side some five or six peasants' huts, built of pine logs, and roofed with planks. Each roof is crowned by the little house for starlings, perched on a long pole; on the gables are horses' heads with stiff manes, cut out of sheet iron. The unequal window-panes glitter with rainbow hues. Vases of flowers are painted in exceedingly primitive style on the window shutters. Solid benches stand before the houses, here and there a round, curled-up cat, with keen, piercing eyes; beyond the high door-

step the dark, cool entrance to the house.

I recline close to the edge of the ravine, upon an outspread horse-cloth; around me are heaps of new-mown, steaming, fragrant grass. The practical peasants have spread their hay in front of their houses, in order that it may dry thoroughly in the heat of the sun; then it is conveyed to the barn; after that it rests luxuriously.

Curly-headed children peep out of the haystacks; tufted hens flutter around, and search for little beetles; a puppy curls itself round in a heap of straw.

Brown-haired youths, in neat, broadly-girt shirts and heavy boots, lean with their breasts against a peasant's cart; they laugh and jest amongst themselves.

A young, round-cheeked woman looks out of one of the windows, and laughs, partly at the boys, partly at the children's romps in the hay.

Another young woman is drawing with her powerful arms the great, dripping bucket out of the well. The bucket trembles and swings on the rope, and long shining drops fall from it.

Beside me stands an old woman; she is attired in a new gown, and new leather shoes.

Three rows of large glass beads encircle her lean and sunburnt neck; her hoary head is wrapped in a yellow handkerchief, spotted with red, which hangs over her lustreless eyes.

But the aged eyes smile kindly; the whole wrinkled visage smiles. This old woman has left nearly eighty years behind her, . . . and one can still see that she was beautiful in her youth.

In the brown, parted fingers of her right hand she holds a jar of cool milk, just fetched from the cellar. The outside of the jar seems to be beaded with drops of dew. With her left hand she offers me a large piece of black bread, yet warm: "Eat, and be welcome!"

Suddenly the cock crows and flaps his wings vigorously. After a pause,

a calf bleats a reply from within the closed stable.

"Those are what I call oats!" I hear my coachman exclaim. . . .

This content, this repose, this abundance, in this free, Russian village! Oh, what calm and what bliss!

And I think to myself: Why do we so urgently need a cross upon the dome of the holy Saint Sophia in Byzantium, and all other things, after which we townsmen strive so earnestly?

February, 1878.

A CONVERSATION.

A human foot has never yet ascended the Jungfrau nor the Finsteraarhorn.

The summit of the Alps . . . a perfect chain of steep rocks . . . the depths of the heart of the mountains.

Above the mountains a pale-green heaven, still and clear. Hard, severe frost; firm, glittering snow; from under the snow protrude gloomy, ice-incrusted, weather-beaten twigs.

Two Colossi, two giants, rise on either side of the horizon: the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn. And the Jungfrau asks her neighbour: "What is the news? Thou canst gaze around more easily than I, what is happening there below?"

A thousand years elapse—a minute. And Finsteraarhorn thunders in reply: "Impenetrable clouds veil the earth. . . Wait!"

Another thousand years elapse—a minute.

"What now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"Now I can see: there below everything is unchanged, confused, and small. Blue water, black forests, masses of grey, piled-up, towering stone. And all around those little beetles still swarm, you know them, those with two legs; who, hitherto, have never been able to sully my summit nor thine."

"Mankind?"

"Yes, mankind."

A thousand years elapse once more—a minute.

"And what now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"It appears to me as if a few of these beetles had become visible," thunders Finsteraarhorn; "it has grown clearer there below; the waters are diminished, the forests less dense!"

And yet another thousand years go by—a minute.

"What seest thou now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"Around us, close at hand, it seems to grow clearer," replies Finsteraarhorn; "but there, in the distance, there are still specks in the valleys, something still stirs there."

"And now?" asks the Jungfrau after another thousand years—a minute.

"Now it is good," answers Finsteraarhorn; "it is pure everywhere; perfectly white, wherever one looks. . . . Our snow is everywhere, spotless snow and ice. All is frozen. Now it is good and quiet."

"Yes, now it is good!" assents the Jungfrau. "And now, thou hast chattered sufficiently, old one. Let us now sleep a little."

"Yes, it is time."

So they sleep, those giant mountains; and the clear, green heaven slumbers above the everlastingly silent earth.

February, 1878.

THE OLD WOMAN.

I wandered alone in a distant meadow.

Suddenly it seemed to me as if I heard light, cautious footsteps behind me. . . . Some one was following me.

I looked round—and discovered a little, humpbacked old woman, completely swathed in grey rags. Only her face—a yellow, wrinkled, keen, toothless face—peered out.

I advanced towards her. . . . She remained standing.

"Who are you? What do you want? Are you a beggar? Do you ask alms?"

The old woman answered nothing. I bent down towards her and remarked

that both her eyes were veiled with a white, half-transparent membrane, similar to that which one finds in many birds that shelter their eyes from a too-glaring light.

But this old woman's membrane was motionless, it was never lifted from the pupil. . . . I concluded from this that she was blind.

"Do you demand alms?" I repeated my question. "Why do you follow me?" But still the old woman replied not, but only bowed herself a little lower.

I turned round, and pursued my road.

And again I heard the same soft, stealthy, measured footsteps behind me.

"This woman again!" I thought; "what does she want with me?" But immediately I added to myself: "Probably she may have wandered from the path in her blindness, and she is following the sound of my footsteps, in order to arrive with me at some inhabited neighbourhood. . . . Yes, yes, that is it!"

But a curious unrest took possession of me, . . . it seemed to me as if I were following the given direction of this old woman, and not she mine; that she was forcing me forward, now to the right, now to the left, and that I unwillingly obeyed her.

Meanwhile I go further and further.

. . . And there before me, exactly in the direction of my path, is something black; it grows wider; . . . it is a ditch. . . . "A grave!" the thought came like a flash of lightning. And she is forcing me towards it.

I turn round short. The old woman is still by me. . . . But now she can see. She glares at me with large, evil, menacing eyes, the eyes of a bird of prey. . . . I look closer at her face, at her eyes. . . . And there again was the dim membrane, and again the same infirm and sightless lineaments.

"Ah!" I reflect. . . . "This old woman is—my Fate; that Fate which mankind cannot escape."

"Cannot escape? cannot escape? What a delusion. . . . I will attempt

to do so!" And I strike out in a different direction.

I hasten, . . . but the airy footsteps rustle behind me, near, so near, . . . and still before me is that gloomy pit.

I turn, and pursue another path. . . . And still this same rustle behind me, and the same dark speck before me.

And as I turn, now here, now there, like a hunted hare, . . . 'tis ever the same, ever the same!

"Stop!" I say to myself, "now I will deceive her! I will remain still." Suddenly I throw myself upon the earth.

The old woman stands two paces behind me. I hear her not, but I feel that she is there. And suddenly I see: yonder speck, that was visible in the distance, floats, crawls towards me!

God! . . . I look behind me. . . . The old woman stares rigidly at me, and her toothless mouth is distorted by a smile. . . .

"Thou shalt not escape me!"¹

February, 1878.

MY DOG.

We two are together in the study, my dog and I. . . . Outside a fearful storm is raging.

The dog sits before me and gazes straight into my eyes. I also gaze into his eyes.

He seems as if he must say something to me. He is dumb, has no language, no ideas of his own. Still I understand him.

I understand that the same feeling exists in him as in myself; that there is no distinction between us. We are homogeneous; the same flickering little flame glows and shines in each of us.

Death draws near, one single touch of his cold, mighty wing. . . .

And that is the end!

Who can discern, then, what special flame glows in both of us?

¹ In Russia, death is represented as a woman.

No! It was not merely a man and an animal gazing mutually at each other. They were two pairs of eyes, belonging to equal beings, that criticised each other. And in each of these pairs of eyes—in the animal's as well as the man's—one existence anxiously humbled itself before another that was its equal.

February, 1878.

THE ADVERSARY.

I had a comrade, he was my rival; not merely as regards study, office, or love; our notions never, by any chance, harmonised, and every time we encountered each other an endless dispute raged between us.

We disputed about everything—about art, religion, science, about the life on this earth, and about the life after death; most frequently about the last.

He was an enthusiast and a believer. Once he said to me: "You scoff at everything; should I die before you, I will appear to you from the next world. . . . Then we should see for once if you would still laugh."

And exactly as he had said—he died before me, while he was yet quite young; a long time elapsed—and I forgot his promise and his threat.

One night I lay in bed, and could not, or would not, sleep.

The chamber was neither dark nor yet light; I gazed into the grey light.

Suddenly I seemed to see my adversary standing between the two windows. He shook his head gently and sadly.

I was not alarmed—no even surprised, . . . but merely raised myself a little, supported myself on one arm, and gazed fixedly at the unexpected apparition.

And still it nodded.

"Well," said I at length, "do you triumph? or do you deplore? What is the meaning of this? a warning? or a reproach? Or do you wish to make me understand that you were wrong? that we were *both* wrong? Which

have you experienced? The torments of Hell? The bliss of Paradise? Speak . . . but one single word!"

But my adversary uttered no sound—he only nodded sorrowfully and humbly.

I burst out laughing—and he disappeared.

February, 1878.

THE BEGGAR.

I passed along the street. . . . A beggar stopped me, an infirm old man.

The inflamed, tearful eyes, the blue lips, the coarse rags, the loathsome sores. . . . Ah, how frightfully had poverty disfigured this being!

He stretched out his dirty, red, swollen hand towards me, . . . he moaned, and whimpered for charity.

I searched all my pockets, . . . neither purse nor watch, nor handkerchief could be found. . . . I had brought nothing with me.

The beggar waited, . . . and his outstretched hand shook slightly and quivered.

Distressed and embarrassed, I seized the soiled hand and pressed it. . . . "My brother, blame me not, I have nothing, brother."

The beggar turned his red eyes upon me; his blue lips parted in a smile—and he pressed my fingers (which had grown chill) in return.

"It matters not, brother," he faltered; "I thank you all the same. For that was a gift, my brother."

And I realised that I also had received a gift from my brother.

February, 1878.

"ACCEPT THE VERDICT OF FOOLS
. . . ." (PUSCHKIN).

"Accept the verdict of fools. . ."
And thou ever speakest truth—thou, our sublime singer;—and thou hast spoken it now.

"The verdict of fools and the laughter of the multitude!" . . Who has not already experienced one or the other?

But this may—and must—be endured; and he to whom strength is given may despise it.

Still there are blows which wound us more deeply. . . . A man does his utmost; he labours honestly, with all his heart. . . . And yet "honourable souls" turn away from him with disgust; "honest people" redden with indignation at the mere mention of his name. "Depart! Away with thee!" cry young and "honourable" voices. "We need neither thee nor thy works, thou defilest our dwelling—thou canst neither know nor understand us. . . . Thou art our foe!"

What must this man do? He must continue to labour on, making no attempt to vindicate himself—he may not even expect a just verdict.

Once upon a time, the husbandmen cursed the traveller who brought them potatoes as a substitute for bread, the daily food of the poor. . . . The hands at first outstretched to him dashed down the precious gift, flung it in the mire, and trampled on it.

And now it is their sustenance—and they do not even know the name of their benefactor.

Be it so! What is a name worth? Though he is nameless, yet he delivered them from death by famine.

So therefore let us take heed that what we provide may prove indeed wholesome food.

Bitter is the unjust reproof from the lips of those we love. . . . Still we must endure it.

"Strike—but hear me!" cried the Athenian to the Spartan.

"Strike me—but eat and be satisfied!" This is what we must say.

February, 1878.

A SELF-SATISFIED MAN.

A young man is walking gaily along the Residential Street. His demeanour is careless, cheerful, and self-conscious; his eyes sparkle, a smile is on his lips, and his pleasant face is slightly flushed. He is full of self-confidence and satisfaction.

What has happened to him? Has he made a fortune? Has he attained a higher position in life? Does a loved one await him? Or is it merely—a good breakfast, a feeling of comfort, the fullness of strength, that thus expands his frame? Or may not even the beautiful eight-rayed cross of King Stanislaus of Poland have been hung around his neck?

No. He has only devised a slander about one of his friends, and he is carefully circulating it abroad. This same slander he heard from the lips of a third one—and believed it himself.

Oh, how content and complacent is this amiable, promising young man!

February, 1878.

A RULE OF LIFE.

"If you would thoroughly disconcert and irritate your enemy,"—this was an old intriguer's advice to me—"accuse him of the same fault, the same vice, that you yourself strive to overcome; reproach him bitterly with it, and heap upon him the severest reproofs.

"First—by these means you will persuade others that this is no vice of yours.

"Secondly—your indignation is unfeigned. They have the benefit of the reproof of your own conscience.

"Are you perhaps a renegade? Then reproach your adversary with a lack of faith!

"Have you yourself the soul of a lackey? Then upbraid him with his lackey's nature; sneer at him for being a lackey of civilisation, of Europe, and of society."

"One can even say that he is a lackey because he is not a lackey!" I remarked.

"Yes, even that," assented the intriguer.

February, 1878.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

A DREAM.

I dreamt that I was in a peasant's hut in some obscure corner of Russia.

It is a large room and low; there are

three windows, the walls are painted white, and there is no furniture. Before the hut stretches a desolate plain, which loses itself in the dim distance; above it, a grey, monotonous sky hangs like a veil.

I am not alone; there are some ten men in the room. They are ordinary, simple, plainly-clad people; they pace up and down in silence; they almost slink. They shun, but still regard, each other continually with apprehensive looks.

Not one of them knows how he has come hither, or what manner of men the others are. Disquiet and depression is painted on every countenance; one after the other they all approach the window, and gaze out anxiously as if they awaited something from without.

And then they wander restlessly up and down once more. A youth who is of the number moans from time to time in a thin, monotonous voice, "Father, I am afraid!" This complaining makes me feel ill—I myself begin to grow frightened. . . . But why? I know not. I only realise that a great, great evil is ever drawing nearer.

The youth continues to moan. Oh, could one but flee from here! This heat! This exhaustion! This oppression! . . . But escape is impossible.

The heaven is like a pall, not a breath of air stirs. . . . Can the breeze also be dead?

Suddenly the youth rushes to the window and cries in mournful accents, "Look! look! the earth is swallowed up!"

What? . . . Swallowed up? . . . In truth there was a plain before the house—now it stands on the summit of a vast mountain! The horizon has fallen and sunk down, and close by the house yawns a black, deep, gaping abyss!

We all crowd round the window. . . . Our hearts are benumbed with terror. "There—there it is!" . . . whispers my neighbour.

And suddenly, along the whole, wide, unbounded space, something stirs; little rounded hillocks appear to rise and sink on the surface.

The sea! The same idea occurs to us all. It will engulf us all together. . . . But how can that be? How can it scale the heights of this lofty mountain peak?

But it is rising, ever higher, ever higher. . . . And now they are not merely the little hillocks which rippled in the distance. . . . One solitary, dense, monstrous wave encompasses the whole circle of the horizon.

It dashes, dashes towards us! Like an icy whirlwind it approaches, circling round like the gloomy pit of Hell. Everything around is quaking; and there, in yonder approaching chaos, a metallic roar of a thousand tongues thunders, crashes, shrieks. . . .

Ha! . . . What howls . . . groans! It is the earth that is crying aloud with fear.

The end of the world is here! . . . The universal end!

The youth moans yet once more. . . . I will cling to my companion—but all of a sudden we are crushed, buried, overwhelmed, carried away by yonder black, icy, roaring wave.

Darkness . . . eternal darkness!

And almost breathless, I awoke.

March, 1878.

MASCHA.

For several years I dwelt in Petersburg, and I was wont, whenever I hired a droschky or a sledge to enter into conversation with the driver.

But I especially enjoyed chatting with the night-faring drivers—with those poor peasants from the surrounding country who strive to earn sufficient to feed themselves, and also to pay the Government "obrok,"¹ by means of their rickety, yellow painted sledge, with one wretched horse.

Once I was driving with one of these coachmen. . . . He was a young man, about twenty years of age, tall

¹ A tax levied upon the serfs.

and well built; a powerful fellow, with blue eyes and rosy cheeks, his patched cap pressing his curling brown locks down to his eyebrows. It was a wonder how his tattered coat hung together on his broad shoulders.

But the handsome, beardless face looked sad and gloomy.

I began to talk to him. His voice also sounded sorrowful. "Why are you not cheerful, my brother?" I asked. "Have you a sorrow?"

The youth did not immediately reply.

At length he exclaimed, "Yes, sir, I have a sorrow; such a sorrow that I cannot imagine one more bitter for any one. My wife is dead."

"And you loved her well?"

The youth did not turn round; he only nodded his head slightly.

"Yes, sir, I loved her. . . . It is now eight months since. . . . I cannot always overcome it. It gnaws my heart . . . continually. And why should she have died? She was young and strong. But the cholera came, and in *one* day it killed her."

"Then she was a good wife to you?"

"Ah, sir," and the poor fellow sighed deeply, "we were all in all to each other! She died while I was absent. When I learnt that she was actually buried, I hastened to our home in the village. It was past midnight when I arrived there. I entered the house, and standing in the middle of the room, whispered, quite softly, 'Mascha, my Mascha!' . . . but only the cricket chirped. Then I fell a-weeping; I flung myself down, and beat the earth with my palm! 'Insatiable gulf,' I cried, 'thou hast swallowed her. . . . Oh, swallow me also!' . . . Alas, Mascha! Mascha!" he added softly, after a pause. And without relinquishing the reins, he dried a tear from his eyes with his mittened hand; then gave the reins a shake, shrugged his shoulders, and spoke no more.

When I alighted, I gave him a fee for himself. He seized his cap with both hands, made me a deep reverence,

and then slowly continued his way along the deserted, snowy street, which was wrapped in a grey January fog.

April, 1878.

THE BLOCKHEAD.

Once upon a time there was a blockhead.

For a long time he lived happy and content, until at last a report reached him that everybody considered him a brainless fool.

This roused the blockhead and made him sorrowful. He considered what would be the best way to confute this statement.

Suddenly an idea burst upon his wretched mind, and without delay he put it into execution.

One day an acquaintance encountered him in the street, and began to praise a celebrated painter.

"Good God!" cried the blockhead, "do you not know that this man's works have long since been banished to the lumber-room? You *must* be aware of the fact! . . . You are far behindhand in culture."

The friend was alarmed, and immediately concurred with the blockhead's opinion.

"That is a clever book that I have read to-day!" said another of his acquaintances to him.

"God have mercy!" cried the blockhead. "Are you not ashamed to say so? That book is utterly worthless; there can only be one idea concerning it. And did *you* not know that? . . . Oh, Culture has left you far behind."

And this acquaintance also was alarmed, and he agreed with the blockhead.

"What a splendid fellow my friend, N—— N——, is!" said a third acquaintance to the blockhead; "he is a truly noble man!"

"Good heavens!" shrieked the blockhead; "N—— N—— is a notorious scamp! He has already plundered all his relations. Who does not know

that? . . . You are sadly wanting in culture!"

And the third acquaintance was also alarmed, and instantly accepted the blockhead's opinion. Whatever was praised in the blockhead's presence, he had always the same answer. And in every case he added, reproachfully, "And you still believe that authority?"

"A spiteful, venomous man!" that was how the blockhead was now known among his acquaintances. "But what a head!"

"And what language!" added others. "What talent!"

And the end of it all was, the editor of a newspaper intrusted the blockhead with the writing of the critiques in his journal.

The blockhead criticised everything, and every one, in his well-known style, and with his customary abuse.

And now, he, the former enemy of every authority, is himself an authority, and the rising generation show him respect, and tremble before him.

And how can the poor youths do otherwise? Certainly, to show him respect is an astonishing notion; but woe to you, if you would take his measure, or try to make him appear as he really was, you would immediately be criticised without mercy.

Blockheads have a brilliant life amongst cowards.

April, 1878.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

Who, in Bagdad, does not know the great Djaffar, the sun of the universe? Once upon a time, many years ago, while Djaffar was still a youth, he was walking in the neighbourhood of Bagdad.

Suddenly a hoarse cry fell upon his ear—some one was calling for help.

Djaffar was known amongst his acquaintance by his lofty mind and wise reflection; he had also a compassionate heart, and could rely upon his strength.

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He hastened in the direction of the cry, and discovered a feeble old man, who was being forced towards the city walls by two robbers, who intended plundering him.

Djaffar drew his sabre, and attacked the miscreants; one he slew, and the other fled.

The old man fell at his deliverer's feet, kissed the hem of his garment, and exclaimed—"Brave youth, your generosity shall not remain unrewarded. Apparently, I am only a miserable beggar; but that is a delusion. I am no ordinary man. At daybreak, to-morrow, come to the market place, I will await you by the fountain, and you shall be assured of the truth of my words."

Djaffar hesitated: "This man certainly appears to be nothing but a beggar; however, who can tell? Why should I not make the experiment?" and he answered and said, "It is well, my father, I will come!"

The old man gazed at him, and went away.

At daybreak, the next morning, Djaffar repaired to the market place. The old man was already awaiting him, leaning against the marble basin of the fountain.

He took Djaffar's hand in silence, and led him into a little garden which was surrounded by a high wall.

In the centre of the garden, a tree of an unknown species sprung from the green turf.

It had the appearance of a cypress, but its leaves were of an azure tint.

Three fruits, three apples, hung from the straight and slender twigs; one apple, of medium size, was rather long and milk white; another was large, round, and bright red; the third was small, shrivelled, and yellowish.

The tree rustled softly, although no breeze stirred. It sounded soft and sad, as if it were made of glass; it appeared to be conscious of Djaffar's presence.

"Youth!" said the old man, "pluck one of these fruits and take heed: if you pluck and eat the white apple,

you will be wiser than all mankind; if you pluck the red apple and eat it, you will become rich as the Jew Rothschild; but if you pluck and eat the yellow apple, then you will be agreeable to the old women. Make up your mind without delay; in an hour the fruit will decay, and the tree will sink deep into the earth."

Djaffar bowed his head and considered. "Which shall I decide upon?" asked he of himself, half aloud. "Were I too wise, life perhaps might disgust me; were I richer than all other men, they would envy me; sooner therefore I will pluck and eat the third, withered apple!"

He did so, and the old man laughed with his toothless mouth, and said: "Oh, wisest amongst all youths! You have chosen aright! Wherefore do you need the white apple? you are already wiser than Solomon. Neither do you want the red apple—you will be rich without it, and no one will envy you your wealth."

"Then tell me, venerable father," said Djaffar, trembling with joy, "where the most honoured mother of our Chalise—the beloved of the gods—lives."

The sage bowed to the very earth, and pointed out the way to the youth. . . .

Who in Bagdad does not know the sun of the universe, the great and illustrious Djaffar?

April, 1878.

THE TWO QUATRAINS.

There was once a town whose inhabitants worshipped poetry so ardently that, if some weeks elapsed without new and masterly poems coming to light, such a poetical sterility was regarded as a public calamity.

Every one then would put on their worst clothing, would strew ashes upon their heads, and would gather together in an open space, to wail, to shed tears, and to murmur bitterly

against the Muse who had forsaken them.

On one of these days of mourning, a youthful poet, Junius, appeared in the square, which was densely packed with sorrowing people.

He mounted the rostrum in haste, and made a sign to show that he wished to recite a poem.

The lictors flourished their staves, and shouted with stentorian voices—"Silence! attention!" The expectant multitude were silent.

"Friends! companions!" began Junius, in a clear, but slightly faltering voice:

"Friends and companions! The lover of
Poetry,
God of harmonious beauty and light,
Charms away trouble, and vanquishes
sorrow;
Apollo arises—and fled is the night!"

Junius had concluded; the answer was—a universal burst of laughter, howls, and whistles from every side.

The upturned faces of the multitude glowed with indignation; every eye sparkled with rage; every hand was raised threateningly, and clenched.

"Does he wish to mock us with that?" yelled the furious voices. "Tear the paltry rhymester down from the rostrum! Down with the blockhead! Pelt the fool with rotten apples and stinking eggs! Stones! bring stones!"

Junius rushed headlong from the rostrum; but scarcely had he gained his dwelling, than he heard tumultuous applause, shouts of praise, and acclamations.

Tortured with doubts, Junius returned to the square, and endeavoured, if possible, to mingle unobserved in the crowd, for "'Tis dangerous to rouse the grim lion."

And what did he see?

Raised high upon the shoulders of the multitude, on a flat, golden shield, clothed in the purple mantle, his locks crowned with laurel, stood his rival, the youthful poet Julius. . . . And the people shouted: "Glory and honour to the immortal Julius! He

has consoled us in our trouble; and in our great sorrow he has refreshed us with his sublime poetry, which is sweeter than honey, more musical than the sound of the cymbals, more fragrant than the odour of roses, and purer than the blue of heaven! Lift him in triumph, perfume his inspired head with soft clouds of incense, fan him with palm branches, strew all the spices of Arabia before him! "Honour and glory to the divine poet!"

Junius approached one of the worshippers: "Repeat to me, O beloved fellow-townsmen, the words with which Julius has enchanted. Alas! unfortunately I was not present when he recited them. I pray you, do me the favour to repeat them, if you can remember them!"

"How could I ever forget such verses!" cried the questioned one eagerly; "for what do you take me? Listen and shout aloud, rejoice with us! The verses commence thus:

"The lover of poetry, my friends and companions,
God of sublimity, beauty, and light,
Care disappears, and all sorrow is ended!
When Phœbus arises,—then vanishes night!"

"Now, what do you think of that?"

"But I pray you," cried Junius, "those are my own verses! Julius was amongst the crowd when I was reciting them, he heard them, and has repeated them with a few trifling alterations, which, after all, are no improvement!"

"Ah! now I recognise you, . . . you are Junius!" replied the other, with frowning brows. "You are either envious or a blockhead. Recollect yourself, miserable youth! with what sublimity spake Julius: 'When Phœbus arises, then vanishes night!' Compare your nonsense with it: 'Apollo arises, and fled is the night!'"

"Yes, is it not exactly the same?" began Junius.

"Another word," interrupted the other, "and I will rouse the people, . . . they will tear you in pieces!"

Junius prudently held his tongue. A grey-headed man, who had overheard the conversation, stepped towards the unfortunate poet, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said: "Junius! you repeated what you had composed out of season. This one certainly repeated borrowed words, still he hit upon the right moment; hence his success. Your own conscience must console you."

So his own conscience must console him; well or ill—to speak truly, ill enough—his own conscience must console Junius, who stood in the crowded background, amid the acclamations which were lavished upon his rival.

Proud, lofty, and majestic, Julius moved along in the golden, glittering dust of the beaming, all-conquering sun, splendid in purple, crowned with laurels, surrounded with perfumed clouds of incense; palm branches fell before him as he approached, and the veneration for him which filled the hearts of his enchanted townsmen knew no bounds.

April, 1878.

THE SPARROW.

I returned home from the chase, and wandered through an alley in my garden. My dog bounded before me.

Suddenly he checked himself, and moved forward cautiously, as if he scented game.

I glanced down the alley, and perceived a young sparrow with a yellow beak, and down upon its head. He had fallen out of the nest (the wind was shaking the beeches in the alley violently), and lay motionless and helpless on the ground, with his little, unfledged wings extended.

The dog approached it softly, when suddenly, an old sparrow, with a black breast, quitted a neighbouring tree; dropped like a stone right before the dog's nose, and, with ruffled plumage, and chirping desperately and pitifully, sprang twice at the open, grinning mouth.

He had come to protect his little one at the cost of his own life. His little body trembled all over, his voice was hoarse, he was in an agony—he offered himself.

The dog must have seemed a gigantic monster to him. But, in spite of that, he had not remained safe on his lofty bough. A Power stronger than his own will has forced him down.

Treasure stood still and turned away. . . . It seemed as if he also felt this Power.

I hastened to call the discomfited dog back, and went away with a feeling of respect.

Yes, smile not! I felt a respect for this heroic little bird, and for the depth of his paternal love.

Love, I reflected, is stronger than death and the fear of death; it is love alone that supports and animates all.

April, 1878.

THE SKULLS.

A magnificent, dazzlingly-illuminated hall, a throng of ladies and cavaliers.

All are animated, and join in lively

(To be continued.)

conversation. The conversation turns upon a celebrated singer. They say she is divine, immortal. . . . Ah, how enchanting was that last trill yesterday!

Suddenly, as if by the stroke of a wand, the covering of skin disappeared from every face, from every head, and in an instant the hue of death was on every skull, with its ashy, naked jaw and cheek bones.

I watched the movements of these jaws and cheeks with horror; I saw how the round, bony balls turned round and round, and shone in the glare of the lamps and tapers; saw how smaller balls—the balls of the senseless eyes—revolved in the large ones.

I dare not touch my own face, neither regard it in the mirror.

The skulls, however, moved in just the same way as before; the same sounds that the red lips had uttered now proceeded from between teeth that had lost their teeth, and the nimble tongues still prattled of the astonishing finishing lips of the inimitable, immortal—yes, *immortal*—singer.

April, 1878.

M. C. R.

THE LABOURER AND THE FRANCHISE.

THOSE who are acquainted with the agricultural labourer, at all events in the southern part of England, can hardly suppose that he will at first be aware of the political capacity of the powers about to be bestowed upon him for bettering his material and social condition. Of that he has at present no conception. Long centuries of subjection have extinguished within him all such aspirations. Hope which comes to all has ceased to come to him. There is at present but one point on which he can see that he has any concern. It is that of the

administration of the poor law. This touches him very closely. As far as his vision goes, he is more affected by it than by all the other laws of the realm combined. And we may be sure that his vote will be given to the candidate who holds out a hope of a more liberal administration of that law generally, and particularly of its outdoor relief.

That the labourer should entertain such ideas about the poor law is natural and unavoidable, because they are quite in harmony with its meaning and purpose. Its original object

was to compensate the labourer, as a means for keeping him alive and fit for work, for the loss of the land by which he had hitherto been supported. At that stage of our economical progress, this object could not have been secured by wages, which then were, at the best of times, insufficient, and were moreover subject to periods of failure. It was therefore necessary that they should be supplemented; and this was done by the provisions of the poor law. The landed legislature of those days had for the support of their labourers but two courses open to them; either to uphold and strengthen the old system—which in all times all other nations in the world have acted on—of maintaining the labourer, totally or partially, by the direct possession or easy access to the possession of land; or else to discountenance his possessing land and to maintain him by wages, supplemented by a first and indefeasible claim on the produce of the land he might cultivate for others. They chose the latter. This certainty of maintenance brought the labourers to acquiesce in the abrogation of their common rights. This rendered their hides of plough land useless, and they made no efforts to retain them when they found that they had the poor law to fall back upon. The effect of this was that they forthwith sank down to the dead level of a semi-servile class, maintained by their employers for the same purpose, with much the same kind of equality, and with the same inability to better their condition, as their fellow-labourers the ox and the horse.

Historically, then, and as an unquestionable matter of fact, they are quite within their right in regarding the poor law as their inheritance. It is the substitute which was given them by the legislature for their land, and for the higher social position, and for the higher moral and intellectual life that attached to its possession. Grievous and degrading as the effects of that law have proved to them, and

burdensome as are its imposts to those who are subject to them, the labourer is justified in making what he can of it. A generation or two back there were districts in which the landowners were all but ruined by the poor rate. At the present moment there are districts in which its pressure is severely felt. But the landowning class have no legitimate ground for complaint. If they had not by their legislation virtually taken possession of the poor man's land, and, that he might still be available as a labourer, given to him the poor rate in its stead, troubles of this kind could never have arisen. The millions the landowners are now paying for this purpose, and which are an inevitable result of the system, press very heavily upon them, still they are a very poor compensation for their land to a million labourers. It will not therefore be at all less natural, or more reprehensible, in the lackland labourer to give his vote, when required, to the man who will support a more liberal administration of the poor law, than it would be in the great landowner to vote for the man who suggests the possibility of raising rents by legislation. Poor law administration, then, we may suppose, at first will occupy more of the attention of the enfranchised labourers than anything else.

So may, and probably so will, it be on the morrow of their enfranchisement. But no one can believe that they will long remain without other aims. Squires, parsons, nonconformist ministers, pothouse politicians, electioneering agents, and rival candidates, will soon enlighten them as to the value of their support, that is as to what may be done with the franchise. They will not be slow in finding out, for there will be many to aid them in discovering it, that what is so good for other people's purposes may also be useful for their own.

We have then made up our minds to give to a million agricultural labourers a voice in the legislation and

administration of our empire, in exact proportion to their numbers. And as they are dispersed everywhere all over the country, their influence will be felt in all rural constituencies. In many of them it will be the preponderant influence. They have had none of the training, of the education, of property. They feel none of its instincts. There never could have existed in the world a more propertyless class. Nor have they had any of the education of a true home. A cottage, often a very poor one, which cannot be improved by the man who dwells in it, and from which he knows that he may any day be ejected, cannot be regarded as, and has but in scant measure the humanising influences of, a true home. In this respect, too, no such class has ever been seen elsewhere in the world. It is not a fruit of perfected economical organisation that the French peasant owns his house, because even every savage has his own hut. To say nothing of citizenship, this is a primary, universal, fundamental requirement of humanity. But the cottages that more or less shelter our million labourers are their own, only in the sense in which their stables belong to our horses, and their sties to our pigs. These unfortunate and distressing peculiarities, in the maintenance of which no man on earth but an Englishman would acquiesce (and he only because it is part of the system under which he has been brought up, and because he has accepted the doles of the poor law instead of the human rights of property and of a home), are in no degree to be attributed to any faults of the class itself. That those by whom the soil of England has been cultivated for centuries are in this propertyless and homeless condition, and what is far worse are, instead of possessing property and homes, universally infected with the poison of pauperism, is exclusively the result of our English land laws—of those laws and of nothing else.

It may be well that even at some

considerable risks the agricultural labourer should receive the franchise. A million men, who have none to speak for them, will then be able to speak for themselves. We may be certain that they will not remain dumb. Their condition will preclude the possibility of that. Doubtless they will make many mistakes, and every mistake they make must be more or less serious to themselves and to others. It is, however, in our power very much to limit the number and the seriousness of their possible mistakes. This can be done only in one way; and that one way is to reverse the causes which have brought them into their present lamentable condition. They are what they are because access to the possession of land has been denied them, the only possible means by which they could attain to independence, to property, and to homes; and they have been taught instead of this to depend on the poor law. At present it is impossible to touch the poor law. That, as things are, must be allowed to stand. But in the meantime the acquisition of land and of homes of their own may be opened to them. For effecting this, too, there is but one way, that is by making every acre in the kingdom saleable at all times at the will of an absolute owner, and by cheapening and facilitating the transfer of land.

If the legislature should proclaim to this million of men that it had removed all hindrances, and that everywhere every member of the class might now begin to save for the purpose of purchasing half an acre, or a quarter of an acre for a home of his own, and might afterwards acquire more, if he saved more, the thoughts of some of them would under these new conditions be turned away from the doles of the poor law, and directed to the effort for acquiring property and homes. A beginning would thus be made. The best among them would be the first to stir themselves. This minority would grow; in time it might become the majority. The residuum that would

remain, and which would be no more than is found in all callings and occupations, would then be a matter but of little consequence politically. If these hindrances be not removed before the labourers receive the franchise, we may be certain that they will then demand their removal, together probably with a great deal more.

To avail themselves to this extent of the opening the legislature had created for the purchase of land would not be beyond their reach. In most rural parishes a quarter of an acre might now be had, if the land were saleable, for 10*l.*, and half an acre for 20*l.*, or even at lower figures. A young unmarried man earning 14*s.* a week might save this 10*l.* in a year, or the 20*l.* in two years. What in a few more years he might save from his wages and the produce of his half or quarter acre would soon enable him to build his house. When these motives begin to work within him they will not die away. The sense of independence and the sweets of property to which they lead, will nourish and enlarge them. They may even have strength enough in him, as they have in other people, to induce him to defer marriage for a few years.

Englishmen are proud of their country houses. Most of us think our Belvoirs and Chatsworths conspicuous adornments of the country, and derive some satisfaction from regarding them as evidence of the landed wealth of their proprietors. No one grudges them their wealth. Still the system of which they are a product has, to say the least, its dangers; and every one who is able to analyse the causes of this concentration of landed wealth, and to feel for the unnecessary hardships of the lives of the million who support it, would be more satisfied in his thoughts, and touched in his heart, at the sight of the cottage of an agricultural labourer, built on a quarter of an acre he had purchased with the first 10*l.* he had saved; and would eulogise and bless the wisdom of the legislature that had knocked

away the class legislation of centuries, to enable every Englishman, but above all the agricultural labourer, to acquire property in the land of England, to place upon it a home of his own, and to make a start in life.

The labourer will never rise above the influences which have for so many generations been dragging him down, until he be allowed to labour and to deny himself in order that he may provide for his family a permanent home that shall be their own, or that he may improve one that he has already acquired for them. Every shilling which would otherwise have been spent on self-indulgence, and would therefore have been vitiating and degrading, but which would now be saved for these purposes, would have a regenerating and sanctifying effect. For the bulk of mankind property is the great educator in many directions and to a very advanced point. But in the field of moral progress the educative power of the home far transcends all other kinds of property. Instead then of complaining of the shortcomings and the faults of a million men who have for centuries been deprived of this great natural educator, it would be more reasonable to regard with kind appreciation the good we still find in them, and to endeavour to restore to them access to that fountain of virtue and manliness from which they have been so long debarred.

The third great want in the position of the agricultural labourer is that of the prospect of a career—the visible possibility of rising in the world. The possession of a home, and the removal of artificial hindrances to his purchasing a quarter or half an acre, would open to him this prospect. It is a great loss to a country when the good stuff that is in the largest class in the community cannot emerge from its depressed condition; because law has stepped in and deprived it of the inducement to practise the virtues by which people rise in the world, and for the practice of which nature has

endowed them with the requisite qualifications. This is a serious loss, not more to the class itself than to the community at large. All suffer from it. The remedy as respects the agricultural labourer is to make the land everywhere saleable. And then of those who had tasted the advantages and the happiness of possessing a home and a little bit of land of their own, all would not stop at that point. Those whose natural turn was towards agriculture would be able to add to their holdings, and so would be advancing; and those whose thoughts might come to be turned in other directions would have in their little property a point to start from, or, if so minded, something to start with.

In the matters just referred to, our territorial magnates might greatly benefit themselves by doing what they can for the agricultural labourer. What they can do would give him just the position he so much needs, and at the same time be very advantageous to themselves. Their interest in their estates is measured by the rents they receive. Now the two permanent factors of rent are the market price of the produce of land, and the cost of its production. Of these two the price is not the most important. But be that as it may, we through free trade have lost all control over that in our home market. The cheapest producer must always determine that: at present the United States, after a few years India may, occupy this position. Our attention therefore ought to be directed to the point of minimising the cost of production. This consists of several elements. The chief are (1) rent, tithe, which is directly a part of rent, and rates and taxes, which are indirectly a part of rent; for these all alike come under the head of the surplus which remains after the profits of the tenant's capital have been secured. I say that they come after the profits of the tenant, because he will not cultivate the land if they are in any degree to be taken out of his legitimate profits. (2) The

amount of produce; for if the same field can be made to produce five quarters per acre, the cost of production per quarter may be less than if the field be made to produce only three quarters. And (3) the cost of labour. This cost consists of two elements, the weekly wages of the hands employed, and the efficiency of their work.

Under our present system the landlord's rent has ultimately to bear every shilling of any reductions that become necessary in order that the tenant's fair profits may be maintained. Tithe, rates, and taxes are prior and irreducible charges. And an occupier, whose tenure is precarious, cannot improve another man's land, with a view to increasing the produce, by draining, deep cultivation, mixing soils, and expensive manures. The cost, therefore, and efficiency of labour, is about the only considerable element in the cost of production that can be dealt with. And the urgency of the need of dealing with it promptly and effectively is shown by the unanimity and loudness of the occupiers' complaints on this point. They everywhere tell us that the burden of bad prices and of bad seasons is rendered intolerable by their having at the same time to pay higher wages for less efficient labour.

Under our system this is a matter in which the occupier can do nothing. Its arrangements render him helpless. Of course he is the first who has to encounter this difficulty. Ultimately, however, the whole of the increase in the cost of production due to it must come out of rent—that is, out of the pocket of the landowner. The farmer, just like any other man engaged in any other kind of business, must get the current rate of profit on the capital he employs in cultivating the soil. If this, or any other cause over which he has no control, increases the cost of production, he must be compensated by a reduction of rent. Here, then, is a point on which the territorial magnates, in order to save their rents, must bestir themselves. It is their concern. The Jamaica planters, be-

cause under new conditions labour became too dear, uncertain, and inefficient, had to abandon the cultivation of estates that had been very profitable, so long as their owners were able to command a sufficiency of regular labour. The English landlord is now suffering, and if he does not stop the mischief will have to suffer a great deal more, from a similar cause. Its action, it is true, will never render his land utterly valueless, but it will greatly diminish its value. Fortunately, however, for him, he has in his hands a remedy, which the Jamaica planters had not.

The deterioration of agricultural labour is due to the discovery the labourer has made, that there is a world outside his parish, in the United States, in our own colonies, in the manufacturing districts, in London, and in our large towns, the inexhaustible capacity of which for absorbing labour is a recent development; and that by betaking himself to any one of them he may escape the hardships and hopelessness of his hereditary condition. He quite understands now that, if he remains on the land, he never can have a site for a home of his own; that life-long toil in his native parish will open to him no career, or any prospect but that of ending his days, should he live long enough, in the poorhouse. The school, which now is at work in every parish, supplies him with the materials for judging, just as other people would, of these matters, which are everything to him. As soon as he has made up his mind, the railway and the steamship will carry him wherever he wishes to go. Who, then, can be surprised that those among them who have any thoughtfulness, any enterprise, any manliness have gone, or are going? The consequence is that the majority of those who are left behind are not strong either in mind or body. It is the same to a great extent even with the young women. The best leave the village never to return.

Now the landlords must suffer from

this cause precisely in the way they would were they cultivating their land themselves. Because the tenants in reality, only in a roundabout way, cultivate for the landlords. Their relation to the landlord is that of unsupervised bailiffs paid in a different way from ordinary bailiffs. It is, therefore, the landlord who in the end has to bear the cost of the deterioration of labour. He has, however, to some extent, the remedy in his hands. He can allow the labourers to root themselves on the land, and to acquire upon it homes of their own, and to have some prospect of careers which shall not terminate in the workhouse. There is but one way of doing this, and that is by making it easy for them to acquire plots of land for cottages and gardens. In this view, it would conduce very much to the interest of the landowners were they at once to convey to every labourer on their estates, who might wish it, a quarter of an acre of land, at the price of 10*l.*, or whatever might be the price in the neighbourhood; and to charge, for as much of the purchase-money as might from time to time remain unpaid, interest at the rate of five per cent. As not more than three labourers' families are required for 100 acres of arable land, this would in such districts be parting with less than one per cent of their territories. In grass districts the percentage might not be so much. The landlords, if their rents are to be maintained, must do something in this matter to stop in some effective degree the exodus of their best hands. And it does not appear that they can do anything so effective as that which will counteract its main cause.

There is, too, another reason, besides the one just referred to, which would make it the interest of territorial magnates to sell some of their land, and to a greater extent than that required for enabling the labourers on their estates to acquire sites for their cottages. That other reason is the advantage it would be to them

to create in this country a class of small purchasers of land—a class which, greatly to the advantage of the owners of land in other countries, exists everywhere else. Of late we have frequently seen in the newspapers letters written, and speeches made, by landowners, in which, breaking away from the traditions of their class, they take the public into their confidence, and impart to us their own newly-formed opinions that it would be greatly to the advantage of the large proprietors were they enabled to sell a part of their entailed estates. In this they will find many to agree with them; and we trust that Lord Cairns's late Act, when supplemented by an Act for the compulsory registration of titles, may give them the facilities they are beginning to desire. But, unfortunately, besides entails and settlements, and the difficulties of obtaining conveyance of land, there is another bar to the carrying out of their suggestion. It is a far more serious one: that of an absence of purchasers. Our land system has reduced the purchasers of land to the single small category of rich investors. And these, scared at the recent depreciation of rents, and uncertain as to the future, have almost ceased to be buyers. Their abstention, therefore, from buying has all but emptied the market of purchasers; because the large category of small purchasers, who buy land to cultivate it with their own hands, which exists everywhere except in this country, has by our artificial arrangements been extinguished here to the last man. These purchasers, because in the price they give for their land they pay the rent once for all, and because they cultivate without either non-working superintendence or hired labour, and because they bestow the most thoughtful attention on every square yard of their land, can afford, and do give, a much better price than those who buy land only to let it. Before, then, our territorial magnates can sell agricultural land profitably, they must

resuscitate this class which their legislation has destroyed. What they have hitherto been doing is just what they have now to undo. If their estates were situated in any country of Western Europe, except wealthy England, they would get probably more than twice as much for them as they would here, through the competition of what may be called the natural class of purchasers—that is, those who buy land because they are able and willing to cultivate it themselves.

The resuscitation here of this class can only be effected, if it be possible to effect it, by removing all hindrances everywhere to the purchase of land in the smallest and in any sized parcels. This might set to work a process of natural selection. Everywhere, here and there, an agricultural labourer, whom nature had endowed with the requisite qualifications, would begin to build up a little estate. Two or three perhaps in some parishes; for it is only a small percentage of mankind that are qualified for any special pursuit, whatever it may be. But as time went on, those who had been brought up in this way, and those who from time to time had come to swell their ranks, would make the new class respectable in numbers, and then we should see here what exists everywhere else, a category of purchasers quite new to us, entering the land market, and offering prices higher than are now known amongst us.

I have spoken of this change as if it were conceivable that it might be initiated by the foresight of the owners of estates. But whatever line they may be disposed to take in the matter, we can hardly suppose that things will long remain as they are. The competition of the landowning cultivators of France and of the United States will oblige us to make an opening here for the introduction of their cheaper method of cultivation. Under existing conditions it affects us precisely as it would if Auvergne and Illinois were English counties. As France and the United States enter our market on

precisely the same terms as our own farmers, if their method is cheaper than ours, we relinquish ours and adopt theirs. Everything, too, seems to point to the emancipation, through the action of the legislature, of the land from all artificial hindrances to its saleability everywhere, and at all times. And this would bring about eventually, only perhaps more slowly, what might be commenced at once, if the landlords came to see that it was for their interest to give facilities for the revival amongst us of the class of

small freeholders. And as this much-needed class must be evolved out of the agricultural labourers, the process will give to them—it will be fortunate for us all if it do not come too late—that to which it is the object of this paper to direct attention, so much of the education resulting from the pursuit and management of property as will dispose them to exercise the franchise reasonably and safely—sometimes of course in view of questions connected with property in land.

F. BARHAM ZINCKE.

JERSEY.

THE truth expressed in the familiar saying that "far birds have fair feathers," or, as the Highlanders have it, "far oxen have long horns," has unquestionably a very wide application through the general world of human thinking, but is specially illustrated in the habits and notions of the great family of tourists in these locomotive times. Jersey is an island lying quite contiguous to the southern shore of Great Britain—not more than ten hours' sail from Southampton—an island also full of green prosperity, rich in heroic history, and peculiarly interesting to Englishmen as the great conservator of the old English laws and customs, and of the old Norman French language of which great part of our current English tongue is composed. And yet, for one English traveller who has been at St. Helier's or St. Peter's Port, you will find hundreds and thousands who have steamed up the Rhine to Schaffhausen, or wandered reverently among the tombs of the Pharaohs at Carnac, or the Mausoleum of the sacred bulls at Memphis. It is an infirmity of our nature; the common loses its power to stimulate the senses, simply because it is common; and the uncommon possesses an adventitious

attraction, not because it is better or more worthy, but simply because it is new and because it is strange. Novelty is no element either of the beautiful or the sublime; but by the law of our nature a new thing excites our curiosity; and an ass with three heads at any time and place will command more gazers than a wise man with one head. In the same way it seems a grand thing to go to Cairo, and stare at a pyramid, though it is only a monstrous cairn, the monstrous birth of a monstered civilisation; while to make three steps from Waterloo to Southampton, from Southampton to Guernsey, and from Guernsey to St. Helier's, to see a tight little corner of the snug British Empire, glorying chiefly in green leaves, fair flowers, and nutritive roots, seems a matter too small to stir in a sedentary man the lust of adventurous movement. Such is human nature. In this respect I confess myself a sinner with the rest. I have in common with my fellow sinners, in more respects than one, sinned against the sacred text which says, "call nothing common or unclean." I confess that, led by the common delusion of an ambitious imagination, I had travelled up to the roots of the Rhine in

Switzerland, and had looked in the serene face of the old Egyptian Rameses, on the rock temple of Abou Simbel, near the second cataract of the Nile, before it entered my head to visit beautiful Jersey, which concerned me in many respects much more nearly. One merit only I can boast of above some of my fellow sinners. I have mended my ways, and seen Jersey; seen it and enjoyed, and, by way of grateful memory, will set down here a few of its features that strike the stranger most prominently. Happily in doing so, I feel that, though not pretending to give an exhaustive account of the island, I am able to present something to the reader that, so far as it goes, will be satisfactory. One is not overwhelmed, in St. Helier's as in London, by a multitudinous swarm of rich and various forms of life, more like a world than a city, more like a wide-stretching, loose-straggling forest of houses, than a distinctly marked-out and well-walled garden. One can take note of such a pleasant self-contained little island, as one takes note of a Greek temple, intelligently pleased with a measurable beauty, not confounded and overawed by an incalculable power.

It is wonderful how many persons in sea-girt England vex their imaginations with the horrors of a sea voyage. The Channel, they tell you, is particularly boisterous, and so, no doubt, it will be on occasions; but a stiff south-wester is not always blowing there; and, for my part, I lay all night in the middle of the ship, as quietly unconscious of any sea-motion as if I had been sleeping in my own familiar bed. Only about seven o'clock in the morning I was aroused by a loud rattling and grating of chains behind my berth, which rendered further slumber impossible. Up I started, and found that we were off Guernsey, and that the harsh grating of iron by which my rest had been disturbed was only one step in the process of unloading, which, if with more speed in these days of

steam power, is certainly not executed with less noise than in the good old times. A man can learn a good deal by merely keeping an observant eye on the unloading process of a big ship. The whole traffic of a country here passes bodily before him in the space of an hour; and what struck me most, when brooding over this process from the quarter-deck, at Guernsey, was the interminable number of empty casks or barrels that came swinging up from the hold, relay after relay, floundering about in the air as thick as bats disturbed by the sudden intrusion of light into an old tower. These casks had come from Covent Garden, where they had been disembowelled of their wealth of early potatoes to fit out London dinners, and were come to their native soil to be replenished with fresh stores of the nutritive root to satisfy the unexhausted gorge of the monster metropolis on the Thames. These floundering empty casks were the overture, as it were, to the great potato opera, which I saw afterwards played at Jersey. In every crowded street of the town, and in every narrow green lane of the country, cars laden with potato-casks were the prominent object. As in the commencement of a great war you cannot move an easy mile in any direction without encountering marshalled troops of red or blue coats hurrying from all quarters to the great harvest of international slaughter, so at Jersey, the march of the great potato cavalcade peoples the highways and blocks the harbour. There is in Fleet Street and in the Strand, by cunning management, room for two carriages to pass; but at Jersey pier, a fortnight afterwards, about the end of June, when I was returning from my sojourn, there was no room for a single cab to pass through the piled-up mountains of potato-casks on the pier. It was like the arrival of the herring boats at Wick; a sight that overwhelmed all other sights for the moment, and stamped the word *potato* distinctly on the brain of the spectator as the

badge of Jersey productiveness and the pledge of Jersey prosperity. Since returning to England I have repeatedly asked intelligent persons into what amount of gold this wonderful growth of potatoes was transmuted by the traffic with Covent Garden; their answer always fell ludicrously beneath the mark. Some said 20,000*l.*, some 50,000*l.*, and some even went as far as 100,000*l.*; but none ever dreamt of the true figure, between 200,000*l.* and 300,000*l.*, as I was distinctly informed by a gentleman at St. Helier's well versed in the details of the local traffic.

The general character of the island of Jersey is distinctly marked, running out in a long line to the south-east as you approach from Guernsey, which lies two hours' sail to the north-west of St. Helier's. The coast is mostly rocky, rising pretty steeply from the sea, but nowhere to a height above 300 feet, as indeed the highest point in the centre of the island, Hougue Biec, or Princes' Tower, is not more than 350 feet high, less than half the height of Arthur's Seat, which overhangs Edinburgh. In general outline from the sea it shows extremely like the island of Colonsay as seen from the high ground above Oban, with no very prominent points to fix the eye; in extent also it is not much larger, for, while the length of Colonsay is about twelve miles, the whole circuit of Jersey is only thirty-three miles, about ten miles beyond the girth of the isle of Arran in the Firth of Clyde. As you approach the coast of Jersey, the outstanding promontories—Grosnez on the north-west and La Corbière on the south-west—distinctly indicate with their names the French character of the population. After crossing the bay of Brelade, on the south-west corner of the island, where the oldest monument of ecclesiastical architecture remains, and rounding the exposed high ground of Noirmont, or the Blackmount, you find yourself suddenly in front of the wide sweep of the bay of St. Aubin, with its sloping

terraces of peopled verdure, and the smoking town of St. Helier's in the distance. This rich and varied expanse of land and water, of fort and rock, of town and villa, at once recalls to the traveller the well-known beauties of the bay of Naples—a comparison which grows in striking truth after a short residence in the island. To those who have not seen Parthenope the beautiful bay of Oban will at once start up as a counterpart to St. Helier's; but, if a Vesuvius, an Ischia, and a Capri are wanting to give an effective background to the sea-view from St. Helier's, the want of the island Kerrera, which shuts in the bay of Oban, is amply compensated by the superior expanse of the open sea which laves the rich greenery of the coast, and the air of a large naturally-evolved commerce which distinguishes the metropolis of Jersey from the artificially trumped-up splendour and ungracefully huddled domiciles of the great tourist-pivot of the West Highlands.

To understand the luxuriant verdurous beauty and the extraordinary fertility of Jersey, we must take our start from two considerations—the climate, and the geology. The climate, a Scot, like myself, accustomed to breathe the bracing air that comes down from Ben Mucdubh or Cairngorm, will soon discover to be more mild and soft than suits the masculine habit of his lungs; so mild and kindly indeed, that the nursling of the North, the moment he treads the street of St. Helier's, feels that he is already half-way to Italy; and is not surprised to see the fig, the myrtle, and other plants of tropical proclivity growing in the open air. The west coast of Britain, generally, as every one knows, is at once more warm and more moist than the east. At Oban fuchsias grow luxuriantly in the open air, in a fashion that Aberdeen or St. Andrews would in vain attempt to emulate; in the south-west corner of Ireland the royal fern, which loves warm and moist places,

flings out its bright green plumes as grandly as the broom on an Inverness moor; and in Jersey, where the same rain-laden Atlantic breezes prevail, with the addition of circumfluent sea, and a latitude some hundred miles more to the south, the climatic features which differentiate the west from the east coast of Britain are potentiated. There are besides no high mountains to accumulate stores of snow; snow indeed and frost, as a local ballad says, "just touch the smiling roods and go"—and the ilex or evergreen oak, which grows plentifully everywhere, seems as naturally to symbolise the genial character of the Jersey atmosphere as the harsh needles of the pine indicate the sharpness of the mountain blasts with which the tree growth of stern Scotland has to contend. But, if the climate be favourable to a rich vegetation, the same cannot be said of the soil. In the Channel Isles there are no tracts of rich loamy soil, the natural product of slow-rolling rivers, as in Egypt, in the valley of the Thames, and in the Carse of Gowrie; these islands are, strictly speaking, the bare granitic skeleton, or fragments of the skeleton, of the underlying rock on which the great mass of the secondary and tertiary strata of the rich land of England and the Lothians of Scotland are superimposed; and the true character of the islands, however superficially concealed by culture, is plainly seen in the long stretches of rocks and reefs, often hidden at high tide, which circumvallate them on all sides. The scientific analysis also of the syenitic, hornblendic, felspathic, and other metamorphic rocks which compose the basis of the island, reveals little of those elements on which the fertility of soils depends.¹ The main constituent of the soil, arising from the decomposition of these rocks, is what in vulgar speech might be called

"rotten granite;" and from such a material no Aberdonian, bred in the atmosphere of east winds, and accustomed to measure the fertility of granitic districts by the course of the river Dee, could ever expect any outgrowth of rich vegetative luxuriance to be evolved. But the Jersey granite is not condemned to barrenness; for, in the first place, the granitic stuff of which the island is composed, besides being of a more loose texture, is cut up in various ways by fissures, which give free entrance to the plenteous rain that at certain seasons oversweeps these islands from the Atlantic; and, again, from the general low level and flatness of the surface, the rain, when it falls, has leisure to sink and to drain quietly into the rock, in a style very different from the rush of water that flows down from the granite-girdled bed of the river Dee. But the chief source of the fertility of the island is no doubt the warmth of the sun, the natural humidity of the climate, and, added to this, the diligence and the thrift of a laborious population of small proprietors. The presence of a thickly-spread and equally-distributed population is of itself a guarantee for the production of manure in various ways; and, when to this is added the plentiful supply of sea-wrack, which is to Jersey agriculture what peats are to Highland hearths, we shall not be surprised at the pleasant picture, everywhere to be seen, of the original spine of prickly granite, now blooming like a garden and blossoming like a rose. Jersey, indeed, is a land of gardens; everywhere the hand of man is visible in graceful villas, trim terraces, green hedges, flowery trimmings, and green-mantled inclosures. Sometimes, indeed, these inclosures stand up in all the bareness of their unadorned granite, fencing off the light and the prospect from those who walk in the narrow lane which divides the domain of one small proprietor from another. This, of course, is no beauty; but the walls

¹ Specially the total want of phosphates. *The Channel Islands*, by Ansted and Latham; London, 1865, p. 461; the most exhaustive work on the subject.

are necessary for the fruits in which the island delights; and in hot countries a narrow lane without a prospect is often more enjoyable than a broad highway with one.

We have said that the principal product of Jersey is potatoes. The nature of the soil and the vicinity of the great London market are sufficient to explain why the thrifty economists of this prosperous little island, have in these latter days directed their activity so largely into this channel. When Inglis wrote his book¹ fifty years ago, though the potato culture was on the increase, he still puts down cider as the principal export of the island. But, though this pleasant beverage still maintains its reputation, I should doubt much, whether the apples of the trees now produced in the orchards, could be transmuted into as much gold, as is derived from the "apples of the earth." At all events I heard great complaints everywhere of the disfigurement of the country by the cutting down of trees, and the supplanting of the ancestral apple culture by the potato, to satisfy the insatiate demands of the herbivorous purlieus of Covent Garden. This may be true for natives, to whom any old tree has a history; and in fact no old tree anywhere can be cut down without bringing a pang to some one who had appealed vainly to the destroyer in the words of the song—"Woodman, spare that tree;" but despite the invasion of orchards by potato fields, and of branchy trees here and there turned into maimed and unsightly pollards, no traveller who has seen various parts of the world will be apt to complain that the prominent want of Jersey is trees. Trees there are everywhere, not so broad and umbrageous indeed, as on the lawn of Taymouth Castle, or in Berkeley Square, Piccadilly, but large enough to give the whole island that look of rich wavy beauty, which a fine head of hair gives to a fair lady; and as to the size of the

trees, this is in no wise affected by the potato culture, but by the tremendous western blasts to which these flat-topped islands are peculiarly exposed. Next to potatoes and cider—or rather perhaps on æsthetical, if not on pecuniary grounds superior to both, is the Jersey cow, better known in England as the Alderney cow; but the breed is all the same, or with a difference not worth noting. The Jersey cow is indeed a fine animal, bearing the same relation to other creatures of the cow family that a lady does to a woman who is only a woman, and not a lady.

"So smooth and flat, so neat and trim,
With such a slender shapely limb,
And such fine head, and large full eye,
When on soft grass you see her lie,
So placid, motherly and mild,
She courts the touch of any child."

Literally so; and the reason why she is so gentle, mild, and motherly seems to me plain; she is not allowed to roam largely about the braes, as Highland cattle are, or English cows in large fields, but she is tethered to a small spot, where, like a fine lady on a soft sofa, she cultivates recumbent habits, and is easily approached and lightly handled. She is tenderly treated also, as ladies are by amorous husbands, or Yorkshire horses by fox-hunters; and Inglis quotes from a writer of authority,² who says that, though from the nature of the locality she cannot be allowed large freedom of browsing, yet "her station is shifted five or six times a day," so that she is treated with great variety of fresh and fair feeding. "In winter she is warmly housed by night, and fed with parsnips; when she calves, she is regaled with toast, and with the nectar of the island, cider; to which powdered ginger is added." The parsnip here mentioned is one of the staple products of the island; sweet as honey of Hybla; and, when the cows are largely fed with it, Mr. Inglis states that from

¹ *The Channel Islands*, by Henry B. Inglis; London, 1834, vol. i. p. 189.

² *Report on the Agriculture of the Island of Jersey*, by Quaile, in 1812, published by the Board of Agriculture in 1815.

seven quarts of milk a pound of the most delicious butter is produced. The same writer states that in his time the price of Jersey cows had considerably fallen in the market, and that the average price then brought from 8*l.* to 10*l.* I have no doubt, however, that along with the potato, the Jersey cow has risen largely in mercantile value in the course of the last fifty years; for I inquired particularly as to the truth of a fact stated to me in conversation, and traced to the fountain head, the undoubted verity that an American dealer of insight and adventure had paid down literally 1,000*l.* for a Jersey cow of first-rate quality! To the potatoes and the cows, the cider and the parsnips, might be added oysters as valuable products of the islands, for the culture of which the long stretches of sharp reefs on the shallow coasts are particularly suitable, and grapes, which grow here under glass, but with the natural heat of the sun more favourable to the genuine grape flavour than the artificial heat of hot-houses. Fish of various kinds are also procured in large quantities from the seas around; though from the agricultural habits of the people, as in the Scottish Highlands, there is not so much of intelligent adventure put forth in this direction as one might desire. One of the most characteristic displays in the fishmarket is the huge conger-eel at St. Helier's; the rich soup from which, distilled with dainty herbs, slides with a glib lusciousness down the diner's throat, passing the experience of the most highly cultivated aldermanic oesophagus in the city. And if not specially at the dinner table, certainly in the streets, and on the roads, among the praises of Jersey, mention must be made of the kail, which, like the conger-eel, attains in this insular paradise to an enormous size, and grows so strong that walking sticks are made of it equal in solidity and lightness to the best cane. A gentleman, a native of the island, assured me that he had seen one such

"kail runt" as the Scotch call it, sixteen feet high, including the fan-like leafage, in the style of a dwarf palm-tree at the top. I myself measured one, in a garden at the Millbrook station, between eight and nine feet high. To the flourishing trade carried on with these kail-canes the windows of the shops in Beresford Street and Bath Street, St. Helier's, bear striking testimony.

In all the old books about Jersey I find mention made of toads as a peculiar and characteristic product. In the *Tour Through Great Britain and Ireland*, originally begun by De Foe, and afterwards continued by Richardson, and completed by other literary gentlemen (1769), under the head Jersey I read thus:—"The ugly, but harmless and perhaps wholesome animal, the toad, abounds here, as do innoxious creatures of the serpentine kind, particularly lizards, which gaze on passengers as they lie basking in the sun."¹ The rapid march of culture and the improvement of the roads since the time of Governor Sir George Don has no doubt tended largely to diminish the number of these innocent creatures; their presence, however, is noticeable as indicative of the warmth, humidity, and verdure of the country. Toads delight in gardens, and one can imagine that they perform good service there by feeding on the grubs and slugs of various kinds which a climate of such vegetative vitality naturally breeds; but the inquisitive traveller nowadays will not light upon them so obviously as on the kail. The Jersey toad, or *crapaud*, as they call it, is less of a dingy grey-brown than our English toad, and is largely flecked, or freckled with white; at least so the one was which a kind lady brought to me in a box, which she kept in her orangerie and petted daintily with her lily-white hand, as our ladies are wont to do kittens and Maltese dogs. Kindness to the animal creation is not one of the

¹ Vol. iii. p. 341.

characteristically English virtues; and it is good that an animal "with a jewel in its head," and all guiltless of venomous slaver in its mouth, should find a refuge from the maltreatment of wicked boys, and the horror of sentimental misses, in the soft hand of a good Jersey le Gros, or de Carteret.

But the most interesting thing in Jersey, to the intelligent thinker, is neither potatoes, nor apples, nor cows, nor kail, nor parsnips, nor toads and lizards, but the economic state and condition of the people, and by what hereditary happy heritage of beneficent laws and customs it has chanced that this small island—a chip struck from France—should present such a shining face of contented prosperity, while the big island of Ireland, at our own door and under our own direct control, lies fretful and wrathful under a grim social cachexy of distressful centuries. The reason of this striking contrast lies in a single sentence; the Channel Islands were left by the Norman kings to grow out of their natural root unhindered, with the full enjoyment of their old Norman laws; while Ireland, instead of being nourished and cherished according to its own type, had English laws and English rule forced upon it in a style equally inhuman and impolitic.

With William the Conqueror and the two stout Henries who came from his loins and inherited his bellicose habits and administrative talent, the great problem was at first to hold the conquered people in subjection, and then gradually to weld their original possessions in Normandy and their grand domain of conquest in England in such a fashion as that friendly understanding and wise co-operation might gradually work the mass into a new organic unity. This, of course, was no easy matter. The danger ahead lay in the Norman law of succession, which allowed a certain limited primogeniture for military purposes, but disallowed that absorption of all

rights of real property by the eldest son, to which we have long been accustomed in England. By this old law the English lands distributed among his barons by the Conqueror, if they were selected by the eldest son as his heritage—which selection was his right—necessitated a surrender of his lands in Normandy to the younger members of the family, a separation of domain which would naturally create a separation of interests, and tend to a dismemberment of the loosely compacted kingdom. For this reason policy dictated to the Conqueror and his immediate successors the extension of the original right of limited primogeniture, so as to comprehend all real property, and unite the lord of the insular and the Continental domain by a common bond of interest to maintain the unity of the conjunct sovereignty.

But this consolidation of fiefs, not naturally contiguous, being confessedly a device to enlist the English barons on the side of the Conqueror by an exceptional grant of large manorial rights naturally applied only to England: in Normandy, or at least, in those parts of it where no conflicts of old Norman and new English law could arise, the old law remained, which, in consistency with the known law of Rome, of the Saxons, and we may add also of natural equity, did not allow the eldest son, whatever privileges he might enjoy, to swallow up the whole heritage of the father, to the prejudice of the whole family. It was therefore plainly for military and political purposes, not for any economical advantages or general social fitness that the entirely anomalous law of unlimited primogeniture at present acknowledged in England was introduced. Whatever arguments may be used in its favour now, it was historically simply a badge of conquest; and we bear it as a dog wears a gilded collar, because it is needful for the master, and looks dignified in the dog. But besides the preservation of the kindly old Norman

law of limited primogeniture, and along with this the invaluable blessing of a numerous independent resident proprietary, other circumstances and influences seem to have operated in favour of the Channel Islands, so as to make it almost appear, in the words of their old historian, that Divine Providence watched with a special care over their well-being.¹ In the first place, they had the happiness of being a little out of the way; besides fenced, as we have noted, by a coast singularly difficult of access. In the next place, they naturally held by their old Norman dukes; and so long as the paw of France was held threateningly over them, never had the remotest inclination, or, indeed, the slightest cause, to exchange the fatherly tie of an inherited for the imposed yoke of a foreign dynasty. Of this the English kings could not fail to be aware; and so, when foolish John Lackland was forced to surrender the whole of the continental patrimony of his ancestors into the hands of the French, he seemed, says the old historian, to have looked on the Channel Islands, topographically belonging rather to France than to England, as "the last plank left to him in so great a shipwreck," to which plank he clung accordingly; and, in reward for their good services to him in his adversity—for he twice visited Jersey—granted to these favoured islands "many excellent laws and privileges confirmed to us in after times by the succeeding kings and queens of England. Him, therefore, for that reason, we must consider as our special benefactor; and whatever ill things other persons may say of him, we in Jersey must in gratitude cherish a great veneration and gratitude for his memory."

A few words will now naturally be expected on the manner in which the peculiar laws and privileges of Jersey

act in securing the prosperity of the island. By far the most important law in this regard is unquestionably the law of limited primogeniture, or the succession to real estate, of which we have shown the historical origin; and its detailed operation is as follows: The leading principle of the old Norman law of succession is that no owner of land being head of a family, can by a deed to operate after death, alienate from his son the heritage which he received from his father. The law enforces what it presumes to be the natural wish of a parent in favour of his children, and this operates as a perpetual entail in the method of nature, a very different thing from the artificial old Scotch entail, which locks up the land for ever by a statutable limitation against all claimants. Every proprietor in Jersey is absolute master of his property, so long as he lives; but the moment he departs, and belongs no more to this stage, the law steps in for the protection of the family, as follows. When a person dies possessed of considerable landed and personal property, an appraisement is made of it by sworn measurers and appraisers; and the heritable property in the first place is divided and inventoried, according to its natural lots—that is to say, into as many separate estates as are held by distinct titles, and form a natural whole. Such estates the law holds as indivisible, and, having a favour for the eldest son, allows him, by right of his "eldership," to choose the lot that most commends itself to him. Of course he will naturally choose the biggest and the best, and every eldest son, having the same privilege, as the course of generations rolls on, it will naturally happen that, from generation to generation, the same property remains in the family, so that practically, as we said, the law acts as a close family entail. But let those who are accustomed to the action of primogeniture, in the old Scottish law of entail, and by the English law, or rather custom, of repeated settlements,

¹ "Few places have been so manifestly the care of Heaven as these islands." Falle, *Account of Jersey*. London, 1797, p. 28. The old edition dates 1694, and is rare.

here note the difference. The Jersey law, while providing amply for the honour of the family, and its representation by the eldest son, follows nature and the Roman law in showing a due regard to the natural rights and fair expectations of other members of the family. When the principal manor has been judicially set apart for the eldest son, the rest of the property, both real and personal, is divided among co-heirs, two-thirds among the sons, and one-third among the daughters. By this general, and, in the main, equitable arrangement, the right of testamentary interference with the division of property is, as will be evident, largely curtailed. In fact, the right of a testator to dispose of his property by will after death, is limited to one-third part of his movables. The remaining two-thirds, as a matter of right, descend one-third to the children or descendants, and one-third to the widow, should she elect to take part in the personal estate; otherwise she has her *terce*, or one third of the real estate always sure.

By these very simple and equitable arrangements, the old Norman law, as it obtains in the Channel Islands, can unquestionably boast its superiority to the English practice of unlimited primogeniture, as it obtains in this country. In the first place, it secures whatever advantages of local family persistence, family precedence, and family pride, are usually urged in favour of our custom of primogeniture; it gives the good of the custom without its attendant evils; it does the same thing moderately, and therefore better, both according to Aristotle and St. Paul; as if one should say, supposing port wine to be a good drink in a cold climate, that it is better to solace one's stomach with a glass or two than to drain a whole bottle. In the second place, it secures by simple operation of law to all the younger branches of the family that share in the paternal inheritance to which they may fairly consider themselves entitled. In the third place, it effect-

ually prevents that process of progressive dismemberment of estates which presents not a few unpleasant features under the French law of equal compulsory division. And lastly, it entirely forecloses and renders unnecessary the complicated network of settlement upon settlement, by which, under the action of the English law, either the exaggerated predominance of the eldest son may be more firmly secured, or the balance in favour of the natural rights of the younger branches be restored. In every view, therefore, it has a right to be considered as the golden mean between the two extremes of petty parcelling (*morcellement*) and monstrous accumulation that have in practice been developed in this domain; a golden mean in which neither, on the one hand, are large improvements prevented by the impecuniosity of a race of petty proprietors, nor, on the other hand, is the country cheated of its natural complement, a hardy and independent yeomanry, to favour the artificial nurture of a race of overgrown and often absentee proprietors. How contrary this is to the general notions of Englishmen, may be illustrated by what I heard his Excellency the Governor of Jersey declare at a public meeting of the inhabitants. An Englishman, he said, one of the numerous race of tourists who look in for a day or a week at St. Helier's, and then depart, had, in the course of after-dinner conversation, been pleased to express his admiration of the prosperous state of the island, everywhere green orchards, flourishing potato-fields, good roads, in the harbour the most undeniable sign of a large and various commerce. Only one thing this green little gem of the sea required to make it perfect, a full participation in the benefits of English law! To which remark his Excellency, who, by some years' residence in the island, knew something of the matter, with a laugh, replied—"The absence of English law, specially of the English land laws, is the very thing to which the men of Jersey with good reason

attribute their notable prosperity." How different from this insolent conceit of the vulgar English mind is the recorded opinion of a distinguished English jurist, to the effect that "the English law of real property is the most unmitigated nonsense ever put together by the perverted ingenuity of man."¹

As to the general economical result of the laws of succession in Jersey, contrasted with the results produced under the English law of unlimited primogeniture, it may be sufficient to remark, that though certain large operations, such as the making of roads and bridges, and the introduction of sweeping changes when necessary, take place more readily under the system of large proprietors, and immense consolidated farms, a vast mass of reliable statistics is available to prove that a greater amount of field culture, and a larger account of field produce, is, under most circumstances, produced by the small proprietor who *must* work, than by the

¹ *Spinoza*, by Fred. Pollock, Barrister-at-Law. London, 1880, p. 99. The general ignorance in this country of the law of succession in the Channel Islands is proved by the fact that, even in books of authority, it is generally spoken of as identical with the old Saxon law of gavelkind allowed exceptionally by William the Conqueror, and still maintained in Kent. But equal division of all heritage and limited primogeniture are two very different things in principle; in practice no doubt they may approach to one another in various degrees, especially where, as in Kent, the power of the individual testator is allowed to override the general action of the law. My information on this subject is derived from the best authority, viz., *Observations on the Law of Descent in the United Kingdom*, by Henry Tupper, Judge in the Royal Court of Guernsey; London, Simpkin and Marshall, 1868; a work, so far as I can learn, very inadequately known, even to professed lawyers in this country. Those who are altogether unacquainted with the general bearings of the question could not do better than consult the excellent discourse on *The Law and Custom of Primogeniture*, by the Hon. S. C. Brodrick, in *Systems of Land Tenure*, published by the Cobden Club, London, 1876; and the professional student will also note particularly, *L'Ancienne Coutume de Normandie*, French and Latin, by Laurence de Gruchy, Justiciary of the Royal Court of Jersey. Jersey, 1881.

larger proprietors who *may*. Besides, it must never be forgotten, that, while the effort of immensely large proprietors will naturally be to accumulate monstrous wealth in the hands of a few, the effort of smaller proprietors will certainly be to distribute the material benefits of wealth, and the moral advantages of proprietorship among a large number of independent citizens. As in the body physical, health consists not so much in the quantity of blood in the system, as in its fair distribution; so in the body social—not how few are very rich, and how many are miserably poor, is the critical question, but in what proportion is property distributed amongst a stout, industrious, prosperous, and well-contented population. This just proportion has been attained in Jersey, principally by the natural action of the old Norman law. How little it has been attained, or even dreamt of, in this country, the evidence led before the Crofter Commission now sitting in the Highlands and islands will abundantly testify. Under the old Norman law in Jersey the vassals holding feudally under the lord of the manor, have fixity of tenure, and are, in fact, with a slight acknowledgment to the superior, independent proprietors. Under the English rule, starting historically from the same root, the feudal law has degenerated into a system which enables the proprietor of whole parishes or counties, to clear the land of its natural population, and substitute for it any largest number of antlered wild beasts that he may choose to breed, or any smallest number of heartless human bipeds that he may choose to import.

Of the privileges of Jersey, one of the most notable is that one of which the English tourist would most devoutly wish that it should be deprived. St. Helier's is a free port; and by virtue of this any English traveller, coming from the island to Southampton, must submit his luggage to the inspection of the gentle-

men of the Custom House, in as disagreeable a fashion as if he were entering Austria, or the sacrosanct precincts of the Roman pope. Neither cigars nor *Eau-de-Cologne* will be allowed to pass unquestioned through this bar; and whoever considers it consistent with the character of a good citizen to tell or to act lies to the prejudice of the public tax-gatherer, will find a favourable opportunity here.

Of the peculiarities of the island one of the most characteristic, in an ethnological point of view, is the bilingual character of the population. Neither in Wales, nor in Ireland, nor in the Scottish Highlands, has the language of the common people asserted itself so stoutly alongside of the dialect of the upper classes, as in the Channel Islands. The reason is obvious. Society in Jersey has grown naturally and healthily out of its own root without being hindered by any violently imposed extraneous civilisation; but Wales and Ireland suffered equally though in different degrees, the curse that belongs to conquest; while the Scottish Highlands, though not strictly a conquered country, suffered practically similar evils, first, from their ill-advised rebellions in favour of a dispossessed dynasty; secondly, from the compulsory imposition of the feudal law upon the native law of the clan-system; and thirdly, from the elimination of the middle classes from the body social as the natural sequence of the existence of immense properties combined with the two other elements. The absence of these depopularising influences in the Channel Islands has preserved the French language, not only among the common people, but as the language of the Law Courts and the Legislative Assembly. A gross anachronism most Englishmen would be inclined to say, and no small hindrance in the way of improvement. "Not at all," I heard his Excellency the Governor declare in a public meeting for the distribution of school

prizes; it is practically an immense advantage for a Jerseyman to start with a bilingual dexterity in two such useful languages as French and English; and, though in the nature of things the French language will die out more and more, it is more consistent with an enlarged policy to treat it kindly, while it lives, than to force it prematurely out, by the selfish laziness which is the nurse of apathy, and the shallow ambition which affects gentility.

One other point only of general public interest remains. I was anxious, when making myself for a season at home in a place conveniently situated within an easy distance of France and England, to ascertain exactly what advantages it presented to strangers travelling in pursuit of health or recreation. In the way of recreation certainly the island of Jersey does not offer such rich fields for view-hunters, scientific explorers, and gymnasts of all kinds, from the deer-stalker downwards, as many of the more favoured haunts of the rustivating and locomotive world; but those who can enjoy a bright sky, a mild climate, and a kindly people, with an agreeable variation from flitting guests, will find that they can live with equal elegance and considerably more cheaply at St. Helier's than at Brighton, or in any other elegant resort of the great colony of roving Englishmen. For education there is an admirable school or college—for the world is governed by names—erected in these latter days, to use the phrase of the playbills, under "the presence and patronage" of her most gracious majesty Queen Victoria, whose name it bears. As to its sanatory character, there can be no doubt that the mildness of the climate is favourable to all persons labouring under chest complaints, bronchitic or otherwise; while, on the other hand, it is equally certain that those whose nervous habitude requires the stimulant of a keen and bracing breeze will be wise to seek restored vigour rather among the braes of Braemar or

the moors of Strathspey than in the sun-fronting bay of St. Helier's or the ferny slopes of the Grève-de-Lecq. Terrible things have been written about the unfavourable influences of the climate of Jersey on all rheumatic complaints, a medical gentleman of authority having seriously stated that "among the people in the rural districts rheumatism in some form or other is universal after the age of thirty;"¹ but this remark, it will be observed, applies only to the labouring classes in the country, whose avocations expose them to the evil

¹ *On Health and Disease in Jersey*, by Matthew Scholefield, M.D. and M.B. in Inglis, vol. i. chap. xi.

influences of a humid climate doing necessary out-field work at certain seasons of the year. Besides, it must be borne in mind, as remarked to me by a medical gentleman now practising in the island, that much has been done since Inglis's day in the way of widening the roads and clearing the country from superfluous stores of moisture. Certain it is that on a visit which I paid to Fort Elizabeth, at the west wing of the bay of St. Helier's, where, as in Fort Regent on the other wing, a garrison is regularly stationed, a soldier who had lived three years in the place assured me that he had not known a single case of rheumatism during all that time.

ANOTHER WORD ON INDIAN LEGISLATION.

WHETHER what is called the "Ilbert Bill" is carried or rejected its promoters will regret its introduction almost, if not quite, as much as its opponents. It is certain that if the Government of Lord Ripon had anticipated or dreamt of the storm of bad feeling and class animosity it was destined to create it would not have introduced a measure which cannot be said to be of the nature of practical legislation. The Bill is avowedly only intended to meet a possible future and not a present necessity. It is admitted that no administrative inconvenience exists under the present law, and it is not anticipated that any serious or real obstacle in the administration of the criminal law will arise in this or perhaps in the next generation. It may well be asked, then, why was present peace and concord sacrificed for a piece of fancy legislation? Lord Ripon and others who supported the bill have given their reasons, and I do not think it is too much to say that they are the weakest reasons that have ever been given for legislation of so serious a character, affecting, as it

does, the liberties and prejudices of a mass of Englishmen, whose presence in India is essential to the development of the resources of that country. It is to them that the trade of India owes its extension and progress. It is to them that India is indebted for its railways and its fleets of inland and coasting steamers. It is to them that England is indebted for the hundred valuable products, the carrying of which has made the Red Sea a highway for steamers second only to the English Channel. It is to them that England is indebted for the production of the excellent tea which will soon render her independent of China. And not an acre has been taken from the cultivation of other things to do this. Some of those who are opposed to the Ilbert Bill have gone so far as to assert that if it is passed it will prevent the investment of European capital in India, and that it may even drive out that which is already invested. I do not concur in such an extreme opinion as this, but a good deal of evil may be done by the creation of mistrust and uncertainty. I think that if this bill becomes law it

will increase the desire of Englishmen to realise what they can and leave the country. People here may think that they will be very foolish if they do, and that they are altogether unreasonable, but that will not affect the course which Englishmen in India will take. Englishmen there, as well as here, are apt to have faith in the soundness of their own opinions, and what they think, and not what people in England think, will rule their action. The Englishman in India cannot be convinced that his countrymen in England are better judges in this matter than he is. It is useless to tell him that his objection to being tried by native magistrates is due to the fact that their skin is darker than his own. He will deny that his objection is based upon any such difference of colour, but upon other and more important disqualifications. He will state them and restate them, and appeal to his experience, but the Englishman in England will put them all aside and reassert the theory of colour. It is well known that an Englishman is a better judge of everything than anybody else. The Englishman at home holds that people who have Indian experience are prejudiced, and incapable of taking an unbiased view, and that therefore his unbiased ignorance is a safer guide.

He would be a rash and thoughtless politician who would say that at no time to come should native members of the Indian Civil Service have criminal jurisdiction over Europeans. I am quite prepared to say, on the contrary, that when a real necessity arises, and when natives have shown by their capacity and integrity that they are worthy of confidence, they may, and should be, intrusted with a large share in the government of their own country. The words used in the Proclamation of 1858 define the proper position so accurately that I cannot do better than quote them. The Queen declares her wishes to be that "so far as may be our subjects, of whatever race or

creed, be impartially admitted to offices in our service the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, or integrity duly to discharge." Accepting this definition as just and reasonable the question is narrowed to one of time, fitness, and opportuneness. I do not make any charge of want of education, ability, or integrity against the native civilians, present or future, but I am entitled to say, without offence, that their numbers and length of service have been so limited that we are justified in saying that it is not expedient to take, in comparative darkness, a step which it would be difficult, if not impossible to retrace. Several propositions should have been established beyond reasonable dispute before the dearly loved and valued privileges of Englishmen should be taken from them. It should be proved that the possession of these privileges were a source of injustice to the native population. That the administration of the law was difficult, costly, or impossible, and that the Europeans were willing to place their lives and liberties in hands which, it must be admitted, were comparatively untried. If an adequate reason could have been shown I am sure that Englishmen in India are loyal and well enough disposed to the natives to have given up what was only a distinction if they had been convinced that they could have done so with reasonable safety to themselves. Did the experience of past attempts in this direction justify the Government of India in holding the belief that this measure could become law, without producing an evil considerably greater than the one it was intended to remove?

To say that the European outcry is not justified by the extent or scope of the measure does not relieve the government of the responsibility of creating that outcry for an insufficient and insignificant object. I am opposed to the bill on many grounds, but if I approved of it and the direction in which it desires to go I should,

nevertheless, or rather the more, deplore its introduction before its real necessity could be established. It is the primary duty of a wise government in every country to appreciate and gauge the public mind before entering upon questions of class legislation. Nothing but paramount necessity can justify the disturbance of such extremely delicate relations as those existing between the ruled and the ruling race in India.

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof" applies even to settled communities in Europe, who are governing themselves, and a thousandfold more to the case of the government of the various and often conflicting races in India. They speak fifty different languages, have a thousand different customs, are opposed to each other in religion, and are only held together in a state of peace and mutual toleration by the strong rule of an alien race. Government by aliens may be objectionable in principle, but in practice it has conferred many benefits upon the people of India. We have to deal with things as they are, and not with things as they might be. It is an accomplished fact that we are there with serious duties and obligations, and that if we desired to do so we cannot, upon moral or upon any other grounds, give up our control until we have made the people fit to rule themselves. The difficulty of preparing the people of India for self-government, to the exclusion of all external rule, is so great that it is impossible to foresee the time when they will be fit to undertake the task. That period will not be hastened by a system of premature forcing, but will be more probably delayed by the failure of well meant efforts to anticipate natural and healthy progress. To unite the people of Europe under one government would be easier than to unite the people of India under one which excludes all external control. The Hindoo would resent the government of the Mohammedan, and the Mohammedan would defy the control

of the Hindoo. Would the warlike people of the north-west or the Punjab submit to the rule of the Bengalee? To them the Bengalee is almost as much an alien as the Englishman without his strength and courage. It was stated by Colonel Malleson in a discussion upon the "Ilbert Bill" at a meeting of the East India Association, that the Mohammedans of the north-west, and indeed the whole native population of Upper India, were against the bill. This is probably too large a statement, but I can readily believe that they are generally against it for the reason I have indicated above. The mass of the people of India know very well that although the Ilbert Bill proposes to confer extended powers upon all native members of the Civil Service, that in fact it will, for another generation at least, only confer those powers upon a dozen or score of Bengalees. As no one has pretended that this bill is a concession to a native demand, it is needless to take up time in proving that it is robbing Peter to pay Paul, a debt which Paul has not asserted to be due. But it is said that the descendants of Paul may some day make such a claim, and that at some time it may be a just claim, and it is therefore wise to make provision in advance. Happy should be the country that has so little for government to do in the present that it can find time to legislate for the next generation, or the one after, as if legislative necessities could be predicted in advance like an eclipse. There is always a risk in all countries that progress may be too slow, and that it may not keep up with the requirements of changing generations and changing needs. There is also a danger, although it may be rarer, of proceeding faster than the condition of a people justifies. It is impossible in discussing such a question as this to take popular government in this country as in any way parallel to the case of India. Here, in theory at least, the people govern themselves in

a roundabout fashion and can, at intervals, displace the government which is too slow or too fast for them. The government of India does not profess to occupy such a position. It is a pure despotism, and is itself the sole judge of what is best for the people.

In the *Times* of July 10th it is reported that at a meeting of the Birmingham 800 it was asserted to be a "wrongful claim to treat India as a conquered country." If by this it is only intended to lay down the principle that it is wrong to treat India wrongfully because it is a conquered country, I cordially agree. But if the Birmingham 800 mean to assert that India is only entitled to justice because it is not a conquered country, I am afraid that history is opposed to them, and that the people of India hold their liberties by a frailer tenure than I thought. If we did not conquer India, how did it come into our possession? A good many queer arguments have been advanced in support of the "Ilbert Bill," but this is the queerest of all. I am willing to go much farther than the Birmingham 800, for I am prepared to maintain that India is entitled to justice, whether it was acquired by conquest or by gift.

It is but a small step from the opinion of the Birmingham 800 to the opinion of its distinguished representative Mr. Bright. I have a very high respect for Mr. Bright, and a high opinion of the service that during his long and distinguished career he has rendered to liberty in many parts of the world. I am aware at the same time, that the right honourable gentleman is not very tolerant of difference of opinion, and that he has a strong contempt for the judgment, and generally a low estimate of the honesty, of those who differ from him. There was, I regret to say, a good deal of this contempt for opposing opinion in the speech made at Willis's Rooms on August 1st. There was an insinuation that the opposition

of the Calcutta bar to the Ilbert Bill was due to the appointment of a native judge to be the officiating chief justice of the high court of Calcutta, during the absence of its head. The Calcutta bar can defend itself, and has, I believe, done so in this small matter, asserting that the appointment in question had its entire and cordial approval. The whole speech was an attempt to establish the same petty jealousy and a desire to keep the loaves and fishes to themselves as the motive which influenced the European members of the Indian Civil Service against the bill. I do not see how this charge can be even insinuated against the mass of gentlemen who have retired from service in India, and have nothing more to hope for by the exclusion of anybody from that service. And yet the majority, I might almost say the whole, of these gentlemen are as much opposed to this bill as those who are still serving in India. Their objection is based upon a long experience of the people of India and the facility with which false cases of the grossest kind are got up in that country. It is the ordinary form of revenge, and how is an isolated European to refute a charge which may be sworn to by any necessary number of witnesses? It may be said that the European is not protected against such charges by a trial before a European judge, and this is true, for there have been many such cases. Would the knowledge that the case would be tried before a native judge tend to increase the number of false cases? People of experience think it would. It is no imputation upon the honesty of the native judge to say this, for it is not what he would do that is the question, but what his countrymen would think he would do.

I have referred to Mr. Bright's opinions and the motives he attributes to those who differ from him, but in addition to this, in his speech at Willis's Rooms, he fell into a most serious error of fact. In describing

the class of natives to whom power to try Europeans was to be given, he made the following statement, as reported in the *Times* of August 2nd :—

“Those gentlemen who may be disposed to join the covenanted Civil Service to get into the position of these judges must come over from India to this country to be educated, they must go back, and suffer all the inconvenience of such a regulation; they must be involved in all the expense which an English education, lasting over several years, must necessarily throw upon any native of India who comes here.”

It is natural to suppose that this statement of the necessary preliminaries involving, as the right honourable gentleman stated, a residence of several years in England, appeared to the meeting to be a substantial safeguard against the appointment of imperfectly trained and inexperienced persons to such important posts, but it is, unfortunately, contrary to fact. If Mr. Bright had stated the direct contrary it would have been nearer the truth. Since 1875 only one native has passed into the Bengal Civil Service by competitive examination, that is, by a course of education in England. All others since that date have been appointed in India without competition. I do not know if Mr. Bright was aware that by the Act 33 of Vict. the Governor-General is empowered to appoint natives in India to the Civil Service without the obligation of even visiting England. The act I refer to does not require, as a necessary qualification, that the native gentlemen so appointed shall have any knowledge of the English language. In reply to a question I put to Mr. Cross upon this subject, he admitted that the act did not require a knowledge of English, but, he said, “the Governor-General would never think of appointing one who did not possess that knowledge.” I believe that there are some rules requiring an examination in English, but there is nothing in the act itself to prevent the Governor-General from making such appointments. Englishmen in India

naturally like to have some stronger guarantee that their judges shall at least understand their language than is to be found in the assurance that the Governor-General “would never think,” &c. The fact is that when the act was passed it was not contemplated to give native civilians the power it is now proposed to confer upon them, and hence the omission. But my object in referring to this act is not so much to dwell upon its dangers, as to point to the omission of any reference to it at all in the speech of Mr. Bright. I believe that Mr. Bright was not aware that there was such an act in existence, or he must, in the interest of fair play, have told the meeting that there was another way, besides that of a prolonged English education, by which natives of India could obtain admission into the Civil Service. But whether he was ignorant of the fact, or did not think it needful to mention it, the result was that the meeting was seriously misled. They were made to believe that the proposal to give criminal jurisdiction to natives over Europeans was hedged round with safeguards which do not in fact exist. It was not because Mr. Bright did not go far enough back in the history of India that this important omission was made, for he quoted a section of an act of 1833 providing for the punishment of Europeans who committed outrages upon natives. That such an act should have been necessary is much to be regretted, but I am afraid that India is not the only country in which there is a tendency upon the part of the strong to commit outrages upon the weak. Mr. Bright appears to have quoted this act for the purpose of showing that the case was quite exceptional, and that all Europeans in India committed outrages upon all natives. If it was not quoted for that object, then for what object was it quoted? Is there no law in this and other countries to prevent Europeans from committing outrages upon each other? Do not men in England commit

horrible outrages upon weak women? The parallel argument then should be that women should be appointed to try the men. Mr. Bright then goes on to quote another section of the same act, which lays down the principle that no person "shall by reason *only* of his religion, place of birth, descent, or colour, or any of them, be disabled from holding any place, office, or employment." I cannot conceive that any reasonable man would have the least difficulty in assenting to every word of this statement. Am I wrong in attributing to Mr. Bright a desire that these things which it is justly declared shall not, in themselves, constitute disability, shall constitute an actual claim or right to "place, office, or employment"? Shall a native, "by reason *only* of his religion, place of birth, descent, or colour," be entitled to office or employment for which he is, on other grounds, unfit? Has any opponent of the Ilbert Bill put forward as the ground of his objection to the measure the fact that it would confer power upon persons who by reason of colour or place of birth are *ipso facto* disqualified? Be the arguments against the bill right or wrong, they are not founded upon any of these grounds. By the act of 1833 it is declared that natives are not to be disqualified from holding any office, &c., &c. Why then have we not a native Governor-General? Why have we never had a native Commander-in-chief of the army? Why do they not command our native, or even our European, regiments? Because there are a thousand reasons of prudence and expediency which are too obvious to require citing. There is no use in attempting to deceive ourselves or any one else as to the position we occupy in India, and the tenure by which we hold that country. We neither acquired India with the consent of its people, nor do we hold it by their suffrages. We established our rule by force and in many other ways that cannot be defended, but, upon the whole, we have benefited the people of India.

I believe that the mass of the people of India are content with our rule, and do not desire to exchange it for any other. This remark does not apply to the ruling classes whom we have ousted and supplanted. They have plotted, and will continue to plot, but the bulk of the people are at least passive, and their behaviour in all our oldest provinces during the terrible trials of 1857 confirm this view. I cannot recall a single case of revolt or outrage upon Europeans which was due to a rising of the people apart from, and independent of, the military mutiny, and the anarchy thereby occasioned. If there had been oppression to revenge, there was ample opportunity. I have been drawn into making these remarks by the speech of Mr. Bright, because it seems to me that he believes, and wishes the people of this country to believe, that, as a rule, Englishmen in India oppress the natives. If Mr. Bright had spent as many years as I have in India, he would have known that the chief work of officials in that country is to prevent natives from oppressing each other. It is easy for Mr. Bright to quote a great many cases of proposals which were opposed a great many years ago, or even recently, in which the opposition was wrong, but it does not appear to me necessarily to follow that opposition can never be right. Mr. Bright pointed out to the meeting at Willis's Rooms that the magnitude of the bill they were discussing was small, and Mr. Lal Mohun Ghose, the next speaker, rather inconsistently told them that "the people of India were well aware of the important issues behind it." He did not indicate what those issues were. Mr. Ghose went on to say that though half a century had elapsed since the act quoted by Mr. Bright had passed, "there was still in India one law for the European and another for the native, and the Criminal Code was still full of many invidious distinctions repugnant to the sense of right, and leading to the grossest miscarriage

of justice." There is a great deal of truth in this statement, but in a direction directly contrary to that which Mr. Ghose desired the meeting to believe. I know of but one Criminal Code in India, and that is called the "Penal Code," which is administered to native and European alike, the only difference being that a European is tried by a European. Mr. Ghose did not tell the meeting what the "invidious distinctions" he complained of were, so I will endeavour to supply the omission. Every European in India, from the Governor-General and his wife down to the engine-driver on a railway, is liable to appear as a witness in criminal cases in every court. Thousands of native gentlemen are exempted from such attendance, and all native women above the lowest ranks. Here is an "invidious distinction" of which Mr. Ghose's hearers were probably ignorant, likely, if not certain, to lead to the grossest miscarriage of justice. Would Mr. Ghose like to see this anomaly removed? There are many more such anomalies that could be named, but I think that this one is a sufficient reply to Mr. Ghose's misrepresentations. Besides the instance I have named there are hundreds of social practices and customs in force amongst natives which are respected, and very properly respected, by the law. Mr. Ghose goes much further than the promoters of the "Ilbert Bill," for they have not alleged that under the present system there is any gross miscarriage of justice, or any miscarriage at all. The judges of the High Court of Calcutta are, in my humble opinion, more competent to form a sound judgment upon this point than Mr. Ghose, and their opinions are, possibly, more trustworthy. They say:—

"29. Another ground urged in support of the proposed change in the law is the invidious character of the existing distinction. If by 'invidious' is meant that the law, as it stands, unfairly benefits Europeans to the detriment of natives, or that the privilege now enjoyed by Europeans can justly be regarded as offen-

sive to native feeling, the judges are unable to see any foundation for such a charge. It is not suggested that the rights now enjoyed by Europeans should be extended to the entire community, or that the proposed change would improve in any particular the general administration of the law. If by the abolition of the present rights of Europeans the natives would be benefited, the balance of advantages might have to be struck; but this is not the case. No practical advantage for natives is to be gained.

"30. If even, apart from considerations of practical benefit, there were reason to think that the present state of the law was, or could reasonably be, regarded by natives as humiliating or insulting to them or their countrymen, the judges would consider that the possibility of remedying such a state of things deserved serious attention. But they cannot believe that such is the case. There is nothing in the existing law which implies any personal disparagement to any one. There may be in the ranks of the native service officials who resent the existing law because it impliedly recognizes the existence of a difference between Europeans and natives, and because they regard such a recognition as obsolete, injurious, and oppressive. The judges cannot regard such feelings as deserving of sympathy or consideration. Those differences, as a fact, exist, and any attempt to ignore them would, the judges believe, be unwise and disastrous. So far as the present measure encourages the belief in any class of the community that such differences have ceased to exist—that Hindoos and Englishmen can live side by side, not only with just and equal laws, but with absolute identity of *status* in every particular—it must, the judges consider, be regarded as a probable source of future difficulty. No reasonable official need feel aggrieved or humiliated because the law lays down a general rule that a class of especially difficult cases shall be tried by the officials who are confessedly most competent to try them, to whom their trial has hitherto been invariably confined, and to whom the class concerned earnestly desires that they should continue to be restricted. As was observed in the debate in 1872, 'The privilege as to the jurisdiction is the privilege of the prisoner, not the privilege of the judge. The European has an objection to be tried by a native. Considering the position in which he stands, the question is whether you will put him in a position in which he does not at present stand. You place no slight upon a native by saying that he can only try a man of his own race. What is there against the feelings of the native in that? Why should any one feel a slight because he is told that a particular man is to be tried in a particular way? On the other hand, it is a feeling, and not an unnatural one, that a man should wish to be tried by his own countrymen.' This feeling, as a fact, is recognized by the provisions of the code which allow Europeans

and natives alike to claim that at least half of the jury by which they are to be tried shall consist of persons of their own race."

I cannot think it needful to add a word to this exhaustive argument upon the subject of "invidious distinctions." I have dwelt at considerable length upon the speech of Mr. Bright at the meeting at Willis's Rooms, over which he presided, for I know the respect, the well-merited respect, with which the bulk of the people in this country listen to what he says. His instincts are in favour of right and justice, and he is only wrong where he is imperfectly informed, as in this case. I am aware that Mr. Bright will say that knowledge of India, the more prolonged the worse, is so accompanied by prejudice that unprejudiced ignorance is a safer guide. He and others can quote a high authority for this view, for Mr. Gladstone said in the House of Commons on August 21st, speaking of the capacity of English communities abroad to judge local questions, "their position is less favourable than ours for forming a comprehensive judgment." He said, "They are doomed almost to narrow modes of examining these questions." I do not say that there may not be questions in which it is possible for people at a distance to take a sounder view of a general policy, but it does not appear to me that this is one of that kind. Here, in the case we are considering, the right or wrong of the policy is dependent entirely upon the personal fitness of a certain class of people for the posts to which it is proposed to appoint them. To judge of that it seems to me that personal knowledge is an essential element, and that general principles will not apply. It is perfectly easy to lay down the principle that persons with black or brown faces shall not be disqualified by that fact from high office, but if it can be shown that the possessors of these black or brown faces have other serious disqualifications, surely those to whom they are personally known

should be the best judges? It is said that the European Civil Service of India is jealous and wants to keep the big loaves and fishes for itself. I do not believe that it is so, but that argument will not apply to the non-official Europeans. What, then, is their motive? Is it that they may commit crime with impunity, and have they that impunity now? It is not alleged that they have, and if they had I should rejoice to see it taken from them. But it is not so. They have a genuine fear—ye who do not know the basis or origin of that fear may say that it is an unreasoning one, but it is real—that under the proposed law their liberties would not be safe. If there is no unworthy motive of personal advantage at the base of the panic that has been created—for it has been nothing short of a panic—is not the genuine alarm and the deep-rooted belief which has created it entitled to respectful consideration? Is it desirable, for an abstract theory, to disturb the peace and harmony which has been steadily growing, as far as native habits and social customs will permit, between Europeans and natives in India? Whenever this question is discussed we are told of the 200,000,000 to whom justice must be done. It is a splendid mouthful this 200,000,000, and often takes the place of argument. But what are the contemptible facts to set against this grand rolling number of people who are said to be panting, not for justice to themselves, for they have that, but with a desire to administer justice to Englishmen? Out of the 200,000,000 there are in the Bengal Presidency (I have not the figures for the others, but I imagine that they are very few) twelve native members of the Civil Service, six who obtained that position by competition and six nominated in India, since 1878. Judging by the names the whole twelve seem to be Bengalees, whose administration would be as objectionable to the up-country races at least as they are to Englishmen.

It is for this small percentage of theoretical injustice, amounting to one individual for each 16,000,000 or so, that the country has been convulsed to an extent that may yet be perilous. But the professional Radical sees in this microscopic atom some germ of what he would probably call eternal justice. This is not practical legislation but fancy trifling with important privileges, held with such tenacity by Englishmen in India, that no conceivable good that could be dreamed of from fifty Ilbert Bills will compensate for the evil that has been done. Many strange reasons have been suggested and invented to account for the vehemence of English opposition, but, perhaps, the wildest of all is that which attributes it to hatred of Lord Ripon's local self-government schemes. What earthly interest can Englishmen have in opposing local self-government in native towns? It is not now in their hands, and they will lose nothing by its extension. For my own part I think it a step in the right direction, and one to which I wish complete success.

A few words upon the recent publication of official opinions in India for and against the bill, and I have done. I pass over the controversy that has arisen as to the authorship of the original telegram, giving figures which were grossly inaccurate. The *Times* correspondent has supplied what may be taken to be a correct summary of the opinions as published in the *Calcutta Gazette*. Perhaps the most original and remarkable is that of General Roberts, who would pass the bill, but, having thus done justice to the natives, would take care that they derived no advantage from it by stopping their appointment to the Civil Service! The gallant general is more in his element in an Afghan pass than in the field of politics. Mr. Sullivan, a countryman of the gallant general, entirely agrees with this logical proposal. It must, I suppose, be assumed that when the government of India, seeing the storm that had been raised,

resolved to consult its principal officers a second time, and on a more extensive scale, it was prepared to abandon the bill if there was a sufficient weight of opinion against it. Most of those who are put down as in favour of a compromise might very fairly be counted as against the bill, but, leaving them out of the calculation, the consensus of opinion against the measure is very remarkable. Figures alone do not properly represent the weight of opinion, for some single names, very properly, weigh more in the estimation of the public than a dozen others. But the bare numbers leave the government in a miserable minority. Leaving out the heads of the chief local governments, whose opinions are weighed and not counted, out of a total of 222 English officials consulted, 173 are for the withdrawal of the bill, thirteen for passing it, and thirty-six for a compromise. Out of a total of sixty-four native officials, forty-nine are for the bill or a compromise, and fifteen for withdrawal. Nearly a quarter of the native officials against a bill which the Prime Minister has compared to the case of the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies. I wonder how many of the West Indian negroes would have opposed emancipation? It is not necessary to go through the opinions of the higher officials in India who are not included in the numbers given above, for they will be laid before Parliament, and the government of India cannot ignore them. It is curious to note that the opposition to the bill is, I think, without exception in exact proportion to the experience and knowledge in each case. Take the able lieutenant-governor of Bengal, whose experience of non-official Englishmen in Bengal is unrivalled. He is for withdrawal. Next in knowledge of Englishmen in the interior comes the chief commissioner of Assam, and he is on the same side.

In conclusion, I desire to express my regret that this question has been

perverted into a party one. People of experience have always looked forward with apprehension to the time when Indian affairs might become subjects for party warfare in the House of Commons. If ever there was a subject with which party had no concern, it might have been supposed that the "Ilbert Bill" was one, but no sooner did it enter the door of that House than it was turned into a party weapon to cut and thrust with, regardless of the evil that might be done in India. I was myself so convinced that evil and not good would result from a debate, that I extin-

guished one opportunity by a "count out." Imputations of the grossest dishonesty have been hurled at Lord Ripon and his advisers without foundation, and without justification. I am not myself a sufficiently advanced politician to believe, or profess to believe, in the universal dishonesty of one party, any more than I believe in the universal integrity of another. On the contrary, I believe that there are people who hold opinions somewhat different from my own, who are, nevertheless, more or less honest.

D. H. MACFARLANE.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.¹

"In writing these pages," says Mr. Trollope, in the opening passage of his *Autobiography*, "it will not be so much my intention to speak of the little details of my private life as of what I, and perhaps others around me, have done in literature; of my failures and successes such as they have been, and their causes, and of the opening which a literary career offers to men and women for the earning of their bread." The book accordingly is in the main a light and readable record of Mr. Trollope's own literary successes, of the friends they brought him, of his relations with his publishers, and of the judgments which, as time went on, he was led to form both upon the principles of his art and upon the work of his brother-novelists. Still, the first volume at any rate contains much interesting matter of a different kind. The gloomy pictures of his school days and of his early life in London, the portraits of his father and mother, and the description of the ten critical years from the age of twenty-six onwards, during which he raised himself from insignificance, and much worse, to a

position of consideration and dawning fame—all these are handled with simplicity, indeed, but still with the practised hand of the writer who well knows how to make every detail tell.

There is much in the book to be heartily commended to the man of letters by profession, though what is true and useful is often made repulsive by needless crudity of phrase. When an author says that he wrote something for no other reason than to prevent a publisher from going to "another shop" for his wares, we may admit that the literary ideal is brutalised indeed.

Anthony Trollope was the son of a barrister, who at the time of the boy's birth was in easy circumstances, with a house in the still fashionable quarter of Bloomsbury, and a country house with farm attached, just embarked upon in the country. But a very few years after Anthony's birth, the family fortunes had ceased to have any show of prosperity about them. The father, a man of curiously mixed character, possessed of no capacity for practical life, and although devoted and affectionate at heart, unable through sheer force of ill temper, to

¹ *An Autobiography*. By Anthony Trollope. Two volumes, William Blackwood and Sons.

keep either his clients as a lawyer or the affections of his children, was during this time principally engaged upon throwing away sum after sum of money on the farm in the country. At last it became necessary to give up the London house and to retire to the farm, which, as being near Harrow, seemed to offer facilities for the schooling of the boys. Here, then, at the age of seven began Anthony's school troubles. He was an untidy, dirty little boy, keenly conscious, apparently, of the family misfortunes, and already felt himself banned and ostracised by his better-dressed school-fellows. No relation to the world can well be worse for a human being than this, but it was one to which Trollope found himself condemned during the whole of his school-days. At Winchester, whither he was sent for a time after his first spell at Harrow, his school-bills were left unpaid, and his weekly pocket-money was stopped by a master who took no pains to conceal the fact from Trollope's companions. So that at Winchester, also, he was a Pariah, unable to join in the games or to fulfil the small obligations incumbent upon every school-boy, and steadily degenerating, as he himself bitterly confesses in manliness and moral courage. A second experience of Harrow was even worse. The first farm had been given up; Mrs. Trollope had gone off to America with the eldest son, partly with a view of settling him in business, and partly no doubt with the object of covering the break-up of the family. Mr. Trollope, senior, and his son were therefore left to each other's society in another and smaller farmhouse in the neighbourhood of Harrow, whence the boy Anthony had to walk six miles to school every day. Nothing could have been more gloomy than the life.

"Perhaps the eighteen months which I passed in this condition, walking to and fro on those miserably dirty lanes, was the worst period of my life. I was now over fifteen, and had come to an age at which I could appreciate

at its full the misery of expulsion from all social intercourse. I had not only no friends, but was despised by all my companions. The farmhouse was not only no more than a farmhouse, but was one of those farmhouses which seem always to be in danger of falling into the neighbouring horse-pond. As it crept downwards from house to stables, from stables to barns, from barns to cowsheds, and from cowsheds to dung-heaps, one could hardly tell where one began and the other ended! There was a parlour in which my father lived, shut up among big books; but I passed my most jocund hours in the kitchen, making innocent love to the bailiff's daughter. The farm kitchen might be very well through the evening, when the horrors of the school were over; but it all added to the cruelty of the days The indignities I endured are not to be described. As I look back it seems to me that all hands were turned against me—those of masters as well as boys. I was allowed to join in no plays. Nor did I learn anything—for I was taught nothing I was never a coward, and cared for a thrashing as little as any boy, but one cannot make a stand against the acerbities of three hundred tyrants without a moral courage of which at that time I possessed none. I know that I skulked, and was odious to the eyes of those I admired and envied."

One incident alone in his school-days the boy was able to remember with pleasure. He had once roused himself to rebellion, had once thrashed an opponent, and been for one brief moment the undisputed hero of a fight. But of any real teaching, of sympathy, of companionship, of training in the moral and intellectual sense, he got nothing. It is hard to believe that it was all the fault of the schools, nor indeed does Mr. Trollope so explain his own misfortunes. But he is quite clear upon the point that his school-days were a most miserable and unhappy time, and that the bitterness of them in some sort clung to him through life. One cannot read his story without pain; there is nothing so real or so indelible in a man's life as some long-continued misery in childhood.

Nor did young Trollope's prospects brighten for a long while after he left school. For some little time before that indeed, things had been going better with the household owing to Mrs. Trollope's development, at the age of fifty-four, of a literary talent

very real in its way, and at any rate eminently marketable. When the mother and son went to America in 1827, Mrs. Trollope must have carried with her the constant oppression of her husband's debts and difficulties, and, with her active contriving mind, must have thought much over the means of relieving the family from them. She had a few literary friends, literary tastes, including an ardent Byronism which never flagged, a keen enjoyment of life, and a strong sense of humour. Under all the circumstances it was very natural that she should see in the rough America of the time only so much material for a satirical and lively book. She brought back with her in 1831 the *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, and in the course of 1832 received 800*l.* for it. The satire was pleasant to most people in England, and unpleasant to most people in America. In one of her letters Mrs. Kemble gives an amusing account of the scandal and indignation caused in New England homes by Mrs. Trollope's criticisms; but Mr. Trollope believed that the book actually did good in spite of its hastiness. "It will not be too much to say of it that it had a material effect upon the manners of the Americans of the day, and that that effect has been fully appreciated by them." As to the beneficent effect of the book upon the fortunes of the Trollope family there could at any rate be no doubt. "Her volumes were very bitter; but they were very clever, and they saved the family from ruin." Mrs. Trollope was an extraordinary woman. Extravagant and reckless by temperament, unable to judge with seriousness or to record with strict accuracy, she was yet capable of an industry and perseverance, of a long-continued effort of will and brain in the service of those she loved, the details of which as given by her son, are really astonishing. In 1834, in spite of her earnings, the family were again reduced to the lowest straits pecuniarily; the father made a flitting to Ostend,

and mother and children were left behind to rescue what they could from the hands of the sheriff's officers. They soon followed Mr. Trollope to Bruges, where the whole family settled down to economise. But they were hardly established in their new home before the presence of fatal illness made itself felt in the household. The father, indeed, was heart-broken, worsted altogether by life and its troubles, and ready to succumb to any illness which might seize him; and two of the children—a grown-up son and daughter—developed the first symptoms of consumption about the same time.

"From that time forth my mother's most visible occupation was that of nursing. There were two sick men in the house, and hers were the hands that tended them. The novels went on, of course. We had already learned to know that they would be forthcoming at stated intervals—and they always were forthcoming. The doctor's vials and the ink-bottle held equal places in my mother's rooms. I have written many novels under many circumstances; but I doubt much whether I could write one when my whole heart was by the bedside of a dying son. Her power of dividing herself into two parts, and keeping her intellect by itself clear from the troubles of the world, and fit for the duty it had to do, I never saw equalled. . . . I do not think that the writing of a novel is the most difficult task which a man may be called upon to do; but it is a task that may be supposed to demand a spirit fairly at ease. The work of doing it with a troubled spirit killed Sir Walter Scott. My mother went through it unscathed in strength, though she performed all the work of day-nurse and night-nurse to a sick household—for there were soon three of them dying."

From this Bruges exile Anthony was recalled by the offer of a place in the Post-Office. The family hailed the appointment with gratitude, and Anthony at nineteen was launched alone in London on a salary of 90*l.* a year. His experience there is one more illustration of the dangers and risks inseparable from this dismal unfriended apprenticeship to work through which so many of our professional men have to pass. At no time in his life should a young man's friends take more thought for him. Absolutely necessary it is indeed that

he should learn as soon as may be to live his own life, and to walk in his own ways. But those who are bound to him may at least, in the majority of cases, secure to him some of the beautiful things of life, and ward off from him some of the ugly ones. Trollope had no friends willing or able to take this thought for him, and with his scanty education, his unhappy school associations, and his downright pugnacious manners, he had very little chance of making his way favourably in a world prepossessed against him from the beginning. At the office he was unpopular, and considered useless by his superiors. Out of office hours he led an unhappy, idle life, made perpetually miserable by the pressure of debt, and the difficulty of satisfying the instincts for pleasure and society which were always strong in him. Still the elements from which his redemption was to be built up were present to some extent even in this unsatisfactory life. His acquirements at the time he was fortunate enough to scramble into the Post-Office were, in the schoolmaster's sense, miserably small; "there was no subject as to which examination would have been possible, in which I could have gone through an examination otherwise than disgracefully:" and yet the boy's natural aptitudes, for all his disadvantages, had been steadily gathering for some time past such food as they could digest.

"I could have given a fuller list of the names of the poets of all countries, with their subjects and periods—and probably of historians—than many others; and had, perhaps, a more accurate idea of the manner in which my own country was governed. I knew the names of all the Bishops, all the Judges, all the Heads of Colleges, and all the Cabinet Ministers—not a very useful knowledge, indeed, but one that had not been acquired without other matter which was more useful. I had read Shakespeare and Byron and Scott, and could talk about them. The music of the Miltonic line was familiar to me. I had already made up my mind that *Pride and Prejudice* was the best novel in the English language—a palm which I only partially withdrew after a second reading of *Ivanhoe*, and did not completely bestow elsewhere till *Esmond* was

written. And though I would occasionally break down in my spelling, I could write a letter."

And more important than all, the gift which was to be the making of him was already asserting itself in that endless castle-building which seems to be the novelist's common preparation for his work.

"As a boy, even as a child, I was thrown much upon myself. I have explained, when speaking of my school-days, how it came to pass that other boys would not play with me. I was therefore alone, and had to form my plays within myself. Play of some kind was necessary to me then, as it has always been. Study was not my bent, and I could not please myself by being all idle. Thus it came to pass that I was always going about with some castle in the air firmly built within my mind. Nor were these efforts in architecture spasmodic, or subject to constant change from day to day. For weeks, for months, if I remember rightly, from year to year, I would carry on the same tale, binding myself down to certain laws, to certain proportions, and proprieties, and unities. Nothing impossible was ever introduced—nor even anything which, from outward circumstances, would seem to be violently improbable. I myself was of course my own hero. Such is a necessity of castle-building. But I never became a king, or a duke—much less when my height and personal appearance were fixed could I be an Antinous, or six feet high. I never was a learned man, nor even a philosopher. But I was a very clever person, and beautiful young women used to be fond of me. And I strove to be kind of heart, and open of hand, and noble in thought, despising mean things; and altogether I was a very much better fellow than I have ever succeeded in being since. This had been the occupation of my life for six or seven years before I went to the Post-Office, and was by no means abandoned when I commenced my work. There can, I imagine, hardly be a more dangerous mental practice; but I have often doubted whether, had it not been my practice, I should ever have written a novel. I learned in this way to maintain an interest in a fictitious story, to dwell on a work created by my own imagination, and to live in a world altogether outside the world of my own material life. In after years I have done the same—with this difference, that I have discarded the hero of my early dreams, and have been able to lay my own identity aside."

It is interesting to compare with this passage George Sand's account of the hallucinations which surrounded her from her childhood up to the time when she wrote *Indiana*. They consisted of an interminable series of

romances all linked together by one mysterious being—Corambé, by name—in whom, as a child, she believed as strongly as in any article of faith, and who was a personage of great beneficence and power, transporting himself freely from clime to clime, and passing in and out of her groups of characters at will. With the writing of *Indiana* Corambé vanished, and nothing ever availed to recall him.

“My mind,” says, Trollope, “is constantly employing itself in the work I have done. Had I left either *Framley Parsonage* or *Castle Richmond* half finished fifteen years ago, I think I could complete the tales now with very little trouble.” And again: “So much of my inner life has been passed in the company of my characters that I was continually asking myself how this or that woman would act when the event had passed over her head, or how that man would carry himself when his youth had become manhood, or his manhood declined to old age.” Compare with this George Sand’s perhaps exaggerated account of a quite opposite experience, “I had scarcely finished my first manuscript when it was effaced from my memory, not perhaps so entirely as the many novels I had dreamed but never written, but so far as to appear to me only vaguely. I should have thought that the habit of defining characters, passions, and situations would have gradually strengthened and fixed my memory of them. Nothing of the kind; and this oblivion in which my brain immediately buries the products of its labour has perpetually increased. If I had not my works on a shelf I should forget even their titles. And if without warning I was asked to criticise my own books and give an opinion on them, I could answer with perfect good faith that I do not know them, and that I must read them over with attention in order to be able to think anything about them.”

After seven years of this narrow and unfavourable life, Trollope threw

himself with eagerness on an opportunity of escape from it, offered by a post at that time little coveted in the office, that of clerk to one of the three Post-office Surveyors in Ireland. He remained in Ireland from 1841 to 1859, and during those years his lot changed enormously for the better. He landed in the country with an extremely bad character from his office, but within a year from that time he had developed an interest in his work, and had righted himself finally with his employers. In 1844 he married very happily, and at the time of his marriage the first volume of his first novel was completed. The *Macdermotts of Ballycloran* was suggested by the ruins of a country house which impressed his fancy while he was staying near a little town in County Leitrim. The book was published by Mr. Newby of Mortimer Street, and in spite of the superiority of its plot to that of many of its successors, and of its singular truth to many aspects of Irish life, it met with no success, and the young author, with no encouragement from the public, had to brace himself for a second effort. The *Kellys and the O’Kellys* followed: on which the publisher, Mr. Colburn, lost 63*l*. The writer, nothing daunted, was very soon ready with a third, *La Vendée*, a historical novel, for which he did actually obtain the sum of 20*l*.—the first literary earning apparently which he had ever received. It took, however, exactly ten years for Trollope, with all his perseverance and his strong story-telling gift, to achieve any sort of success. These ten years, however, happily for himself, were filled up with official work in which he was deeply interested, and to which he himself declares he gave throughout his life a much greater proportion of his mind than to his novels. It was in the course of an official tour in the south-west of England, undertaken for the purpose of improving the system of rural posts—a reform in which he showed throughout his characteristic

energy and pugnacity—that he conceived the plot and characters of the *Warden*. A visit to Salisbury, and an evening stroll round the cathedral, were the simple causes from which sprang all the chronicles of Barsetshire. Of bishops, deans, and archdeacons, Mr. Trollope impresses upon us, he knew personally at that moment nothing. Nevertheless, the novelist felt himself potent enough to call even these reverend spirits from the vasty deep of fancy, and to call them with success. Bishop Proudie, his dean, and his archdeacon, the greater and the lesser clerical lights circling about them, their wives, their amusements, and their prejudices—all these figures and interests, interwoven as their originals are with the inmost tissue of English life, were grasped and described with irresistible reality in the *Warden*, and in its immediate successor, *Barchester Towers*. The English novel-reading world, which had refused to interest itself in pictures of Irish life before the famine, little knowing what a pressing subject of thought Irish life was to be to it for generations to come, responded with delight to the appeal made to it in the Barsetshire novels.

Thenceforward Trollope's success as a novelist was secured. He came over to London in 1859, having succeeded in obtaining his appointment to a postal district in the eastern counties: he was applied to in 1860 to help to launch the *Cornhill*, and actually produced in the short space of five weeks almost the whole of *Framley Parsonage*. He made many friends, joined many clubs, and for the first time was able to efface the recollection of his school days in the give and take of ordinary good society. He was associated with the first appearances of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Fortnightly Review* in 1865, and in 1867 became himself editor of the *St. Paul's Magazine*, a speculation, however, which brought neither profit nor fame to him or his publisher. No periodical was ever less intelligently

edited, or made less mark, though the pains that Trollope took were infinite. He even read through every manuscript that any simpleton chose to pester him with—a waste of time absolute and unredeemed. These literary labours were varied by a visit to America during the war, by occasional foreign travel, by journeys to the West Indies, Australia, and the Cape, and above all by an unsuccessful attempt to get into Parliament for Beverley in the year of the Reform Bill. Through it all he seems to have enjoyed life enormously; to have enjoyed his work, his rising income, his friends, his social position, and above all, his hunting. "I now felt that I had gained my object," he writes:—

"In 1862 I had achieved that which I contemplated when I went to London in 1834, and towards which I made my first attempt when I began the *Macdermots* in 1843. I had created for myself a position among literary men, and had secured to myself an income on which I might live in ease and comfort—which ease and comfort have been made to include many luxuries. From this time for a period of twelve years my income averaged 4,500*l.* a year. Of this I spent about two-thirds, and put by one. I ought, perhaps, to have done better—to have spent one-third and put by two; but I have ever been too well inclined to spend freely that which has come easily."

A later passage describes with enthusiasm the charms of successful authorship, and the following description of two busy years will bring home to us vividly at once the toils and the pleasures which were perhaps equally welcome to a nature so constantly vigorous and buoyant:—

"I look upon these two years, 1867 and 1868, of which I have given a somewhat confused account in this and the two preceding chapters, as the busiest in my life. I had, indeed, left the Post Office, but though I had left it I had been employed by it during a considerable portion of the time. I had established the *St. Paul's Magazine*, in reference to which I had read an enormous amount of manuscript, and for which, independently of my novels, I had written articles almost monthly. I had stood for Beverley and had made many speeches. I had also written five novels, and had hunted three times a week during each of the winters. And how happy I was with it all! I had suffered at Beverley, but I had suffered as a part of the work which I was desirous of

doing, and I had gained my experience. I had suffered at Washington with that wretched American Postmaster, and with the mosquitoes, not having been able to escape from that capital till July ; but all that had added to the activity of my life. I had often groaned over those manuscripts ; but I had read them, considering it—perhaps foolishly—to be a part of my duty as editor. And though in the quick production of my novels I had always ringing in my ears that terrible condemnation and scorn produced by the great man in Pater-noster Row, I was nevertheless proud of having done so much."

The canvass at Beverley was in no way a success, except in so far as it furnished many a racy electioneering scene to the novels which came after it. Trollope put his own failure down to the corruption of the borough and nothing else. Other people thought that the inconsequence of his political views and the long-windedness of his political speeches had a good deal to do with it.

Our remaining space shall be devoted to a short discussion of Mr. Trollope's methods and ideals as a novelist. They may be summed up in the two following passages. In the first place his ideal was one of instruction :—

"I have always desired to 'hew out some lump of the earth,' and to make men and women walk upon it just as they do walk here among us—with not more of excellence, nor with exaggerated baseness—so that my readers might recognise human beings like to themselves, and not feel themselves to be carried away among gods or demons. If I could do this, then I thought I might succeed in impregnating the mind of the novel-reader with a feeling that honesty is the best policy ; that truth prevails while falsehood fails ; that a girl will be loved as she is pure, and sweet, and unselfish ; that a man will be honoured as he is true, and honest, and brave of heart ; that things meanly done are ugly and odious, and things nobly done, beautiful and gracious. . . . There are many who would laugh at the idea of a novelist teaching either virtue or nobility—those, for instance, who regard the reading of novels as a sin, and those also who think it to be simply an idle pastime. They look upon the tellers of stories as among the tribe of those who pander to the wicked pleasures of a wicked world. I have regarded my art from so different a point of view that I have ever thought of myself as a preacher of sermons, and my pulpit as one which I could make both salutary and agreeable to my audience."

In the second place it was his object as a literary man to assimilate his methods of work as far as possible to those of commerce and the professions. That a novel writer should be unable to write as much or as well on some days as on others, and above all that he should be dependent on some word or force called "inspiration"—for this theory of his art Trollope had nothing but scorn. His own practice was absolutely uniform :—

"As I had made up my mind to undertake this second profession, I found it to be expedient to bind myself by certain self-imposed laws. When I have commenced a new book, I have always prepared a diary, divided into weeks, and carried it on for the period which I have allowed myself for the completion of the work. In this I have entered, day by day, the number of pages I have written, so that if at any time I have slipped into idleness for a day or two, the record of that idleness has been there, staring me in the face, and demanding of me increased labour, so that the deficiency might be supplied. According to the circumstances of the time—whether my other business might be then heavy or light, or whether the book which I was writing was or was not wanted with speed—I have allotted myself so many pages a week. The average number has been about 40. It has been placed as low as 20, and has risen to 112. And as a page is an ambiguous term, my page has been made to contain 250 words ; and as words, if not watched, will have a tendency to straggle, I have had every word counted as I went. In the bargains I have made with publishers I have—not, of course, with their knowledge, but in my own mind—undertaken always to supply them with so many words, and I have never put a book out of hand short of the number by a single word. I may also say that the excess has been very small."

"It was my practice to be at my table every morning at 5.30 A.M. ; and it was also my practice to allow myself no mercy. An old groom, whose business it was to call me, and to whom I paid 5*l.* a year extra for the duty, allowed himself no mercy. During all those years at Waltham Cross he was never once late with the coffee which it was his duty to bring me. I do not know that I ought not to feel that I owe more to him than to any one else for the success I have had. By beginning at that hour I could complete my literary work before I dressed for breakfast It had at this time become my custom—and it still is my custom, though of late I have become a little lenient to myself—to write with my watch before me, and to require from myself 250 words every quarter of an hour. I have found that the 250 words

have been forthcoming as regularly as my watch went.

"There are those who would be ashamed to subject themselves to such a taskmaster, and who think that the man who works with his imagination should allow himself to wait till—inspiration moves him. When I have heard such doctrine preached, I have hardly been able to repress my scorn. To me it would not be more absurd if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration, or the tallow-chandler for the divine moment of melting."

It is evident that out of this ideal and these methods Trollope extracted as much as could possibly be extracted. Nobody will pretend that such a system means the highest work. The writers whose creations live with us from age to age, have indeed learned by experience that—

"Tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be in hours of gloom fulfilled."

But they have never for all that denied the existence and the sovereign importance of the hours of insight. "In answer to my inquiries respecting her mode of composition," writes Mrs. Gaskell of Charlotte Brontë, "she said that it was not every day that she could write. Sometimes weeks or even months elapsed before she felt that she had anything to add to that portion of her story which was already written. Then some morning she would waken up, and the progress of her tale lay clear and bright before her in distinct vision. When this was the case, all her care was to discharge her household and filial duties so as to obtain leisure to sit down and write out the incidents and consequent thoughts which were in fact more present to her mind at such times than her actual life itself."

"I was once told," says Trollope, "that the surest aid to the writing of a book was a piece of cobbler's-wax on my chair. I certainly believe in the cobbler's-wax much more than the inspiration." He expounded this theory of the seat of inspiration one afternoon in the drawing-room at North Bank to George Eliot and some others, with an inelegant vigour of

gesture that sent a thrill of horror through the polite circle there assembled. Yet to ninety-nine hundredths of those who make their living by writing, Trollope's advice is perfectly sound. They have no inspiration that they need be afraid of damaging, and their work, when it is done, has none of that divine quality which might be an excuse for some neglect of the virtues of routine in producing it. The airs and graces of minor authorship would be diverting enough if they were less tiresome. The smaller the author the more he takes himself *au grand sérieux*, and the more the liberties that he (or she) permits himself. Carlyle used to write so badly and to mangle his proofs so cruelly as to drive printers to despair. But Carlyle was a genius, and the ultimate product was worth the trouble. His example gives no similar right of causing useless expense, annoying editors, and plaguing printers, to the small man or small woman whose writings give pleasure or instruction for the time, but which the world willingly lets die at the end of the month. There is no reason why they should permit themselves to massacre proof-sheets because they have been too indolent to revise their manuscript; to submit obscure and befouled manuscript because they had not interest enough in their work to make a fair copy; to torment publishers, editors, and printers with their procrastinating ways, because, forsooth, they are lazily awaiting a moment of inspiration, when they ought to know that inspiration has no more to do with them than it has to do with the setter of the type. "I have been ridiculed," says Trollope, "for the methodical details of my business. But by these contrivances I have been preserved from many troubles; and I have saved others with whom I have worked—editors, publishers, and printers—from much trouble also." This was perfectly true. Many a scribe will denounce Trollope's practice as base and mechanical, whose own best writing is a long way below

Trollope's worst. The truth is that some of the greatest writers on the gravest subjects, men of the rank of Gibbon and Macaulay, have been as regular and as punctual in their work as Trollope was; and if the reading of Trollope's book awakens writers to the fact that dawdling, slipshod habits of work are as disgraceful to them as to any other kind of workers, his parting literary gift will be a boon to mankind. Trollope wrote on subjects that he ought to have left alone. He had no more business to write about Cæsar and Cicero than had Sir Humphry Davy to compose an epic poem. Yet he took his Cæsar and his Cicero seriously. He told one friend that he hoped his book on Cicero would live. The book was stone dead from the first moment. But Trollope read every word that Cicero wrote, and honestly worked as hard as he could to raise a durable monument to his Roman hero. He might as well have attempted to re-paint the Sistine Chapel, still there was no conscious scamping.

Trollope's uprightness of nature comes out in another view, much to be commended to men of letters. He tells the story of a critic of the day who showed him the manuscript of a popular novel, which the author of it had given in a handsome binding to the critic as an acknowledgment of a laudatory review. It is no secret now that Dickens was the author, *Our Mutual Friend* the novel, and the critic a gentleman now dead, and mentioned elsewhere in the book. Trollope told the critic bluntly that the present should neither have been given nor taken. He was surely right, and his remarks on the general subject of journalistic criticism are extremely salutary. His own criticisms on some contemporary writers of fiction are shrewd and sound, so far as they go,—with a single exception. To Charles Reade he is ludicrously unjust. Mr. Reade has the gifts both of the artist and the story-teller; and when he chooses, he is the master of a

singularly pure and correct style. Trollope himself was a good hand at drawing a woman, but Charles Reade, under many whimsicalities, has drawn women with a finer and subtler stroke than Trollope could ever reach, with all his brooding and his castle-building. To Mr. Disraeli, too, Trollope is more unkind than he ought to be. Mr. Gladstone is believed to hold as low an opinion of his rival's novels as Trollope does, but he hardly approaches the subject without bias. Disraeli's novels have no doubt "that flavour of hair-oil, that flavour of false jewels, that remembrance of tailors," which so offends the honest Trollope. But the best of them have humour and wit, have touches of imagination and the picturesque, that have made so good a critic as Mr. Leslie Stephen deplore the waste of such genius for literature on the idle and degraded pastime of being a Prime Minister.

In yet another sense besides those that have been already named Trollope always showed a sterling manliness. "I do not think," he says, "that I ever toadied any one, or that I have acquired the character of a tuft-hunter. But here I do not scruple to say that I prefer the society of distinguished people, and that even the distinction of wealth confers many advantages." Of course every man of sense would choose the society of the most distinguished people that he could find willing to consort with him on fair terms—distinction, it is understood, being truly and wisely interpreted. Trollope's notion of real distinction was no unworthy one. Mr. Mill once expressed a desire to make his acquaintance, and it was arranged that Trollope should go down to dine at Blackheath one Sunday afternoon. He came up from Essex for the express purpose, and said to a younger friend who was convoying him down, "Stuart Mill is the only man in the whole world for the sake of seeing whom I would leave my own home on a Sunday." The party was only a moderate success. The con-

trast was too violent between the modesty and courtesy of the host and the blustering fashions of Trollope. These came out the worse when they figured in the same room with the gentle precision of Mill and the pleasant gravity of Cairnes. It was a relief to get the bull safely away from the china-shop. Trollope did not recognise the delicacy of Truth, but handled her as freely and as boldly as a slave-dealer might handle a beautiful Circassian. He once had an interview with a writer whom he wished to make the editor of a Review. "Now, do you," he asked, glaring as if in fury through his spectacles, and roaring like a bull of

Bashan, "do you believe in the divinity of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ?" He had not a perfect sense of the shades and delicacies of things, nor had he exactly the spirit of urbanity. "Peace," says Cowper of the Scholar—

"Peace to the memory of a man of worth,
A man of letters and of manners too,
Of manners sweet as virtue always wears."

We cannot say all this of Trollope, but of the three qualities he had at any rate two, and they were the two most important. He had worth and he had some care for letters. He was a stanch friend, and children delighted in him. Peace to his memory.

THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Two days after, Mrs. Methven arrived at Kinloch Houran by the afternoon coach, alone.

She had interpreted very literally the telegram which had brought such a tremor yet such a movement of joy to her heart. Her son wanted her. Perhaps he might be ill, certainly it must be for something serious and painful that she was called; yet he wanted her! She had been very quiet and patient, waiting if perhaps his heart might be touched and he might recall the tie of nature and his own promises, feeling with a sad pride that she wanted nothing of him but his love, and that without that the fine houses and the new wealth were nothing to her. She was pleased even to stand aloof, to be conscious of having in no way profited by Walter's advancement. She had gained nothing by it, she wished to gain nothing by it. If Walter were well, then there was no need for more. She had enough for herself without troubling him. So long as all was well! But this is at

the best a forlorn line of argument, and it cannot be doubted that Mrs. Methven's bosom throbbed with a great pang of disappointment when she sat and smiled to conceal it, and answered questions about Walter, yet could not say that she had seen him or any of his "places in Scotland," or knew much more than her questioners did. When his message arrived her heart leapt in her breast. There were no explanations, no reason given, but that imperative call, such as mothers love to have addressed to them: "Come;" all considerations of her own comfort set aside in the necessity for her which had arisen at last. Another might have resented so complete an indifference to what might happen to suit herself. But there are connections and relationships in which this is the highest compliment. He knew that it did not matter to her what her own convenience was, so long as he wanted her. She got up from her chair at once, and proceeded to put her things together to get ready for the journey. With a smiling countenance she prepared

herself for the night train. She would not even take a maid. "He says, alone. He must have some reason for it, I suppose," she said to Miss Merivale. "I am the reason," said Cousin Sophy: "he doesn't want me. You can tell him, with my love, that to travel all night is not at all in my way, and he need have had no fear on that subject. But Mrs. Methven would not agree to this, and departed hurriedly without any maid. She was surprised a little, yet would not allow herself to be displeased, that no one came to meet her: but it was somewhat forlorn to be set down on the side of the loch in the wintry afternoon, with the cold, gleaming water before her, and no apparent way of getting to the end of her journey.

"Oh yes, mem, you might drive round the head of the loch: but it's a long way," the landlady of the little inn said, smoothing down her apron at the door, "and far simpler just crossing the water, as everybody does in these parts."

Mrs. Methven was a little nervous about crossing the water. She was tired and disappointed, and a chill had crept to her heart. While she stood hesitating a young lady came up, whose boat waited for her on the beach, a man in a red shirt standing at the bow.

"It is a lady for Auchnasheen, Miss Oona," said the landlady, "and no boat. Duncan is away, and for the moment I have not a person to send: and his lordship will maybe be out on the hill, or he will have forgotten, or maybe he wasna sure when to expect you, mem?"

"No, he did not know when to expect me. I hope there is no illness," said Mrs. Methven, with a thrill of apprehension.

At this the young lady came forward with a shy yet frank grace.

"If you will let me take you across," she said, "my boat is ready. I am Oona Forrester. Lord Erradeen is quite well I think, and I heard that he expected—his mother."

"Yes," said Mrs. Methven. She gave the young stranger a penetrating look. Her own aspect was perhaps a little severe, for her heart had been starved and repressed, and she wore it very warm and low down in her bosom, never upon her sleeve. There rose over Oona's countenance a soft and delicate flush under the eyes of Walter's mother. She had nothing in the world to blush for, and probably that was why the colour rose. They were of infinite interest to each other, two souls meeting, as it were, in the dark, quite unknown to each other, and yet—who could tell?—to be very near perhaps in times to come. The look they interchanged was a mutual question. Then Mrs. Methven felt herself bound to take up her invariable defence of her son.

"He did not, most likely, think that I could arrive so soon. I was wrong not to let him know. If I accept your kindness will it be an inconvenience to you?"

This question was drowned in Oona's immediate response and in the louder protest of Mrs. Macfarlane. "Bless me, mem, you canna know the loch! for there is nobody but would put themselves about to help a traveller: and above all Miss Oona, that just has no other thought. Colin, put in the lady's box intill the boat, and Hamish, he will give ye a hand."

Thus it was settled without further delay. It seemed to the elder lady like a dream when she found herself afloat upon this unknown water, the mountains standing round, with their heads all clear and pale in the wonderful atmosphere from which the last rays of the sunset had but lately faded, while down below in this twilight scene the colour had begun to go out of the autumn trees and red walls of the ruined castle, at which she looked with a curiosity full of excitement. "That is——?" she said, pointing with a strange sensation of eagerness.

"That is Kinloch Houran," said Oona, to whose sympathetic mind,

she could not tell how, there came a tender, pitying comprehension of the feelings of the mother, thus thrust alone and without any guide into the other life of her son.

"It is very strange to me—to see the place where Walter—— You know perhaps that neither my son nor I were ever here until he——"

"Oh yes," Oona said hastily, interrupting the embarrassed speech; and she added, "My mother and I have been here always, and everybody on the loch knows everybody else. We were aware——"

And then she paused too; but her companion took no notice, her mind being fully occupied. "I feel," she said, "like a woman in a dream."

It was very still on the loch, scarcely a breath stirring (which was very fortunate, for Mrs. Methven, unaccustomed, had a little tremor for the dark water even though so smooth). The autumnal trees alone, not quite put out by the falling darkness, seemed to lend a little light as they hung, reflected, over the loch—a redder cluster here and there looking like a fairy lamp below the water. A thousand suggestions were in the air, and previsions of she knew not what, a hidden life surrounding her on every side. Her brain was giddy, her heart full. By and by she turned to her young companion, who was so sympathetically silent, and whose soft voice when she spoke, with the little cadence of an accent unfamiliar yet sweet, had a half caressing sound which touched the solitary woman. "You say your mother and you," she said. "Are you too an only child?"

"Oh no; there are eight of us: but I am the youngest, the only one left. All the boys are away. We live on the isle. I hope you will come and see us. My mother will be glad——"

"And she is not afraid to trust you—by yourself? It must be a happy thing for a woman to have a daughter," Mrs. Methven said, with a sigh. "The boys, as you say, go away."

"Nobody here is afraid of the loch,"

said Oona. "Accidents happen—oh, very rarely. Mamma is a little nervous about yachting, for the winds come down from the hills in gusts; but Hamish is the steadiest oar, and there is no fear. Do you see now the lights at Auchnasheen? There is some one waiting, at the landing place. It will be Lord Erradeen, or some one from the house. Hamish, mind the current. You know how it sweeps the boat up the loch?"

"It will just be the wash of that confounded steamboat," Hamish said.

The voices sounded in the air without conveying any sense to her mind. Was that Walter, the vague line of darker shadow upon the shade? Was it his house she was going to, his life that she was entering once more? All doubts were put to an end speedily by Walter's voice.

"Is it Hamish?" he cried out.

"Oh, Lord Erradeen, it is me," cried Oona, in her soft Scotch. "And I am bringing you your mother."

The boat grated on the bank as she spoke, and this disguised the tremor in her voice, which Mrs. Methven, quite incapable of distinguishing anything else, was yet fully sensible of. She stepped out tremulously into her son's arms.

"Mother," he cried, "what must you think of me for not coming to meet you? I never thought you could be here so soon."

"I should have come by telegraph if I could," she said, with an agitated laugh: so tired, so tremulous, so happy, the strangest combination of feelings overwhelming her. But still she was aware of a something, a tremor, a tingle in Oona's voice. The boat receded over the water almost without a pause, Hamish, under impulsion of a whispered word, having pushed off again as soon as the traveller and her box was landed. Walter paused to call out his thanks over the water, and then he drew his mother's arm within his, and led her up the bank.

"Where is Jane?" he said. "Have

you no one with you? Have you travelled all night, and alone, mother, for me?"

"For whom should I do it, but for you? And did you think I would lose a minute after your message, Walter? But you are well, there is nothing wrong with your health?"

"Nothing wrong with my health," he said, with a half laugh. "No, that is safe enough. I have not deserved that you should come to me, mother——"

"There is no such word as deserving between mother and son," she said tremulously, "so long as you want me, Walter."

"Take care of those steps," was all he said. "We are close now to the house. I hope you will find your rooms comfortable. I fear they have not been occupied for some time. But what shall you do without a maid? Perhaps the housekeeper——"

"You said to come alone, Walter."

"Oh yes. I was afraid of Cousin Sophy; but you could not think I wanted to impair your comfort, mother? Here we are at the door, and here is Symington, very glad to receive his lady."

"But you must not let him call me so."

"Why not? You are our lady to all of us. You are the lady of the house, and I bid you welcome to it, mother," he said, pausing to kiss her. She had a thousand things to forgive, but in that moment they were as though they had not been.

And there was not much more said until she had settled down into possession of the library, which answered instead of a drawing-room, and had dined, and been brought back to the glowing peat fire which gave an aromatic breath of warmth and character to the Highland house. When all the business of the arrival had thus been gone through, there came a moment when it was apparent that subjects of more importance must be entered upon. There was a pause, and an interval of complete silence which

seemed much longer than it really was. Walter stood before the fire for some time, while she sat close by, her hands clasped in her lap, ready to attend. Then he began to move about uneasily, feeling the compulsion of the moment, yet unprepared with anything to say. At length it was she who began.

"You sent for me, Walter?" she said.

"Yes, mother."

Was there nothing more to tell her? He threw about half the books on the table, and then he came back again, and once more faced her, standing with his back to the fire.

"My dear," she said, hesitating, "it is with no reproach I speak, but only——There was some reason for sending for me?"

He gave once more a nervous laugh.

"You have good reason to be angry if you will; but I'll tell you the truth, mother. I made use of you to get rid of Underwood. He followed me here, and I told him you were coming, and that he could not stay against the will of the mistress of the house. Then I was bound to ask you——"

The poor lady drew back a little, and instinctively put her hand to her heart, in which there was a hot thrill of sensation, as if an arrow had gone in. And then, in the pang of it, she laughed too, and cried—

"You were bound, to be sure, to fulfil your threat. And this is why—this is why, Walter——"

She could not say more without being hysterical, and departing from every rule she had made for herself.

Meanwhile, Walter stood before her, feeling in his own heart the twang of that arrow which had gone through hers, and the pity of it and wonder of it, with a poignant realisation of all; and yet found nothing to say.

After a while Mrs. Methven regained her composure, and spoke with a smile that was almost more pathetic than tears.

"After all, it was a very good

reason. I am glad you used me to get rid of that man."

"I always told you, mother," he said, "that you had a most absurd prejudice against that man. There is no particular harm in the man. I had got tired of him. He is well enough in his own way, but he was out of place here."

"Well, Walter, we need not discuss Captain Underwood. But don't you see it is natural that I should exaggerate his importance by way of giving myself the better reason for having come?"

The touch of bitterness and sarcasm that was in her words made Walter start from his place again, and once more turn over the books on the table. She was not a perfect woman to dismiss all feeling from what she said, and her heart was wrung.

After a while he returned to her again.

"Mother, I acknowledge you have a good right to be displeased. But that is not all. I am glad, anyhow—heartily glad to have you here."

She looked up at him with her eyes full, and quivering lips. Everything went by impulse in the young man's mind, and this look—in which for once in his life he read the truth, the eagerness to forgive, the willingness to forget, the possibility, even in the moment of her deepest pain of giving her happiness—went to his heart. After all it is a wonderful thing to have a human creature thus altogether dependent upon your words, your smile, ready to encounter all things for you, without hesitation, without a grudge. And why should she? What had he ever done for her? And she was no fool. These thoughts had already passed through his mind with a realisation of the wonder of it all, which seldom strikes the young at sight of the devotion of the old. All these things flashed back upon him at sight of the dumb anguish yet forgiveness in her eyes.

"Mother," he cried, "there's enough of this between you and me. I want

you not for Underwood, but for everything. Why should you care for a cad like me? but you do——"

"Care for you? Oh, my boy!"

"I know; there you sit that have travelled night and day because I held up my finger: and would give me your life if you could, and bear everything, and never change and never tire. Why, in the name of God, why?" he cried with an outburst. "What have I ever done that you should do this for me? You are worth a score of such as I am, and yet you make yourself a slave."

"Oh, Walter, my dear! how vain are all these words. I am your mother," she said.

Presently he drew a chair close to her and sat down beside her.

"All these things have been put before me," he said, "to drive me to despair. I have tried to say that it was this vile lordship, and the burden of the family, that has made me bad, mother. But you know better than that," he said, looking up at her with a stormy gleam in his face that could not be called a smile, "and so do I."

"Walter, God forbid that I should ever have thought you bad. You have been led astray."

"To do—what I wanted to do," he said with another smile, "that is what is called leading astray between a man and those who stand between him and the devil; but I have talked with one who thinks of no such punctilios. Mother, vice deserves damnation; isn't that your creed?"

"Walter!"

"Oh, I know; but listen to me. If that were so, would a woman like you stand by the wretch still?"

"My dearest boy! you are talking wildly. There are no circumstances, none! in which I should not stand by you."

"That is what I thought," he said, "you and— But they say that you don't know, you women, how bad a man can be: and that if you knew— And then as for God——"

"God knows everything, Walter."

"Ay: and knows that never in my life did I care for or appeal to Him, till in despair. If you think of it, these are not things a man can do, mother: take refuge with women who would loathe him if they knew; or with God, who does know that only in desperation, only when nothing else is left him, he calls out that name like a spell. Yes, that is all; like an incantation, to get rid of the fiend."

The veins were swollen on Walter's forehead; great drops of moisture hung upon it; on the other hand his lips were parched and dry, his eyes gleaming with a hot treacherous lustre. Mrs. Methven, as she looked at him, grew sick with terror. She began to think that his brain was giving away.

"What am I to say to you?" she cried; "who has been speaking so? It cannot be a friend, Walter. That is not the way to bring back a soul."

He laughed, and the sound alarmed her still more.

"There was no friendship intended," he said, "nor reformation either. It was intended—to make me a slave."

"To whom, oh! to whom?"

He had relieved his mind by talking thus; but it was by putting his burden upon her. She was agitated beyond measure by these partial confidences. She took his hands in hers, and pleaded with him—

"Oh, Walter, my darling, what has happened to you? Tell me what you mean."

"I am not mad, mother, if that is what you think."

"I don't think so, Walter. I don't know what to think. Tell me. Oh, my boy, have pity upon me; tell me."

"You will do me more good, mother, if you will tell me—how I am to get this burden off, and be a free man."

"The burden of—what? Sin? Oh, my son!" she cried, rising to her feet, with tears of joy streaming from her eyes. She put her hands upon his head and bade God bless him. God bless him! "There is no doubt about

that; no difficulty about that," she said; "for everything else in the world there may be uncertainty, but for this none. God is more ready to forgive than we are to ask. If you wish it sincerely with all your heart, it is done. He is never far from any of us. He is here, Walter—here, ready to pardon!"

He took her hands which she had put upon him, and looked at her, shaking his head.

"Mother, you are going too fast," he said. "I want deliverance, it is true; but I don't know if it is *that* I mean."

"That is at the bottom of all, Walter."

He put her softly into her chair, and calmed her agitation; then he began to walk up and down the room.

"That is religion," he said. "I suppose it is at the bottom of all. What was it you used to teach me mother, about a new heart? Can a man enter a second time—and be born? That seems all so visionary when one is living one's life. You think of hundreds of expedients first. To thrust it away from you, and forget all about it; but that does not answer; to defy it and go the other way out of misery and spite. Then to try compromises; marriage, for instance, with a wife perhaps, one thinks——"

"My dear," said Mrs. Methven, with a sad sinking of disappointment in her heart after her previous exultation, yet determined that her sympathy should not fail, "if you had a good wife no one would be so happy as I—a good girl who would help you to live a good life."

Here he came up to her again, and, leaning against the table, burst into a laugh. But there was no mirth in it. A sense of the ludicrous is not always mirthful.

"A girl," he said, "mother, who would bring another fortune to the family: who would deluge us with money, and fill out the lines of the estates, and make peace—peace between me and— And not a bad girl

either," he added with a softening tone, "far too good for me. An honest, upright little soul, only not—the best: only not the one who—would hate me if she knew——"

"Walter," said Mrs. Methven, trembling, "I don't understand you. Your words seem very wild to me. I am all confused with them, and my brain seems to be going. What is it you mean? Oh, if you would tell me all you mean and not only a part which I cannot understand!"

There never happens in any house a conversation of a vital kind which is not interrupted at a critical moment by the entrance of the servants, those legitimate intruders who can never be staved off. It was Symington now who came in with tea, which, with a woman's natural desire to prevent any suspicion of agitation in the family, she accepted. When he had gone the whole atmosphere was changed. Walter had seated himself by the fire with the newspapers which had just come in, and all the emotion and *attendrissement* were over. He said to her, looking up from his reading—

"By the by, mother, Julia Herbert is here with some cousins; they will be sure to call on you. But I don't want to have any more to do with them than we can help. You will manage that?"

"Julia Herbert," she said. The countenance which had melted into so much softness, froze again and grew severe. "Here! why should she be here? Indeed, I hope I shall be able to manage that, as you say."

But oh, what ignoble offices for a woman who would have given her life for him as he knew! To frighten away Underwood, to "manage" Julia. Patience! so long as it was for her boy.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ON the next morning after his mother's arrival, Lord Erradeen set out early for Birkenbraes. Everything pushed him

towards a decision; even her prompt arrival, which he had not anticipated, and the clearing away from his path of the simpler and more easy difficulties that beset him, by her means. But what was far more than this was the tug at his heart, the necessity that lay before him to satisfy, one way or other, the demands of his tyrant. He could not send away that spiritual enemy, who held him in his grip, as he did the vulgar influence of Underwood. *That* had disgusted him almost from the first; he had never tolerated it, even when he yielded to it, and the effort he had made in throwing it over had been exhilarating to him, and gave a certain satisfaction to his mind. But now that was over, and he had returned again to the original question, and found himself once more confronted by that opponent who could not be shaken off—who, one way or other, must be satisfied or vanquished, if life were to be possible. Vanquished? How was he to be vanquished?—by a pure man and a strong—by a pure woman and her love—by the help of God against a spiritual tyranny. He smiled to himself as he hurried along the road, thinking of the hopelessness of all this—himself neither pure nor strong; and Oona, who, if she knew—and God, whom, as his tempter had said, he had never sought nor thought of till now. He hurried along to try if the second best was within his reach; perhaps even that might fail him for anything he knew. The thought of meeting the usual party in the house of the Williamsons was so abhorrent to him, and such a disgust had risen in his mind of all the cheerful circumstances of the big, shining house, that he set out early with the intention of formally seeking an interview with Katie, and thus committing himself from the beginning. The morning was bright and fair, with a little shrill wind about, which brought the yellow leaves fluttering to his feet, and carried them across him as he walked—now detached and solitary, now in

little drifts and heaps. He hurried along, absorbed in his own thoughts, shutting his eyes to the vision of the isle, as it lay all golden, russet, and brown upon the surface of the water which gave its colours back; Walter would not look nor see the boat pushing round the corner, with the back of Hamish's red shirt alone showing, as the prow came beyond the shade of the trees. He did not see the boat, and yet he knew it was there, and hurried, hurried on to escape all reminders. The great door at Birkenbraes stood open, as was its wont—the great stone steps lying vacant in the sunshine, and everything still about. It was the only hour at which the place was quiet. The men were out on the hill, the ladies following such rational occupations as they might have, and the house had an air of relief and repose. Walter felt that he pronounced his own fate when he asked to see Miss Williamson.

"Mr. Williamson is out, my lord," the solemn functionary said, who was far more important and dignified than the master of the house. "I asked to see Miss Williamson," Lord Erradeen repeated, with a little impatience; and he saw the man's eyebrows raised.

So far as the servants were concerned, and through them the whole district, Walter's "intentions" stood revealed.

Katie Williamson was alone. She was in her favourite room—the room specially given over to her amusements and occupations. It was not a small room, for such a thing scarcely existed in Birkenbraes. It was full of windows, great expanses of plate glass, through which the mountains and the loch appeared uninterrupted, save by a line of framework here and there, with a curious open-air effect. It was in one of the corners of the house, and the windows formed two sides of the brilliant place; on the others were mirrors reflecting the mountains back again. She sat between them, her little fair head the

only solid thing which the light encountered. When she rose, with a somewhat astonished air, to receive her visitor, her trim figure, neat and alert, stood out against the background of the trees and rocks on the lower slopes of the hills. A curious transparency, distinctness, and absence of privacy and mystery were in the scene. The two might have come together there in the sight of all the world.

"Lord Erradeen!" Katie said, with surprise, almost consternation. "But if I had been told you were here, I should have come down stairs to you. Nobody but my great friends, nobody but women, ever come."

"I should have thought that any one might come. There are no concealments here," he said, expressing the sentiment of the place unconsciously. Then, seeing that Katie's colour rose: "Your boudoir is not all curtained and shadowy, but open and candid—as you are."

"That last has saved you," said Katie, with a laugh. "I know what you mean—and that is that my room (for it is not a boudoir—I never *boude*) is far too light, too clear for the fashion. But this is my fashion, and people who come to me must put up with it." She added, after a moment: "What did you say to Sanderson, Lord Erradeen, to induce him to bring you here?"

"I said I wanted to see Miss Williamson."

"That was understood," said Katie, once more with an increase of colour, and looking at him with a suppressed question in her eyes. Her heart gave a distinct knock against her breast, but did not jump up and flutter, as hearts less well regulated will do in such circumstances; for she too perceived what Sanderson had perceived, that the interview was not one to take place amid all the interruptions of the drawing-room. Sanderson was a very clever person, and his young mistress agreed with him; but, nevertheless, made a private memorandum that he

should have notice, and that she would speak to papa.

"Yes, I think it must be easily understood. I have come to you with a great deal that is very serious to say."

"You look very serious," said Katie; and then she added, hurriedly, "And I want very much to speak to you, Lord Erradeen. I want you to tell me—who was that gentleman at Kinloch Houran? I have never been able to get him out of my mind. Is he paying you a visit? What is his name? Has he been in this country before? But oh, to be sure, he must have been, for he knew everything about the castle. I want to know, Lord Erradeen——"

"After you have heard what I have got to say——"

"No, not after—before. I tremble when I think of him. It is ridiculous, I know; but I never had any such sensation before. I should think he must be a mesmerist, or something of that sort," Katie said, with a pale and nervous smile; "though I don't believe in mesmerism," she added, quickly.

"You believe in nothing of the kind—is it not so? You put no faith in the stories about my family, in the influence of the past on the present, in the despotism— But why say anything on that subject? You laugh."

"I believe in superstition," said Katie, somewhat tremulously, "and that it impresses the imagination, and puts you in a condition to believe—things. And then there is a pride in having anything of the sort connected with one's own family," she said recovering herself. "If it was our ghost I should believe in it too."

"Ghost—is not a word that means much," Walter said. And then there was a pause. It seemed to him that his lips were sealed, and that he had no longer command of the ordinary words. He had known what he meant to say when he came, but the power seemed to have gone from him. He stood and looked out upon the wide

atmosphere, and the freedom of the hills, with a blank in his mind, and that sense that nothing is any longer of importance or meaning which comes to those who are baffled in their purpose at the outset. It was Katie who with a certain sarcasm in her tone recalled him to himself. "You came—because you had something serious to say to me, Lord Erradeen." She was aware of what he intended to say: but his sudden arrestation at the very beginning had raised the mocking spirit in Katie. She was ready to defy and provoke, and silence with ridicule the man whom she had no objection to accept as her husband—provided he found his voice.

"It is true—I had something very serious to say. I came to ask you whether you could——" All this time he was not so much as looking at her; his eyes were fixed dreamily and rather sadly upon the landscape which somehow seemed so much more important than the speck of small humanity which he ought to have been addressing. But at this point Walter recollected himself, and came in as it were from the big silent observing world, to Katie, sitting expectant, divided between mockery and excitement, with a flush on her cheeks, but a contraction of her brows, and an angry yet smiling mischief in her eyes.

"To ask you," he said, "whether you would—pass your life with me. I am not much worth the taking. There is a poor title, there is a family which we might restore and—emancipate perhaps. You are rich, it would be of no advantage to you. But at all events it would not be like asking you to banish yourself, to leave all you cared for. I have little to say for myself," he went on after a pause with a little more energy, "you know me well enough. Whether I should ever be good for anything would—most likely—rest with you. I am at present under great depression—in trouble and fear——"

Here he came to another pause, and looked out upon the silent moun-

tains and great breadths of vacant air in which there was nothing to help; then with a sigh turned again and held out his hand. "Will you have me—Katie?" he said.

Katie sat gazing at him with a wonder which had by degrees extinguished the sarcasm, the excitement, the expectation, that were in her face. She was almost awestricken by this strangest of all suits that could be addressed to a girl—a demand for herself which made no account of herself, and missed out love and every usual preliminary. It was serious indeed—as serious as death: more like that than the beginning of the most living of all links. She could not answer him with the indignation which in other circumstances she might have felt. It was too solemn for any ebullition of feeling. She felt overawed, little as this mood was congenial to her.

"Lord Erradeen," she said, "you seem to be in great trouble."

He made an affirmative movement of his head, but said no more.

"—Or you would not put such a strange question to me," she went on. "Why should I have you? When a man offers himself to a girl he says it is because he loves her. You don't love me—"

She made a momentary breathless pause with a half hope of being interrupted; but save by a motion of his hand, Walter made no sign. "You don't love me," she went on with some vehemence, "nor do you ask me to love you. Such a proposal might be an insult. But I don't think you mean it as an insult."

"Not that. You know better. Anything but that!"

"No—I don't think it is that. But what is it then, Lord Erradeen?"

Her tone had a certain peremptory sound which touched the capricious spring by which the young man's movements were regulated. He came to himself. "Miss Williamson," he said, "when you ran away from me in London it was imminent that I should

ask you this question. It was expected on all sides. You went away, I have always believed, to avoid it."

"Why should it have been imminent? I went away," cried Katie, forgetting the contradiction, "because some one came in who seemed to have a prior right. She is here now with the same meaning."

"She has no prior right. She has no right at all, nor does she claim any," he said hurriedly. "It is accident. Katie! had you stayed, all would have been determined then, and one leaf of bitter folly left out of my life."

"Supposing it to be so," she said calmly, "I am not responsible for your life, Lord Erradeen. Why should I be asked to step in and save you from—bitter folly or anything else? And this life that you offer me, are you sure it is fit for an honest girl to take? The old idea that a woman should be sacrificed to reform a man has gone out of fashion. Is that the *rôle* you want me to take up?" Katie cried, rising to her feet in the excitement. "Captain Underwood (whose word I would never take) said you were bad, unworthy a good woman. Is that true?"

"Yes," he said in a low tone, "it is true."

Katie gazed at him for a moment, and then in her excitement sat down and cried, covering her face with her hands. She it was, though she was not emotional, who was overcome with feeling. Walter stood gazing at her with a sort of stupefaction, seeing the scene pass with a sense that he was a spectator rather than an actor in it, his dark figure swaying slightly against the clearness of the landscape which took so strange a part in all that was happening. It had passed now altogether out of his hands.

As for Katie, it would be impossible to tell what sudden softening, what pity, mingled with keen vexation and annoyance, forced these tears from her eyes. Her heart revolted against him and melted towards him all at

once. Her pride would not let her accept such a proposal; and yet she would have liked to accept him, to take him in hand, to be his providence, and the moulder of his fate. A host of hurrying thoughts and sentiments rushed headlong through her mind. She had it in her to do it, better than any silly woman of the world, better than a creature of visionary soul like Oona. She was practical, she was strong, she could do it. But then all her pride rose up in arms. She wept a few hot impatient tears which were irrestrainable: then raised her head again.

"I am very sorry for you," she said. "If you were my brother, Lord Erradeen, I would help you with all my might, or if I—cared for you more than you care for me. But I don't," she added after a pause.

He made an appealing deprecating movement with his hands, but did not speak.

"I almost wish I did," said Katie, regretfully; "if I had been fond of you I should have said yes: for you are right in thinking I could do it. I should not have minded what went before. I should have taken you up and helped you on. I know that I could have done it; but then I am not—fond of you," she said slowly. She did not look at him as she spoke; but had he renewed his claim upon her, even with his eyes, Katie would have seen it, and might have allowed herself to be persuaded still. But Walter said nothing. He stood vaguely in the light, without a movement, accepting whatever she might choose to say. She remained silent for a time, waiting. And then Katie sprang to her feet again, all the more indignant and impatient that she had been so near yielding, had he but known. "Well!" she said, "is it I that am to maintain the conversation? Have you anything more to say, Lord Erradeen?"

"I suppose not," he answered slowly. "I came to you hoping perhaps for deliverance, at least partial—for de-

liverance— Now that you will not, there is nothing for it but a struggle to the death."

She looked at him with a sort of vertigo of amazement. Not a word about her, no regret for losing her, not a touch of sentiment, of gratitude, not even any notice of what she had said! The sensation of awe came back to her as she stood before this insensibility which was half sublime. Was he mad? or a wretch, an egotist, wanting a woman to do something for him, but without a thought for the woman?

"I am glad," she said, with irrepressible displeasure, "that it affects you so little. And now I suppose the incident is over and we may return to our occupations. I was busy—with my housekeeping," she said with a laugh. "One might sometimes call a struggle with one's bills a struggle to the death."

He gave her a look which was half anger, half remonstrance; and then to Katie's amazement resumed in a moment the tone of easy intercourse which had always existed between them.

"You will find your bills refreshing after this high-flown talk," he said. "Forgive me. You know I am not given to romantic sentiment any more than yourself."

"I don't know," said Katie, offended, "that I am less open to the romantic than other people, when the right touch is given."

"But it is not my hand that can give the right touch?" he said. "I accept my answer as there is nothing else for me to do. But I cannot abandon the country," he added after a moment, "and I hope we may still meet as good friends."

"Nothing has happened," said Katie with dignity, "to lessen my friendship for you, Lord Erradeen." She could not help putting a faint emphasis on the pronouns. The man rejected may dislike to meet the woman who has rejected him, but the woman can have no feeling in the

matter. She held out her hand with a certain stateliness of dismissal. "Papa need not know," she said, "and so there will be nothing more about it. Good-bye."

Walter took her hand in his, with a momentary perception that perhaps there had been more than lay on the surface in this interview, on her side as well as his. He stooped down and kissed it respectfully, and even with something like tenderness. "You do not refuse it to me, in friendship, even after all you have heard?"

"It shall always be yours in friendship," Katie said, the colour rising high in her face.

She was glad he went away without looking at her again. She sat down and listened to his footsteps along the long corridor and down the stairs with a curious sensation as if he carried something with him that would not return to her again. And for long after she sat in the broad daylight without moving, leaving the books upon the table—which were not house-keeping books—untouched—going over this strange interview, turning over all the past that had any connection with Lord Erradeen. It seemed all to roll out before her like a story that had been full of interest: and now here was the end of it. Such a fit of wistful sadness had seldom come over the active and practical intelligence of Katie. It gave her for the moment a new opening in nature. But by degrees her proper moods came back. She closed this poetical chapter with a sigh, and her sound mind took up with a more natural regret the opportunity for congenial effort which she had been compelled to give up. She said to herself that she would not have minded that vague badness which he had owned, and Underwood had accused him of. She could have brought him back. She had it in her to take the charge even of a man's life. So she thought in inexperience yet with the powerful confidence which so often is the best means of fulfilling triumphantly what

it aims at. She would not have shrunk from the endeavour. She would have put her vigorous young will into his feeble one, she thought, and made him, with her force poured into him, a man indeed, contemptuous of all miserable temptations, able to sail over and despise them. As she mused her eyes took an eager look, her very fingers twitched with the wish to be doing. Had he come back then it is very possible that Katie would have announced to him her change of mind, her determination "to pull him through." For she could have done it! she repeated to herself. Whatever his burdens had been, when she had once set her shoulder to the wheel she would have done it. Gambling, wine, even the spells of such women as Katie blushed to think of—she would have shrunk before none of these. His deliverance would not have been partial as he had said, but complete. She would have fought the very devils for him and brought him off. What a work it was that she had missed! not a mere commonplace marriage with nothing to do. But with a sigh Katie had to acknowledge that it was over. She could not have accepted him, she said, excusing herself to herself. It would have been impossible. A man who asks you like *that*, not even pretending to care for you—you could not do it! But, alas! what an opportunity lost. Saying this she gave herself a shake, and smoothed her hair for luncheon, and put the thought away from her resolutely. Katie thought of Dante's nameless sinner who made "the great refusal." She had lost perhaps the one great opportunity of her life.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LORD ERRADEEN retired very quietly, as became a man defeated. Though Katie heard his retiring steps, he hardly did so himself, as he came down the broad softly carpeted staircase. There was a sound of voices and of movement in the great dining-

room, where a liveried army were preparing the table for one of the great luncheons, under the orders of the too discreet and understanding Sanderson, but nobody about to see the exit of the rejected suitor, who came out into the sunshine with a sort of dim recognition of the scenery of Katie's boudoir; but the hills did not seem so near as they were in that large-windowed and shining place. Failure has always a subduing effect upon the mind even when success was scarcely desired; and Walter came out of the great house with the sense of being cut off from possibilities that seemed very near, almost certain, that morning. This subduing influence was the first that occupied his mind as he came out, feeling as if he were stealing away from the scene of what had been far from a triumph. Perhaps he was a little ashamed of his own certainty; but at all events he was subdued and silent, refraining almost from thought. He had got securely out of the immediate neighbourhood, and was safe from the risk of meeting any one belonging to it, and being questioned where he had been, before he began to feel the softening of relief, and a grateful sense of freedom. Then his heart recurred with a bound to the former situation. Expedients or compromises of any kind were no more to be thought of; the battle must be fought out on its natural ground. He must yield to the ignominious yoke, or he must conquer. Last year he had fled, and forced himself to forget, and lived in a fever of impulses which he could not understand, and influences which drew him like—he could not tell like what—mesmerism, Katie had said, and perhaps she was right. It might be mesmerism; or it might be only the action of that uncontrolled and capricious mind which made him do that to-day which he loathed to-morrow. But however it was, the question had again become a primary one, without any compromise possible. He must yield, or he must win the battle. He put the losing

first, it seemed so much the most likely, with a dreary sense of all the impossibilities that surrounded him. He had no standing ground upon which to meet his spiritual foe. Refusal, what was that? It filled his life with distraction and confusion, but made no foundation for anything better, and afforded no hope of peace. Peace! The very word seemed a mockery to Walter. He must never know what it was. His soul (if he had one) would not be his own; his impulses, hitherto followed so foolishly, would be impotent for everything but to follow the will of another. To abdicate his own judgment altogether, to give up that power of deciding for himself which is the inheritance of the poorest, never to be able to help a poor neighbour, to aid a friend: to be a mere puppet in the hands of another—was it possible that he, a man, was to give himself up, thus bound hand and foot, to a slavery harder than that of any negro ever born? It was this that was impossible he cried within himself.

And then there suddenly came before Walter, like a vision set before him by the angels, a gleam of the one way of escape. When a poor wretch has fallen into a pit, a disused quarry, perhaps, or an old coal-pit, or a still more eerie dungeon, there shines over him, far off, yet so authentic, a pure, clear intensity of light above, a concentrated glory of the day, a sort of opening of heaven in his sight. This is the spot of light, more beautiful than any star, which is all that the walls of his prison permit him to see of the common day, which above ground is lavished around us in such a prodigal way that we make no account of it. There are times when the common virtues of life, the common calm and peacefulness, take an aspect like this to the fallen soul:—the simple goodness which, perhaps, he has scoffed at and found tame and unprofitable, appearing to the spirit in prison like heaven itself, so serene and so secure. To think he himself has

fallen from that, might have possessed and dwelt in it, safe from all censure and dishonour, if he had not been a fool! To think that all the penalties to which he has exposed himself might never have existed at all—if he had not been a fool! To think that now if some miracle would but raise him up to it—And then there are moments in which even the most vicious, the most utterly fallen, can feel as if no great miracle would be required, as if a little help, only a little, would do it—when strength is subdued and low, when the sense of dissatisfaction is strong, and all the impulses of the flesh in abeyance, as happens at times. Walter's mind came suddenly to this conviction as he walked and mused. A good life, a pure heart, these were the things which would overcome—better, far better than any gain, than any sop given to fate; and he felt that all his desires went up towards these, and that there was nothing in him but protested against the degradation of the past. He had, he said to himself, never been satisfied, never been but disgusted with the riot and so-called pleasure. While he indulged in them he had loathed them, sinning contemptuously with a bitter scorn of himself and of the indulgences which he professed to find sweet. Strange paradox of a soul! which perceived the foulness of the ruin into which it had sunk, and hated it, yet sank deeper and deeper all the while. And now how willing he was to turn his back upon it all, and how easy it seemed to rise with a leap to the higher level and be done with everything that was past! The common goodness of the simple people about seemed suddenly to him like a paradise in which was all that was lovely. To live among your own, to do them good, to be loved and honoured, to have a history pure and of good report, nothing in it to give you a blush; to love a pure and good woman, and have her for your companion all your life—how easy, how simple, how safe it was! And what tyrant

out of the unseen could rule a man like this, or disturb his quiet mastery of himself and all that belonged to him? Once upon that standing ground and who could assail you? And it seemed at that moment so easy and so near. Everything round was wholesome, invigorating, clear with the keen purity of nature, fresh winds blowing in his face, air the purest and clearest, inspiring body and soul, not a lurking shade of temptation anywhere, everything tending to goodness, nothing to evil.

"And you think these pettifogging little virtues will deliver your soul," said some one quietly by his side.

There were two figures walking along in the wintry sunshine instead of one—that was all. The stone-cutter on the road who had seen Lord Erradeen pass and given him a passing greeting, rubbed his eyes when next he paused to rest and looked along the road. He saw two gentlemen where but one had been, though it was still so early and "no a drap" had crossed his lips. "And a pretty man!" he said to himself with mingled amazement and admiration. As for Walter, it was with an instinctive recoil that he heard the voice so near to him, but that not because of any supernatural sensation, though with an annoyance and impatience inexpressible that any one should be able to intrude on his privacy and thus fathom his thoughts.

"This is scarcely an honourable advantage you take of your powers," he said.

The other took no notice of this reproach. "A good man," he said, "a good husband, a good member of society, surrounded by comfort on all sides and the approbation of the world. I admire the character as much as you do. Shall I tell you what this good man is? He is the best rewarded of all the sons of men. Everything smiles upon him: he has the best of life. Everything he does counts in his favour. And you think that such a man can stand against a purpose like mine? But for that he would want a

stronger purpose than mine. Goodness," he continued reflectively, "is the best policy in the world. It never fails. Craft may fail, and skill and even wisdom, and the finest calculations: but the good always get their reward. A prize falls occasionally to the other qualities, but theirs is the harvest of life. To be successful you have only to be good. It is far the safest form of self-seeking, and the best." He had fallen into a reflective tone, and walked along with a slight smile upon his lips, delivering with a sort of abstract authority his monologue, while Walter, with an indescribable rage and mortification and confusion of all his thoughts, accompanied him like a schoolboy overpowered by an authority against which his very soul was rebel. Then the speaker turned upon his companion with a sort of benevolent cordiality. "Be good!" he said. "I advise it—it is the easiest course you can pursue: you will free yourself from by far the worst part of the evils common to humanity. Nothing is so bad as the self-contempt under which I have seen you labouring, the shame of vice for which you have no true instinct, only a sham appetite invented by the contradictoriness of your own mind. Be good! it pays better than anything else in life."

Here Walter interrupted him with an exclamation of anger irrestrainable. "Stop!" he cried, "you have tortured me by my sins, and because I had nothing better to fall back upon. Will you make that odious too?"

"By no means," said the other, calmly. "You think I want you to be miserable? You are mistaken—I don't. Seeking the advantage of my race as I do, there is nothing I more desire than that you should have the credit of a spotless life. I love reputation. Be good! it is the most profitable of all courses. I repeat that whatever may fail that never does. Your error is to think that it will free you from me. So far as concerns me it would probably do you

more injury than good; for it may well be that I shall have to enforce measures which will revolt you and make you unhappy. But then you will have compensations. The world will believe that only bad advisers or mistaken views could move so good a man to appear on occasions a hard landlord, a tyrannical master. And then your virtue will come in with expedients to modify the secondary effects of my plans and soften suffering. I do not desire suffering. It will be in every way to our advantage that you should smooth down and mollify and pour balm into the wounds which in the pursuit of a higher purpose it is necessary to make. Do not interrupt: it is the *rôle* I should have recommended to you, if, instead of flying out like a fool, you had left yourself from the first in my hands."

"I think you must be the devil," Walter said.

"No; nor even of his kind; that is another mistake. I have no pleasure in evil any more than in suffering, unless my object makes it necessary. I should like you to do work. It was I, was it not, that set before you the miserableness of the life you have been leading? which you had never faced before. Can you suppose that I should wish greatness to the race and misfortune to its individual members? Certainly not. I wish you to do well. You could have done so, and lived very creditably with the girl whom you have just left, whom you have driven into refusing you. Take my advice—return to her, and all will be well."

"You have a right to despise me," said Walter, quivering with passion and self-restraint. "I did take your advice, and outraged her and myself. But that is over, and I shall take your advice no more."

"You are a fool for your pains," he said. "Go back now and you will find her mind changed. She has thought it over. What! you will not? I said it in your interest, it was your best chance. You could have

taken up that good life which I recommend to you with all the more success had there been a boundless purse to begin upon. Poor it is not so easy: but still you can try. Your predecessor was of that kind. There was nothing in him that was bad, poor fellow. He was an agglomeration of small virtues. Underwood was his one vice, a fellow who played cards with him and amused him. No one, you will find, has anything to say against him; he was thought weak, and so he was—against me. But that did not hinder him from being good.”

“In the name of Heaven what do you call yourself, that can speak of good and evil as if they were red and blue!” the young man cried. Passion cannot keep always at a climax. Walter’s mind ranged from high indignation, rage, dismay, to a wonder that was almost impersonal, which sometimes reached the intolerable point, and burst out into impatient words. It seemed impossible to endure the calm of him, the reason of him, as he walked along the hilly road like any other man.

“It is not amiss for a comparison,” he answered with a smile. His composure was not to be disturbed. He made no further explanations. While he played upon the young man beside him as an instrument, he himself remained absolutely calm. “But these are abstractions,” he resumed, “very important to you in your individual life, not so important to me who have larger affairs in hand. There is something however which will have to be decided almost immediately about the island property. I told you that small business about the cotters in the glen was a bagatelle. On the whole, though I thought it folly at the time, your action in that matter was serviceable. A burst of generosity has a fine effect. It is an example of what I have been saying. It throws dust in the eyes of the world. Now we can proceed with vigour on a larger scale.”

“If you mean to injure the poor tenants, never! and whatever you

mean, no,” cried Walter, “I will not obey you. Claim your rights, if you have any rights, publicly.”

“I will not take that trouble. I will enforce them through my descendant.”

“No! you can torture me, I am aware, but something I have learned since last year.”

“You have learned,” said his companion calmly, “that your theatrical benevolence was not an unmixed good, that your *protégés* whom you kept to that barren glen would have been better off had they been dislodged cruelly from their holes. The question in its larger forms is not to be settled from that primitive point of view. I allow,” he said with a smile, “that on the whole that was well done. It leaves us much more free for operations now. It gives a good impression—a man who in spite of his kind heart feels compelled to carry out—”

“You are a demon,” cried the young man stung beyond endurance. “You make even justice a matter of calculation, even the honour of one’s mind. A kind heart! is that like a spade, an instrument in your hands?”

“The comparison is good again,” said his companion with a laugh; “your faculty that way is improving. But we must have no trifling about the matter in hand. The factor from the isles is not a fool like this fellow here, whom I tolerate because he has his uses too. The other will come to you presently, he will lay before you—”

“I will not hear him—once for all I refuse—”

“What, to receive your own servant?” said the other. “Come, this is carrying things too far. You must hear, and see, and consent. There is no alternative, except—”

“Except—if it comes to that, what can you do to me?” asked Walter, ghastly with that rending of the spirit which had once more begun within him, and with the host of fierce suggestions that surged into his mind. He felt as men feel when they are

going mad, when the wild intolerance of all conditions which is the root of insanity mounts higher and higher in the brain — when there is nothing that can be endured, nothing supportable, and the impulse to destroy and ravage, to uproot trees, and beat down mountains, to lay violent hands upon something, sweeps like a fiery blast across the soul. Even in madness there is always a certain self-restraint. He knew that it would be vain to seize the strong and tranquil man who stood before him, distorting everything in heaven and earth with his calm consistency: therefore in all the maddening rush of impulse *that* did not suggest itself. "What can you do to me?" How unnecessary was the question! What he could do was sensible in every point, in the torrent of excitement that almost blinded, almost deafened the miserable young man. He saw his enemy's countenance as through a mist, a serene and almost beautiful face—looking at him with a sort of benevolent philosophical pity which quickened the flood of passion. His own voice was stifled in his throat, he could say no more. Nor could he hear for the ringing in his ears, what more his adversary was saying to him—something wildly incoherent he thought, about Prospero, Prospero! "Do you think I am Prospero to send you aches and stitches." The words seemed to circle about him in the air, half mocking, half folly. What had that to do with it? He walked along mechanically, rapt in an atmosphere of his own, beating the air like a drowning man.

How long this horror lasted he could never tell. While still those incomprehensible syllables were waving about him, another voice suddenly made itself heard, a touch came upon his arm. He gave a violent start, recoiling from the touch, not knowing what it was. By degrees, however, as the giddiness went off, he began to see again, to perceive slowly coming into sight those mountains that had formed background in Katie's room, and

to hear the soft wash of the waters upon the beach. He found himself standing close to the loch, far below the road upon which he had been walking. Had he rushed down to throw himself into the water, and thus end the horrible conflict? He could never tell. Or whether it was some angel that had arrested the terrible impulse. When the mist dispersed from his eyes he saw this angel in a red shirt standing close to him, looking at him with eyes that peered out beneath the contraction of a pair of shaggy, sandy eyebrows, from an honest freckled face. "My lord! you'll maybe no have seen Miss Oona?" Hamish said. And Walter heard himself burst into a wild laugh that seemed to fill the whole silent world with echoes. He caught hold of the boatman's arm with a grasp that made even Hamish shrink. "Who sent you here?" he cried; "who sent you here? Do you come from God?" He did not know what he said.

"My lord! you mustna take that name in vain. I'm thinking the Almighty has a hand in maist things, and maybe it was just straight from Him I've come, though I had no suspicion o' that," Hamish said. He thought for the first moment it was a madman with whom he had to do. Walter had appeared with a rush down the steep bank, falling like some one out of the skies, scattering the pebbles on the bank, and Hamish had employed Oona's name in the stress of the moment as something to conjure with. He was deeply alarmed still as he felt the quiver in the young man's frame, which communicated itself to Hamish's sturdy arm. Madness frightens the most stout-hearted. Hamish was brave enough, as brave as a Highlander need be, but he was half alarmed for himself, and much more for Oona, who might appear at any moment, "I'll just be waiting about and nothing particular to do," he said in a soothing tone; "if ye'll get into the boat, my lord, I'll just

put your lordship hame. Na, it's nae trouble, nae trouble." Hamish did not like the situation; but he would rather have rowed twenty maniacs than put Oona within reach of any risk. He took Lord Erradeen by the elbow and directed him towards the boat, repeated the kindly invitation of his country—"Come away, just come away; I've naething particular to do, and it will just be a pleasure."

"Hamish," said Walter, "you think I am out of my mind: but you are mistaken, my good fellow. I think you have saved my life, and I will not forget it. What was that you said about Miss Oona?"

Hamish looked earnestly into the young man's face.

"My lord," he began with hesitation, "you see—if a young gentleman is a thocht out of the way, and just maybe excited about something and no altogether his ain man—what's that to the like of me? Never a hair o' haim would that do to Hamish. But when it's a leddy, and young and real tender-hearted! We maun aye think of them, my lord, and spare them—the weemen. No, it's what we dinna do—they have the warst in a general way to bear. But atween you and me, my lord, that though you're far my shuperior, are just man and man——"

"It is you that are my superior, Hamish," said Lord Erradeen; "but look at me now and say if you think I

am mad. You have saved me. I am fit to speak to her now. Do you think I would harm her? Not for anything in the world."

"No if you were—yoursel'—Lord Erradeen."

"But I am—myself. And the moment has come when I must know. Take my hand, Hamish; look at me. Do you think I am not to be trusted with Oona?"

"My lord, to make Hamish your judge, what's that but daft too? And what right have ye to call my young leddy by her name? You're no a drap's blood to them, nor even a great friend."

Oona's faithful guardian stood lowering his brows upon the young lord with a mingled sense of the superiority of his office, and of disapproval, almost contemptuous, of the madman who had given it to him. That he should make Hamish the judge was mad indeed. And yet Hamish was the judge, standing bravely on his right to defend his mistress. They stood looking at each other, the boatman holding his shaggy head high, reading the other's face with the keenest scrutiny. But just then there came a soft sound into the air, a call from the bank, clear, with that tone, not loud but penetrating, which mountaineers use everywhere.

"Are you th re, Hamish?" Oona cried.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

THE political activity of the month has disclosed new phases in the barbaric politics of Ireland. The amiable leader of the Conservative party has been spending a busy fortnight in Ulster, and his progress has been marked by scenic accessories which would be very picturesque if they were not the emblems of furious memories and a conflict that still rages. In vain did Sir Stafford Northcote urge that the battle must be fought, not by irritating cries and processions, but "steadily, calmly, and persistently in the registration courts." Exasperating symbols were paraded with vindictive diligence. Random fusillades rang through the air from morning to night. There were riotous doings in the streets of Belfast, and an ignoble attack was made upon a convent and its inoffensive inmates. So much for the exhortations to rely on calmness and registration. It is an old story in Irish revolutionary politics, how there has always been a party of moral force and a party of physical force, and how the controversy has almost invariably ended by the partisans of moral force giving the physical force men a thrashing. Benign words are no guarantee in Ireland that blows are not behind them.

In connection with his invitation to fight the battle in the registration courts, Sir Stafford Northcote quoted some electoral figures to show that the parliamentary representation of Ireland is no true reflex of Irish opinion. This representation he describes as follows:—

44 Home Rulers	returned by	80,000 electors.	
32 Liberals	"	95,000	"
25 Ulster Tories	"	84,000	"

He put the facts in another way by showing that Ulster with 94,700 electors, has only 29 members, while

the three other provinces with 129,000 electors, return 72 members. It is not worth while here to examine these figures very closely, but it has been pointed out with justice that 63 members pledged to Home Rule were returned in 1880; further, that they received 77,000 votes, that is to say nearly twice as many as the Conservative members, more than three times as many as the Liberal members, and nearly twenty per cent. more than Liberals and Conservatives together. Sir Stafford Northcote's figures, again, are idle in face of the intelligence that in the elections for members of Town Commissions throughout Ireland, the Nationalists have won two-thirds of the cases in which they contested the seats of outgoing representatives. Even in Armagh, the new registration has resulted in considerable additions to the strength of the Parnellites, and the same story is told alike in Monaghan and in County Dublin.

We shall only be comforting ourselves, therefore, with a delusion, if we suppose that any practicable manipulation of votes and seats will alter the fact that Irish opinion as a whole runs much more strongly in the direction of Mr. Parnell than of the Ulster Orangemen. Lord Waterford on the same occasion made it an argument against Home Rule, that the Nationalists would take care, if they ever had the chance, that the Ulster Loyalists should not have the slightest power over the public purse or over the government of the country. Such allegations, whether events would be likely to fulfil them or not, make electoral figures of very little interest. Whether Ulster has a member or two more, or a member or two less, is unimportant, by the side of the fact that her Protestant population is a

very small minority of the inhabitants of Ireland, and is in all respects alien to the great national majority. It is of no small significance either that Lord Waterford himself—a man of ability and energy—was constrained to appeal to the benefits gained by the Ulster farmers from the Land Act, and to the necessity of making the property so conferred upon them secure, as the best reasons why they should resist anything like a National Parliament, because it might confiscate what the British Parliament had conferred by the legislation of 1881. It ought to have been seen that this is the answer to much of the heated and virulent abuse which some Orange fanatics poured upon the head of the Government. Unless the British Parliament in 1881 had passed the Land Act, Lord Waterford would have had no sentiment of order in the Ulster farmers to which to appeal; and it is well-known that even now Ulster will tend to go over to the Parnellite party, unless further amendments are made in the Land Act. It is a conclusive reply to all that has been said about the atrocious nature of the Irish Land Act, that when the Conservative leader visited the Conservative province, he did not venture to say a word against it.

From a merely party point of view, therefore, the demonstrations in the north can scarcely be said to have been really effective. So long as it remains true that the only loyal province in Ireland has been kept loyal by a Liberal measure, the Conservatives cannot easily plan a very successful attack. From another point of view, however, the demonstration has not been without use or instruction. It impresses on us with new force the old truth that there are two Irelands, with a terrible gulf between them, yet each as ferocious and as little English in temper or method as the other. The heated and passionate language of Mr. Healy, on one side, is no worse and no better than the coarse and rabid stuff of Dr. Kane, on the other; and on neither side do we see a trace of a real

sense of responsibility. When Lord Rossmore declares that blood will be upon the hands of the British Government if they allow the Nationalists to hold meetings in Ulster, while he, at the same time, virtually incites to the disorder which he pretends to deprecate, he only shows that the Orangeman can be as unreasonable, and as audacious, and can show as little real feeling for law and order, as the Ribandman. If one faction has all the vices of newly freed serfs, the other is no better than dispossessed planters and oligarchs have ever been before them. In such a scene, the words of English statesmen, whether Liberal or Conservative, can count for very little. The problem will work itself, not out, but into new stages, by the slow evolution of social and economic forces. It was their pressure that led to the last agitation and to the legislation that was compelled by it. What may be the new developments of these forces as they may chance to work, whether in Ireland or among the Irish in America, no man can foresee.

The sun of Conservative eloquence had no sooner set in Ireland than Liberal luminaries rose above the horizon in England. The gathering at Leeds was in many respects a singular and remarkable assembly. It was composed of between two and three thousand representatives of the Liberal party from all districts of Great Britain, and it met in effect to press or impose a policy on Ministers and Parliament. Alarmists may regard such a body, meeting with such a purpose, as the germs of a formidable Convention—an institution destined in the fulness of time to displace the responsible authority of Parliament by the mandates of irresponsible organisations fortuitously collected. But such apprehensions will not be shared by those who have a livelier faith in the substantial good sense and rightmindedness of the nation, as the true rock on which the stability

of the country and its institutions ultimately rests. To them the force and the unity of the Conference at Leeds, the energy and solidity of its proceedings, will be of good omen. The party of Conservatism is solid and coherent by its nature and composition. It represents a phalanx of interests spontaneously bound together by common hopes and common fears. On the other side there is not naturally, and there cannot be, the same closeness of social or intellectual cohesion. Yet it is essential to the free play of a constitution working by party that each party should be capable of governing, of legislating, and of administering the affairs of the Empire, and that each should be able to construct and devise a policy from time to time to which all sections of the party should be willing and able to rally. The Conference at Leeds was a striking proof of the aptitude of the great bodies represented there for what, in the language of French politics, are styled governmental ideas. There was a great deal of genuine discussion, and there was as much honest and general deliberation as was compatible with the large number of persons present. But the temper of the delegates was thoroughly practical, positive, and free from moonshine. If the House of Commons could despatch its business in the same spirit, the outlook in public affairs would be brighter than it is. There was one exception, but too much ought not to be made of it. A resolution was carried in favour of giving votes to women. Whatever we may think of the proposal on its merits, it was undoubtedly out of place on such an occasion. The delegates had met to discuss a practical programme, and to inform the Government of the various changes that they expected to see introduced into the electoral system before the end of the present Parliament. Female suffrage is not one of these changes. Nobody with any sense in his or her head expects to see it proposed in the next Reform Bill. The Prime Minister is

opposed to it, and so are some of his most important colleagues. Nor, if they were to propose it, would Parliament assent. In the division that took place in the House of Commons (July 6th) only 114 members supported it. Whether it ever will be ripe or not, the subject is not ripe now, and it ought not to have been included in a programme professing and designed to be a programme, present, immediate, and for the hour. Anybody, however, will make a great mistake who allows this casual deviation from the paths of good sense to depreciate the weight and value of the Conference in his eyes.

The upshot of the proceedings was the declaration of a strong and urgent expectation that the Government would introduce next session a measure for giving a vote to the county householder on the same terms as to the borough householder, accompanying it by a pledge to bring in a bill for amending the distribution of seats at the earliest possible date after the passing of the Franchise Bill. If the Minister should see his way to proceeding with either a measure for improving the Government of London, or one for the better government of counties, so much the better. But the readjustment of the representation—that, according to the practically unanimous wish of the delegates at Leeds, is to be the next great business. The Conference, in short, acted on the propositions laid down in a letter that was read from Mr. Trevelyan:—
“If this Parliament carries household suffrage in the counties, it will have done what in itself would be a worthy return for the great election of March and April, 1880; and if it fails to carry it, the Parliament will be in itself a failure.”

Underneath the whole proceedings ran a strong current of feeling about another, a graver, and a more arduous subject that lies not very far ahead in English politics. Mr. Bright described it in language of no ordinary import:—

"There are other questions which will come up no doubt for discussion and for settlement. There is one which I think is not very remote. It is a great question which will have to be faced. The question is, and will be, how to deal with the constant conflict between the Lords and Commons. It is in my mind a conflict which is full of peril to one of them, and full of humiliation to both of them. It has been the common opinion, supported by many writers on constitutions, and especially on our constitution, that two houses are necessary, and that no steady government can exist in any country whose policy and whose legislation is determined by the vote of a single representative chamber. I recollect myself when I was a boy writing an essay in defence of that very opinion. I think the conduct of the majority of the peers is fast dispelling that opinion and that delusion. How do we stand with regard to that Chamber? The Crown cannot now reject any bill sent up for its acceptance. No one of you ever heard that the Queen or the kings that have preceded her have vetoed any measure which has passed both Houses of Parliament. If the Crown be limited in this way, why not the Peers? Why not enact that if the Peers have rejected a bill once, and it has been reconsidered in a subsequent session by the Commons, and after due deliberation has been again sent up to the Peers, that then the Peers shall pass it on, and it will receive the Royal assent, and it will become law. Now I have said years ago that a house of legislation, hereditary and irresponsible, cannot be a permanent institution in a free country. Bear in mind what I say, 'hereditary and irresponsible.' By some method the two Houses, if they are to continue to exist, must be reconciled. They must be made equally or sufficiently responsible to the national wants and to the national conscience."

It is not to be denied that this is a matter to which serious politicians in both camps are giving more and more anxious attention, and that there is good reason why they should.

Cynical critics laugh at these movements for the revision of our ancient constitution. Crowds of ignorant men, they tell us, throng round platforms to hear reasons why they should extend that power which they ought never to have had, to other crowds more ignorant than themselves: what *tragi-comedy* was ever more gross! The answer is that the same remark would have been precisely as apt and as just about the Reform Bill of 1832 and its successor in 1867. Yet we

know that in each of these memorable cases the extension of popular power was directly and immediately followed by wise and beneficent legislation. There is no reason to apprehend that the Reform Bill of 1884-5 will in that respect differ from those great precedents. It is solid experience that is giving to statesmen all the world over increased confidence in the safety of bestowing political power on great masses.

Some recent events across the Channel have been used to discredit these and all similar views of popular government. The King of Spain, like his brother kings from the Danube, had gone to pay homage to the German Cæsar on the Rhine. He had watched with sympathetic eye the unveiling of that portentous brazen image on the Niederwald, which its votaries revere as Germania, but which for France is the fell goddess Bellona. He had been named colonel of an Uhlan regiment stationed in Strasburg. His public attitude, like his notorious attitude in private, betokened a policy which means that if ever France is at war she will need to keep an army of observation at the Pyrenees. With these things in their minds a Parisian mob hooted and jeered at the King on his passage through the streets, just as a London mob would assuredly have hooted at the Pope of Rome if he had driven along the Strand in the days of the Papal Aggression, or at the Czar of Russia if he had appeared in the City at the time when Lord Beaconsfield brought the Indian troops to Malta. Rude, impotent, undignified, if we please,—but no reason why Spain should demand "reparation," or why Englishmen should fall to their too favourite task of scolding and admonishing a foreign government and a foreign nation. The angry hoots of some English journalists at the French nation were at least as foolish as the hoots of the Parisian crowd at the Spanish king. It is difficult to see what the French Government could

have done. They ought to have prepared opinion ; but how can a government prepare opinion in a free country, where one voice or one journal is as good as another ? They ought to have stopped the sale of caricatures and prints offensive to the Spanish king ; but to do this without the express solicitation of the Spanish ambassador would have been illegal. They ought to have made the police do their duty ; but how could policemen hinder two or three hundred thousand men from hissing and putting out their tongues ? In short, though vexatious and unworthy, the incident is now seen to have been in its essence trivial and fortuitous, and it leaves the question of popular government either in France or anywhere else exactly where it was.

Less would have been made of the affair of the Spanish king in our own country, if the commercial treaty had not fallen through a couple of years ago ; and less in France itself if it had not happened to fit in with a personal and ministerial struggle. M. Ferry can only hope to retain power by winning Orleanist votes. M. Thibaudin was obnoxious to the Orleanists for having displaced the Princes ; he was not working loyally with his colleagues in the administration ; and in the reception of the King of Spain he ostentatiously separated himself from them. There was an intrigue and a conflict, but M. Ferry won, and the inconvenient Minister of War was forced to resign. All this is very small politics, and for the moment the internal politics of France must be pronounced small. M. Ferry, in a defiant speech at Havre, has broken with the Extreme Left, and the session can hardly close without a pitched battle in which he is not unlikely to be deposed. If his successor were strong and resolute enough to check the active and forward policy into which France has drifted, the fall of M. Ferry would bring no small relief both to his own country and to the world. For though, as we have

said, the politics of Paris are small, the issues are grave. A country that seems at the moment to be drifting as if under some fatalistic influence into a war with China, and into the chances of collision with Powers nearer than China, has serious business enough upon its hands.

The wiser heads in France perceive clearly enough that what they want is a government and an army. Their isolation, they admit, is complete. "Russia," they say, "is a long way off, and for the moment she has withdrawn into herself. Austria has surrendered her foreign policy to Prince Bismarck. It was not exactly an excess of friendship for us that made Italy join the triple alliance. England, since we left Egypt to her, has no longer any interests in common. Germany, we know ; her menacing lectures may be read daily, and the odious and stupid proposal in some of her prints to exclude French merchandise from her markets is a sign at once of German ill-humour and German clumsiness. We are isolated. Without a government and an army, we are undone." Competent observers of the recent manœuvres, and acquainted with the condition of military organization in France, describe her as still a long way behind Germany,—much more behind Germany *plus* one or two allies. But the formation of an army depends after all on continuity of administration (not that continuity of administration under the Second Empire was much of a success). Unluckily, M. Thibaudin was the eleventh Minister of War since 1870, just as one British ambassador has had to do business with eighteen Foreign Secretaries on the Quai d'Orsay in thirteen years. It is the same in the Assembly. There is want of cohesiveness. Men differ in views of this and that, but their differences are hardly wide enough to prevent co-operation for the actual purposes of the day, if the value of co-operation were realised, or its conditions practically faced. Nor are the constituencies energetic. Some

recent elections have resulted in the return of candidates favoured by M. Clémenceau, but the number of votes is unsatisfactorily small. The successful candidate at Apt in Vaucluse only polled 4,000 votes out of a register of 16,000. Here is one of the well-known difficulties of popular and representative government. People will fight with energy for the establishment of a system which, after it has been established, they expect to work automatically. Yet the French electors have questions to decide which ought to make them rally to the polls. The issues before them are not dissimilar from those that produced the great rout of 1880 among ourselves, and nobody who is well-informed as to French public opinion has any doubt that it is as hostile to distant expeditions of aggression as was English opinion three or four years ago. Meanwhile, there is deplorable truth in M. Ferry's account of the Irreconcilable section. "Why speak," he cried, "of government, stability, and method? The Extremists do not want them. Government they do not desire; and whosoever speaks of such a thing is a 'Monarchist.' So long as a particle of authority subsists, the country for them will be under a Monarchical system. It is the same with stability; for them stability is the enemy. Their idea of a Republic is one of perpetual agitation and incessant change. As to their method, their first principle is to have none. They proceed after a very simple fashion. In their programme is set down every possible thing, whether desirable or not, detestable or premature. The political programme of the Extremists is the table of contents of a political dictionary of the twentieth or twenty-first century." How to preserve a solid parliamentary majority that shall represent the mind and temper of the true France against literary hornets like M. Rochefort, and against politicians crazy with personal vanity or frenzied ideals,—that is

still the task for France, and unfortunately the task seems no nearer to its accomplishment than it was seven years ago. That is no reason why men should despair of free government. Amid all the present impotence and confusion France is sounder now than it was in those glittering years in which the Second Empire was drawing her into the abyss.

That busily-employed personage, the philosophic historian of the twenty-first century, will look back upon the spread of the English constitutional and parliamentary system over the face of the earth with the same interest and astonishment as is caused by the phenomenon of the similar spread of the Catholic Church. Half Europe has either gone through, or has been apprehending, a Ministerial crisis within the last month or six weeks. In Spain the return of the king, from an expedition against which his wisest counsellors had strongly dissuaded him, was speedily followed, as indeed had been universally anticipated, by a change of Ministry. Sagasta has resigned, and is succeeded by Posada de Herrera. The new administration, though not what is called a great or first-class Ministry, represents a marked movement in advance towards the Extreme Left, with a programme of constitutional change in a democratic direction; a commercial treaty with England, and a customs union with Portugal, if either can be got; and reform in the army. The last of these is the most vital, for the complete subordination of the army is obviously the first condition of constitutional stability in Spain, whatever the political system may be.

Among the little States of the Balkan Peninsula there has been a considerable fermentation, the true significance of which is not easy to penetrate. It is not very wonderful that French politicians should suppose that the perturbations in that volcanic quarter were the work of the hand that they discern stealthily moving wher-

ever motion is perceptible. Prince Bismarck, they say, will launch Austria upon Russia in the spring. If this were so, the world might well quake. But the probabilities are all in the other direction, and of even such evidence as might be expected there is not a trace. The visit of the Roumanian Minister to Berlin and Vienna is believed to have had for its object not the entry of his State into the Austro-German alliance but rather the conveyance of assurances to the Central Powers that the stiffness of Roumania on the Danubian question was not due to furtive hostility to Austria, or to any special devotion to the supposed designs or interests of Russia. As Austria might at any moment have pressed the Danubian kingdom by her mandate from the London Conference, the explanations and assurances of M. Bratiano, if they were of the nature supposed, have for the time removed a source of danger. In Bulgaria, the evolution of the recent crisis points equally against the existence of any present designs of active menace to the European peace on the part of Russia. The result of the late events in Bulgaria has obviously been to give a check, whatever it may be worth, in the little country that undoubtedly owes to Russian sympathy and Russian arms her deliverance from the barbarous yoke of the Turk. It may well be galling to Russia to see the people for whom she won freedom asserting their independence even against their benefactors, and her agents have shown some want of tact in letting this disappointment be too harshly seen. But Russian statesmen are well aware that this movement in Bulgaria has been the spontaneous result of a Nationalist sentiment, if on a small scale, and for the present they seem to have made up their minds to live with this sentiment on as good terms

as may be attainable. It is in Servia that the signs are more disquieting. The last elections were said to have been the result of a battle between the Rouble and the Florin, in which the latter got the worst of it. Such explanations are usually shallow, and there is good reason to think that they are so here. The political agitation which ended in the overthrow of the late Servian Ministry was in fact the expression of social and economic uneasiness. New laws have been gradually introduced which have caused extreme perturbation among a population of which 95 per cent. is agricultural. These laws have facilitated the consolidation of landed property, and transformed great quantities of land held in common into the object of individual ownership. Hence a landless proletariat has risen into existence, and a strong current has set in against Austrian and other *exploiteurs*, whether in respect of railway projects or otherwise. Economic movements are always formidable, as Ireland has shown us only too plainly. In Servia they may lead to disorder, and disorder may lead to intervention, and intervention may lead to the Battle of Armageddon.

As for the great country which is so concerned in these affairs,—through the vast gloom that hides Russia from the western observer we may discern in the funeral of Turgenief, and the circumstances that made of it an imposing political demonstration, another sign of the revolution that is surely preparing against a repressive and obscurantist *régime*. "The peasants never read Turgenief; it was no more than a demonstration of the lettered classes." Whether or not, a system that has practically the whole of the lettered classes, from highest to lowest, against it, sooner or later is doomed, unless Russia is the land of miracle.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1883.

ON THE STATEMENT OF THE MALTHUSIAN PRINCIPLE.

THE doctrine of Malthus won its way so rapidly, and has met with such general acceptance, that it seems superfluous to argue in support of it at this time of day. But the general acceptance of the doctrine is in itself a two-fold source of danger, as it makes it possible for exaggerated statements to pass current without much remark, while this has a further and detrimental effect on the reception of practical proposals for the relief of misery. Those who attach an exaggerated importance to the increase of population, as the chief cause of social degradation, are in danger of becoming apathetic to all forms of human misery, and of resting satisfied with ascribing them to "reckless habits of multiplication among the people." It is therefore of some importance that we should endeavour to free ourselves from the risk of exaggeration in this matter by trying to obtain a more accurate statement of the principle of population.

While thus protesting against the danger of exaggerated assertions, I am most unwilling to underrate the seriousness of the case. It is obvious that the area of the globe is strictly limited, and that if—as we may suppose for the sake of argument—with the greatest possible increase in agricultural skill an acre of ground should be needed for the support of each human being, there is a definite

and *absolute limit* to the possible population on the globe. On the other hand there are said to be parts of the world where the population doubles every twenty-five years; but even if we take a much slower rate of increase as typical and normal, we see that the filling of the whole globe to its utmost capacity becomes a mere question of time, while every step taken in this direction appears to involve a greater and greater amount of misery for large masses of the people.

All this is commonly summed up by saying that *population constantly tends to increase faster than the means of subsistence are increased*. Now the word in this phrase which seems to deserve most attention is *tends*: for this word covers a certain number of ambiguities. It may refer to a mere possibility. You might read, *Population is always capable of increasing faster than the means of subsistence*, but the sentence, as it stands, is usually taken to mean more than this, and to imply an actual occurrence that makes itself felt and is observable in the world around us, and therefore we are justified in looking closely at the grounds of the statement. If it summarises a truth of actual human experience, its proof must rest on experience of the past—either the recent past in many lands, or a long period of the past in one might be appealed to in support of it.

In order to discuss the conclusiveness of the proof of the proposition we may put it in a slightly different form, and say, *Population has tended to increase faster than the means of subsistence.* Only in so far as that can be proved have we a right to talk about the present operation of the tendency.

For the purpose of the present paper it may be sufficient to ask how far this amended statement is borne out by the history of England for the last two centuries or more. Has population in this country ever increased faster than the means of subsistence were increasing? There is certainly no other period during which we have any reason to suppose that the increase of population was so rapid as it has been from the Revolution to the present time, so that we need hardly consider the earlier periods at all.

Just a hundred years ago a good deal of discussion went on as to whether the population of England had increased or not during the preceding century. Dr. Price maintained that it had actually decreased, and spoke of the decline of population as a grave political danger. Though Cobbett, and other writers, who held that an increase had taken place, established their point; yet the mere fact that such a discussion could arise goes to show that the struggle for existence was not becoming keener, and the opinion which Professor Thorold Rogers has formed from the careful study of prices is partly corroborative, for he holds that during the first half of the eighteenth century the mass of the people enjoyed a golden age, and that the standard of comfort had gradually risen from the time of the Reformation onwards.

For the succeeding periods the argument must also rest on general considerations, but he would be bold who should contend that during the latter half of last century, when the factory system was being introduced, and when so much attention was

given to agricultural production, population was outstripping the means of procuring subsistence.

Again, at the time of the Corn Law agitation, it was argued with considerable force that there was evidence that the increase of production from English soil had, despite the law of diminishing return, grown far more rapidly than the population which was dependent on it for food.

For the history of the last half century, however, we can rely on much more accurate data, as we possess statistics which enable us to compare the growth of the population with the growth of the productive power of the nation as evidenced by its capital, and with the growth of the purchasing power of the nation, as evidenced by the exports of native products and manufactures, with which it can buy wheat. The capital is indicated by the income-tax returns, the amounts of which for each year are reduced to a tenth for convenience of drawing. In so far as these indices are satisfactory, it appears that while population has increased some 30 per cent. since 1831, capital has increased 100 per cent., and purchasing power 600 per cent. So far as this last point is concerned one may note that the average price of corn has fallen during the half-century, and that our demand for foreign corn is calling out increased supplies at low rates.

Many deductions would of course have to be made before the income-tax returns could be taken as a fair index of the capital of the country, but it does not appear that these deductions from its amount at different times, necessarily invalidate the argument from the rate of its increase. But on this matter I do not dwell, as my only point is to show that these statistics give no *prima facie* support to the view that during any part of the last two hundred years population in England has increased faster than the means of subsistence. So far as England is concerned the tendency must

be regarded as occult ; there may be a constant possibility of such increase, but there is every reason to believe it has not actually taken place.

It is a sound rule in scientific investigation that we should try to arrange and classify actual facts before we try to assign causes, and especially is this the case when the really important question is as to *the precise effects of a force of which all admit the reality, but which is constantly counteracted by other forces*. Physiology and psychology alike bear witness to the great strength of the reproductive instinct in the human race, but only a study of its effects over long periods and areas will justify us in saying that it is stronger than the prudential and other considerations which counteract it. I therefore feel inclined to revise our statement still further, and to discuss, not what population has tended to do, but what it has actually done. We shall then be in a better position to assign their respective importance to the different forces which have been in operation at different times and places. I will endeavour to describe the facts of the actual growth of population in three propositions, and to indicate the bearing each of these has on the more difficult question as to causes.

I. *Population has generally increased up to the RELATIVE LIMIT set by the power of procuring subsistence at any given time and place.*

Any number of instances could be adduced in support of this statement. Malthus has collected a great many in his essay ; but it is better worth our while to look more closely at the phrase *relative limit*. In the opening of this paper mention was made of an *absolute limit* which would be reached when, with the highest skill and organisation, the greatest possible amount of food should be wrung out of the surface of the globe. But it is obvious that no single nation has ever reached this condition, and that the greater part of the globe is very far from it indeed. Yet though this is

so, the pressure of want is seriously felt all over the globe. There is some quantity of food which the actual skill and organisation of each nation enables it to produce or procure at any given time ; and that amount marks a *relative limit* which acts as a check to population then and there. One may easily see that the amount of population which can be supported at any place and time depends on (1) *the relative limit of productive power, i.e.* (a) the skill of individuals, (b) their habits of saving and capitalising, (c) their social organisation and the division of labour, &c., and (d) such physical conditions as the nature of climate and soil, and the possibilities of communication ; besides all these elements, which give us the productive power, the relative limit depends (2) *on the habitual standard of adequate support*. Assuming for the moment that this last is fairly constant for a long period, it is obvious that any increase of skill or saving, or improvement in organisation, or physical surroundings will push the relative limit further back, and bring about conditions in which it is possible for larger numbers to be supported in the same standard of comfort. That is to say, all material progress moves the *relative limit* further back, and of course in so doing brings it nearer and nearer to the absolute limit to the productiveness of the earth ; but as stated in my first proposition, population generally increases up to the relative limit, or in other words, as the relative limit is moved back, population advances.

Here, passing from mere description to the question of causes, we come to an important point. *What makes the relative limit move back?* We are usually told the pressure of population, but is it really so ? One can understand that an increase of population might directly lower the standard of comfort, and thus give room for a larger number of human beings, while the relative limit of possible production remained unaffected. Of

this redundant state of population I shall say a few words presently; in the meantime I would only urge that the mere pressure of population does not directly remove the relative limit. The increase of population does not in itself make corn sell better, or render higher cultivation profitable; and unless we are prepared to maintain that necessity is invariably the mother of invention, we shall admit that the pressure of population has nothing to do directly with moving back the relative limit. One has often heard of inventors who were starving, but they more frequently starved because they would invent, than invented for fear they should starve. To me it seems obvious that in the progress towards crowding the world with the biggest population it can possibly support, each forward step is taken by invention and discovery and reorganisation, and that population generally follows into the void thus created. It is not population that presses us towards the absolute limit of production, but our eager race towards the absolute limit gives scope for the increase of population in the rear.

II. *Sometimes population does not increase so rapidly as the quantity of procurable subsistence is increased.*

That is to say, the relative limit is sometimes pushed back faster than population advances. Of course when this happens some people will be better off, while none need be poorer, and in a well-organised society the general standard of comfort will rise. There can be little doubt that this was the case in England for about two centuries prior to 1760; and there is reason to suppose that it again occurred during the last fifty years.

It remains for us to see what bearing movements of this character have on the difficult questions as to the causes of the growth of population. Strong confirmation is obviously given to the view already expressed, that the common assumption that population is by its own inherent force steadily pressing us to the limit of

possible production is mistaken, but that it is more true to fact to assert that population follows more or less tardily where material progress makes an advance.

On this question of the rate of increase I shall only throw out a single suggestion: given an increased production, and therefore opportunity for the increase of population, this may arise either from (a) more fertile marriages—including in this diminished mortality of all kinds—(b) earlier marriages, or (c) irregular connections; the last has so little effect on population generally that it may be neglected. Greater fertility or earlier marriages would sensibly affect the increase of population, but neither of them could continue to do so for more than a generation unless there were increased opportunities of settling in life. Thus the rate of the increase is much affected by the less or greater rigidity of the social forms. Where social distinctions are rigidly adhered to, as in mediæval England—or where the social structure is firmly crystallised, as among a nation of peasant proprietors, the rate of progress is sure to be slower than in a land where the opportunity for increase is similar, while there is more fluidity of labour and capital. Of course we should expect the most striking increase in a country like the United States, where the rate of material progress is rapid, while the fluidity of labour and capital is very great.

III. *An increase of population, while the relative limit of production remains practically unaltered, necessarily implies social degradation.*

If there is no improvement in skill or organisation, and no new development of physical resources, there must be a lowered standard of comfort. Here we come to the deferred question of a *redundant population*; the kind of increase which has chiefly engaged our attention hitherto is not an evil; an increase of population which takes place without affecting

the standard of comfort is not to be deprecated. The more the merrier, especially when the fare continues as good; but when the increase of population is accompanied by a lowered standard of comfort, it is obviously a serious matter.

The further question, How does a redundant population arise? is one of great difficulty. Which of the two conditions that act and re-act on one another initiates the evil: redundant population and degradation accompany one another, but "which began it"? Does too rapid reproduction occasion social degradation, or, on the other hand, does social degradation, produced by other causes, merely perpetuate itself through the force of reproduction? I cannot accept either alternative as being true for all cases alike, but would suggest that we may distinguish three different degrees of importance in the influence to be ascribed to the reproductive instinct.

1. There may be cases where the reproductive force merely perpetuates degradation occasioned by external conditions. If we have a tribe of hunters whose reproductive habits suffice to keep up the strength of the tribe without increasing the numbers at all, and they are deprived by their neighbours of a portion of their hunting grounds, the maintenance of their old habits of reproduction will *perpetuate* the misery into which they are reduced, but will not, in itself, lower their standard of comfort farther.

2. There may be cases where the reproductive force not only perpetuates the misery for future generations, but actually increases it, and thus *accelerates* degradation which had been otherwise initiated. It appears that instances of this kind have been brought out by the inquiries of the Skye Crofters Commission, though even here the management and circumstances of different estates have been so very different, that it is hardly satisfactory to explain all the different cases of redundancy here existing in the same

way; but in some instances it would seem that the evictions from certain villages for the formation of large farms had led to the overcrowding of others. If men with a certain holding had been able not only to rear children to succeed them in that holding, but to set others out in the world, and if with the diminished crofts they were no longer able to do this, so that the whole population came to look for employment at home, it is obvious that the maintenance of the old habits of reproduction would not only keep up the numbers of those who worked their holdings under hard conditions, but that as the possible outlets were no longer available the misery would be actually increased. In North Uist,¹ for example, there seem to be signs of this influence of the reproductive force in *accelerating* degradation which had been set going at first by the forcible reduction of the size of their holdings.

3. On the other hand, China appears to offer an example of a country where the mere force of reproduction has brought about degradation, without any external cause. In this case, however, it must be remembered that the increase of population has been carefully fostered for centuries and centuries, both on political and religious grounds. For these reasons Chinese economists preferred the system of small farms to that of large ones, because though it was found that large farms could be better worked, small farms were "of advantage to the increase of the population."² War was objected to because it hindered the increase of population.³ In this system it may be said that the social system has been constructed and maintained in ignorance of the law of diminishing return. A constant effort has been made to concentrate labour on the land, and to increase production from the land by increasing the labour expended on it.

With these different cases before us

¹ Evidence of May 30, 1883.

² Faber's *Mencius*, p. 231.

³ Ibid. p. 269.

it seems impossible to account for all cases of a redundant population by the same reason. In some instances, external degradation may have been combined with the religious or political encouragements to reproduction, and thus brought about the redundancy in Bengal and in Ireland; but the whole becomes most intelligible if we can detect simple cases where the reproductive force merely perpetuates, or merely accelerates, while in others it actually initiates degradation.

From this it follows that if imprudent reproduction were checked, degradation would not be removed in either the first or the second case. If social degradation has been due in the first instance to an external cause—for example, to the action of a bad landlord or his factor—the fact that population instead of increasing remained stationary would not prevent that landlord from consolidating holdings still farther in favour of sheep farms, and thus continuing the impoverishment of the class till the affair terminated in their extinction. No amount

of *e.g.* the exposure of children, would raise a class whose degradation was originally due to external causes: these might only act with increased rapidity.

Of all these various cases, simple or complex, however, this may be said—something in the social circumstances or social organisation has brought about the redundancy of population. It is useless to try to find a rough and ready remedy for over-active reproduction, but wiser by far to seek in each separate case for the co-operating causes of this redundancy. Thus we may regard a redundant population, not as a hopeless evil over which we must almost despair, not as the necessary effect of physical forces we cannot control, but as a symptom of some social disorder which it is our duty to investigate, and if possible to remedy. We shall accept it, not as the normal result of a constant tendency, but as a sign which shows us that there is somewhere a wrong which we must bestir ourselves to right.

W. CUNNINGHAM.

GENIUS AND VERSATILITY.

It speaks well for the discretion of Lord Coleridge that after the trying oratorical ordeal which he recently underwent in the United States, he should at his departure have found nothing to recall in any of his speeches, and only one sentence requiring to be explained. One hardly knows whether it adds to or detracts from the credit of the Lord Chief Justice in this respect, that the utterance in question will have appeared to a good many people to stand in no need of explanation, and to be none the clearer for receiving it. "Mr. Matthew Arnold," Lord Coleridge told the Union League Club at New York, "is the most distinguished Englishman living. As poet, writer, thinker," he continued, "he has scarcely any equal, and, taken altogether, he has, in my judgment, no equal." Immediately before sailing for England, however, it seems to have occurred to the judicial panegyrist that there was a good deal of competition for the post to which he had just appointed, and he was apparently seized with a revulsion of critical diffidence. He took occasion to observe that "his remark about Mr. Matthew Arnold being the most distinguished living Englishman had been misunderstood. He had used the word 'distinguished' in the old and correct sense, as meaning a man possessed of such distinctive qualities as to separate him from the entire literary guild in England, and place him on a pinnacle of his own." Explanations of all kinds, and especially in matters of so delicate a nature as this, have a special claim on the forbearance of criticism; but it is really impossible not to remark that this explanation modifies the original doctrine either too little or too much. A man who has "distinguished himself" from others, even in "the old and correct

sense" of the word, must have either gained or lost thereby. Even if the "pinnacle of his own" be no higher than that of his neighbours, the fact that he has it to himself is *per se* a point of superiority; and to predicate distinction of Mr. Matthew Arnold in any other sense than this would, of course, be the reverse of a compliment. But to many people the explanation, as has been observed already, was unneeded; and if there be any who stumbled at Lord Coleridge's eulogium when originally pronounced, they will probably have found still more difficulty in accepting it as revised and corrected by the author. There is a perfectly intelligible sense in which the accomplished man of letters, to whom the Americans are now doing honour, may be described as "the most distinguished living Englishman;" and his eulogist went nearest to defining it when he spoke of him as having "scarcely any equal" in the several capacities in which he has attained eminence, and "no equal" in them "taken altogether." The fact undoubtedly is, that though there are greater living poets than Mr. Arnold, and though there may even be here and there a prose writer of equal merit, there is most certainly no man of like mark in either one of these departments of letters who can bear comparison with him in the other. And when a writer who is among the foremost poets of his period, and quite its greatest literary critic, has also won general recognition as a close observer of life, an acute analyst of social tendencies, and the founder of a new school of religious thought, it may be a disputable, but it is assuredly not an extravagant, proposition, to affirm of him that he is the "most distinguished" figure in the literature of

the age and country to which he belongs. If Goethe had by chance been surpassed as a poet by one of his contemporaries, he would still have had a right to his position as the greatest of European men of letters, and the qualitative resemblance between Goethe and Matthew Arnold is at least as obvious as their quantitative disparity.

Plausibly, however, as Lord Coleridge's description of Mr. Arnold may thus be justified, we can quite understand the feeling which prompts some minds to resent it. One may be quite sensible of the significance of success in a variety of branches of literature, without being prepared to admit that the writer who has succeeded in all of them must therefore be ranked above those of his contemporaries who are supreme in one alone. To be "almost without equal," whether as a poet, as prose writer, or as a thinker, is, we may acknowledge, to have attained a very high place indeed, but we may demur to the proposition that to be quite without equal in these capacities "taken altogether" is necessarily to have attained the highest place of all. It is the "taken altogether" which offends the objector whom we have in our minds: he objects, in fact, to the very principle of comparison implied in the phrase; and it must indeed be allowed that the principle in question is one which requires to be most "discreetly and warily" applied. Too indiscriminate an application of it leads straight to what has been aptly called the "marks system" in literature; and the marks system will itself be found to lead to results of the most startling description. It is no doubt a fascinating amusement to play examiner to the various candidates for the first prize in literature—to say that Mr. A has obtained the maximum number of marks, 100, for poetry; but that, inasmuch as Mr. B, in addition to his 60 marks as a poet, has scored the maximum of 50 for prose criticism, to say nothing of proficiency in

the other subjects which he has "taken up," the prize must be adjudged to him. But the fascinations of this employment can reconcile no sensible man to the absurdities in which he soon finds it involving him. If a man of letters is to be always allowed to "club" his performances in every department of literature, and demand to be ranked according to their total, we shall find it hard to resist the conclusion that Sheridan, for instance, was the "most distinguished" Englishman of his day. Those who would claim this place for Burke on the strength of his oratorical triumphs, and his contributions to the philosophy of politics, could be silenced by an appeal to Sheridan's brilliant achievements as a dramatist; while the literary pretensions of Cowper or Gibbon could be knocked down with the "Begum Speech." It is tolerably certain that Cowper could not have successfully "thundered against the oppressor of India;" and there is no reason to believe that either Burke or Gibbon could have written the *School for Scandal*. But, to take an instance from our own time, there could on the "marks system" be no controversy as to who was the most distinguished English man of letters of the third quarter of the nineteenth century. The eminence of Dickens and Thackeray in fiction, of Macaulay in history and criticism, of Tennyson in poetry, of Carlyle in Carlylism, would clearly have stood them in no sort of stead against the multiform talents of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. For it is undeniable that the author of those picturesque romances which reminded their admirers of Scott, those novels of humour and reflection which were really dexterous imitations of Sterne, and those plays which with all their defects still keep the stage, would, upon the "marks system," have easily carried off the prize; and this, too, without "praying in aid," as we imagined Sheridan doing, his performances in the field of politics. Admit these, however, and the resemblance

between the two politician-dramatists becomes so curiously close that one can hardly avoid suspecting the later of having deliberately set himself to emulate the earlier. Nay, one has even to acknowledge that he has been fairly successful in the attempt. The famous Begum Speech does not strike us in these days as very much superior to the studied oratorical efforts of the Conservative Colonial Secretary ; and if *Money* is not so brilliant a comedy as the *School for Scandal*, the *Lady of Lyons* is a better melodrama than *Pizarro*. The romances of Sir Edward Bulwer, and of Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton—for the change of name coincided roughly with an entire change of style—are of course so much clear “to the good” for the nineteenth century writer ; and it is only fair to allow that they stand for a great deal. Very few novelists have shown themselves adept alike at what Scott called the “bow-wow” style—that is the romance of chivalry and adventure—and at the novel of contemporary life and manners. Yet, *What Will He Do With It*, and even *Kenelm Chillingley*, were as distinct successes as *Harold*, or as the *Last Days of Pompeii*. Versatility, in short, has seldom been more strikingly displayed in our literature than it was by Lord Lytton ; and looked at merely as indicative of wide artistic sympathies and exceptional cunning of craftsmanship, it must certainly command very high admiration. Nobody, therefore, would contest Lord Lytton’s claim to a place in the front rank of nineteenth century literature ; but yet to elevate him to the rank of the “most distinguished man of letters,” of an era illustrated by the names of Tennyson, Thackeray, Macaulay, Carlyle and Dickens, would be at once felt by any sane critic to be ridiculous. Undeniably clever as is all his work, and manifold as are the literary forms under which its cleverness is shown, we are sensible at once that no mere multiplication of such performances as his could ever place him above those

great contemporaries, who, attempting less than he did, have scaled the difficult heights of perfection in some one branch of art. The “suffrage of Themistocles” will not avail to raise Bulwer to the command-in-chief. He might be voted to the second place half-a-dozen times over ; but no accumulation of these honours would ever entitle him to the marshal’s bâton. How much strong character-painting, “multiplied into” how much rhymed rhetoric *should* qualify a writer to stand either above the creator of Becky Sharp on the one hand, or above the poet of *In Memoriam* on the other ? The “quantities” we should have to compare in order to work out such a problem are incommensurables. It matters not what advantage over these competitors Lord Lytton’s versatility, and his two or three distinct reputations might be supposed to give him in the race ; nothing of the kind would, as the sporting phrase goes, have really “brought them together.”

The truth is that a sound judgment revolts instinctively from the “marks system,” as applied to the achievements of the human mind ; and for this first, among other reasons, that what is called “versatility” is perceived by most men capable of judging, to be associated in the great majority of cases with superficiality. The versatile writer is too often merely the owner of an intellectual estate, possessing several shallow veins of various and variously valuable minerals ; and if we see him continually abandoning one of these for another, it is because the old ones are continually becoming exhausted. His rapidity of transit from one to another is a sign not of wealth, but, in a certain relative sense, of poverty. Undoubtedly one must feel that about Sheridan. The author of a recent biography has pointed out the extremely narrow limits of his philosophy of life. Having written his two great comedies, masterpieces of close observation of the manners of his time, he had nothing more to say on the

subject of marital jealousy, female frivolity, smug hypocrisy; and it is to the credit of his judgment that he did not, as the manner of some is, continue repeating his characters over and over again under the thin disguise of different names, and disappoint and weary the world by multiplying Surfaces without limit and repeating Absolutes to the infinite.

Of Oliver Goldsmith's versatility it would be scarcely just to say this. Goldsmith is rather in the unfortunate position of a man who has to quit one vein of mineral for another, not because he has exhausted the one, but because he has no money to continue the workings. Nay, poor thriftless Oliver was even at last in the case of one who has been forced to sell his treasure-bearing land to another, and hire himself out as a mining engineer, sinking shafts whenever and wherever he is bidden, and receiving a weekly wage calculated altogether without any reference to the value of the output. It is impossible to doubt that much beautiful and valuable work may have been lost to the world while the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Deserted Village*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*, was engaged in such journey-work as that of translating chapters of Buffon, writing a biography of Beau Nash, or compiling an English grammar for five guineas. Still, it is not often that men of the Goldsmith type, who, from whatever causes, disperse their intellectual energies over too wide a field, contrive to leave behind them an impression that there was more in them than ever came out. Oftener they affect us, as Sheridan does—that is to say, with a more or less powerful suspicion that we have had the best out of them in every department of art to which they devoted their attention. Oftener we feel that the versatility of the man who has added story-telling and play-making to poetry implies nothing more than unusual facility of expression and adaptability of style, and that it is rather adverse than favourable to

the belief that the ores of thought and feeling within him go very deep down.

On the other hand, however, there are undoubtedly a few writers of whom we feel that their many-sidedness itself is a main element in their power — writers whose versatility gives us an impression of vast width of intellectual grasp without producing any countervailing impression of deficiency in depth. There are men who, to recur once more to our former metaphor, appear to have been impelled by choice, and not by necessity, to quit one vein of mental mineral for another, and to have left great treasure of unwon ore behind them in the abandoned workings. The typical example of this order of discursive and dispersive genius in English literature is of course Coleridge. The impatience with which many admirers, of that remarkable man regard his desertion of imaginative for speculative fields of intellectual activity is the strongest testimony to the general belief in the magnitude and value of those poetic possibilities which he left unexplored. They grudge the author of the *Ancient Mariner* to German metaphysics, and not unnaturally chafe at the reflection that the man who left behind him so many woven leagues of transcendental sand-ropes should never have found time or energy to finish *Christabel*. With less justice do they complain of the amount of attention devoted by him to work in which his achievements were little inferior to, and certainly far less unequal than, his performances as a poet—the work namely of literary criticism and of the philosophy of morals and thought. It is hardly correct perhaps to say that Coleridge's dispersiveness was due to choice and not to necessity, unless indeed we qualify the latter word with the adjective "external." Accidents of personal character and constitution—a mixture of moral and physical debility—did directly for Coleridge what purely moral failings did indirectly for Gold-

smith. In his case the internal weakness brought about the external pressure of pecuniary need; but Coleridge was just as effectually prevented from fully developing his powers by lack of will as he would have been by lack of money. The loss to literature, however, in his case was of course more tantalising, in proportion to his great superiority in intellectual stature to Goldsmith. We think we can measure what Goldsmith could have done, and can tell pretty exactly what additional amount of pleasure and profit he might have given to the world, if he had but possessed that faculty of conduct in which he was so sadly deficient. But Coleridge's "unwritten books"—the list of which we should be by no means compelled to take from, or to limit to, his own catalogue thereof—are full of vague and splendid possibilities to the imagination. His "inheritance of unfulfilled renown" is of so uncertain a magnitude that no scrupulous man would venture to "swear it for probate duty" under any given sum. And by this no doubt his posthumous fame has to a certain extent profited. He has been credited by faith, as it were, with those famous unwritten books; and such "popular reputation," in the strict sense of the word, as he has left behind him, is measured rather by what he was thought capable of doing than by what he did.

For serious students, however, the real worth of Coleridge is differently measured. For them his peculiar value to English literature is not only undiminished by the incompleteness of his work; it has been, in a certain sense, enhanced thereby. Or perhaps it would be more strictly accurate to say that the value could not have existed without the incompleteness. A Coleridge with the faculty of concentration superadded—a Coleridge capable of becoming "possessed" by any one form of intellectual energy to the exclusion of all others—might indeed have left behind him a more

enduring reputation as a philosopher, and bequeathed to his countrymen more poetry destined to live; but undoubtedly he would never have been able to render that precise service to the literature of his time which, in fact, it owed to him. To have exercised his extraordinarily vivifying and fertilising influence over his contemporaries his intellect was bound to be of the dispersive order; it was essential that he should "take all knowledge to be his province," and that that eager, subtle, and penetrative mind should range as freely as it did over subject after subject of human interest—illuminating each of them in turn with those rays of true critical insight which, amid many bewildering cross-lights and some few downright *ignes fatui*, flash forth upon us from all Coleridge's work. As essayist and critic, he could only have been what he was on condition of leaving much work of his pen unfinished; while, as the "lay-preacher" of Charles Lamb's unvarying experience, as the "conversationalist" who, according to Madame de Staël, "did not understand duologue," he did a great deal of his appointed work without the assistance of the pen at all. The exact nature of his services to thought and culture under this head are now somewhat difficult to ascertain; but there is an amount of general evidence to their value which forbids us to doubt that it was considerable. Carlyle's account of these remarkable discourses is obviously to be received, as we have already learnt the necessity of receiving many another criticism of the same atrabilious observer, with a liberal discount. It is clear at least that the Coleridgian monologues were not all "omject" and "sumject;" and that the "beautiful sunlit islands—lands of the blest and the intelligible," emerged far more often from the transcendental haze than Carlyle would lead us to suppose. It is always somewhat dangerous to accept one remarkable talker's view of the charac-

teristics of another ; and if this is true of men who merely compete with each other in the ordinary give-and-take of the dinner-table epigrammatist and *raconteur*, the caution is doubly necessary in the case of two rival prophets, two competing oracles. At no time of his life, we imagine, did Carlyle "understand duologue" much better than Coleridge—and the latter as the elder, and at the period of their occasional meetings the more famous of the two, would naturally claim, and be allowed to monopolise, the ear of the company, to the silencing of the younger lay-preacher altogether. De Quincey is a far better witness on this point, and from him it is to be gathered with certainty that Coleridge's conversation was by no means the disconnected, if gorgeous, rhapsody which it is sometimes represented to be. Indeed his *Table Talk* is sufficient to prove what to no students of the *Biographia* would need demonstration, that his disquisitions both on literature and morals could on occasion be as close, as clear, and as coherent as they were suggestive and profound. But whether as writer or as talker, in short, Coleridge remains as much the type of "the dispersive" in the literature of England, as Goethe does in that of Germany, or rather in that of Europe.

It would be as idle as most other comparisons of the incommensurable to endeavour to decide whether concentration or dispersion of intellect has, in sum, produced the greatest results in the world's literature. The fact that the very highest genius is almost necessarily dispersive in the highest degree, is balanced on the other hand by the fact that the foremost names in the second rank have unquestionably been those of men who devoted themselves exclusively to the cultivation of a single gift. Sometimes, as in Wordsworth, this "specialism" is carried to the point of an almost Philistine neglect of general mental culture. It is even difficult indeed for men endowed with any

catholicity of intellectual taste to preserve that reverence for Wordsworth's poetic priesthood which they cannot deny to be his due. They must force themselves to think of Tintern Abbey, of the "yews of Borrowdale," or of the boy mocking the owls amid the silence of Windermere ; and this for exactly the opposite reason to that which induced Charles Lamb on the Alps to abase his too exalted emotions by "thinking of the ham-and-beef shop in Vinegar Yard." They have, that is to say, to constrain themselves to remember these awe-inspiring oracles from the very *adytum* of Nature, in order that they may not forget the sacred character and functions of the priest in contemplation of the extreme narrowness of his secular sympathies, and the very uninteresting aspect under which he appears when not actually engaged in his ministrations. When a poet, however illustrious, declines to interest himself in, or even to make the acquaintance of, any poetry but his own ; and when moreover his own poetry, veritably inspired as it often is, is almost exclusively devoted to the interpretation of one group of human thoughts and emotions—those suggested by rural Nature as contemplated by a meditative man—it sometimes needs an effort even for a devoted admirer not to wish him more liberal sympathies and a wider outlook upon the world. The intense self-absorption of Wordsworth, his ever-deepening self-immersion in the one mood in which high creative work was possible to him—one may almost say the one mood in which descent into bathos was avoidable by him—does undoubtedly produce in many minds a certain involuntary lowering of the critical estimate of his genius, a certain instinctive impulse to doubt whether a mind so *borné* upon some sides of it can really be as supreme and unapproachable within the limits of its activity as we have been accustomed to regard it. Concentration, to be sure, appears to have been carried

by Wordsworth to a quite unnecessary pitch; yet it is undoubtedly to concentration that we owe those moments of what Mr. Swinburne calls the "inimitable might" of the poet "when the god has really descended on him." If he had not firmly believed that his poetic mission could be perfectly (and only) fulfilled by devoting the best part of a lifetime to solitary communion with Nature, and that he needed and could derive no accession of powers from bestowing attention upon any other conceivable subject of human interest, he might, and very probably would, have spared us some of the banalities which disfigure his narrative verse; but it is on the other hand, quite as likely that he would never have compassed those occasional marvels of mystical utterance which one cannot help believing to have owed their birth, like the visions of the Quietists, to mere intensity and persistence of contemplation. The world, in short, might easily have lost much more than it would have gained by an expansion of Wordsworth's intellectual sphere. Such an expansion might, no doubt, have interpreted him to himself; for it is quite manifest to anybody who has ever read the masterly criticism of the Wordsworthian theory of poetry in the *Biographia Literaria*, that Coleridge understood that theory far better than its author. But there is nothing which need disconcert us in that. Did not the ever-memorable *Symposium* close upon the sleepy eyes of its chronicler with the spectacle of Socrates the critic forcing Aristophanes the practical playwright by triumphant dialectic to confess, much against his will, that the dramatist most skilled in tragedy will succeed best in comedy? Aristophanes certainly would not have improved the airy lyrics of *The Birds* by such study of the principles of dramatic art as would have enabled him to hold his own against Socrates in discussion: nor would the scholar have thanked him (though his van-

quisher in argument might have had better grounds for doing so) if a greater cultivation of the critical spirit had taught him to chasten the unscrupulous humour of *The Clouds*.

Concentration, though, of course, by no means so exclusive, is also a characteristic of Shelley. He cultivated indeed a sort of irregular attachment to metaphysics; but there is no evidence of their having constituted a serious distraction from that highly sublimated form of poetry which, to be sure, they seem to have done a good deal to shape. Byron again, although no reader of *Don Juan* can deny the breadth and variety of his intellectual interests, produced nothing of first-rate quality except in the poetic form. As a critic in particular he is extremely disappointing and perverse—indeed quite singularly so, for a man of his mental stature. Indeed his judgments upon the merits of other poets, from Shakespeare, whom he secretly depreciated, down to Pope, whom he so extravagantly extolled, impress one as that of a man who had no natural gift of critical taste, and was merely an upholder of arbitrary poetic theories by such *a priori* arguments as came most readily to hand. Scott's splendid achievements in prose romance were mainly accomplished by the exercise of, generically, the same powers as had already won him distinction as a poet of chivalry—with, of course, the unique addition of that rare gift of humour for which novel-writing provided the first opportunity of display. His recorded criticisms are in no way remarkable, and his occasional excursions into biography show him at his worst. Scott, in short, like his two last-mentioned contemporaries *appeared* to gain nothing by dispersing his powers; how far such appearances are to be trusted it would not repay to speculate.

Still less profit would there be in any attempt to analyse the influence which tended respectively to concentrate or to disperse the intellectual energies of these great men; while it

would be the least profitable of all to inquire how far these influences may have been susceptible of resistance or modification. Most great writers become what they are in virtue of certain impulses of their mental and emotional being whose action they may indeed modify as men contrive to modify that of the impulses determining moral conduct, but which they assuredly cannot interfere with in any way, except at the cost of doing violence to the whole character of their literary genius. With the minor lights of literature it is otherwise; and it would doubtless be as easy as it would assuredly be invidious to point out more than one living writer of reputation and talent who would have been the better for a little more concentration, or a little more dispersion of the faculties, as the case may be. Dispersiveness, on the whole, we suppose, is the more common failing of the two, and if Mr. James Payn's "Advice to Parents" should have the effect of "crowding the business" of letters with a flock of young gentlemen who have been worsted in the encounter with the military or civil service examiners, dispersiveness of a certain kind is likely to increase among us considerably. The tendency, however, is all in that direction already, and it might seem to be superfluous, if not somewhat hazardous advice, to recommend its cultivation. But the truth is that the vices of superficiality and slightness which display themselves in much of our contemporary literature are not in nearly so many instances as is sometimes imagined the special results of the supposed perfunctory manner in which literature is pursued. To a far greater extent they are the results of the invasion of letters by a much larger number than formerly of essentially superficial intelligences. It is not at all necessarily to be inferred that the writers who handle a variety of subjects in a shallow fashion would contrive to get to the bottom

of any one subject if they confined to it their exclusive attention. A fathom plumb-line will only plumb its own depth of water whether you sink it at one spot or a dozen. Moreover there is such a thing as misdirected application of diligence in the pursuit of the irrelevant—patient plodding upon the wrong tack. It is upon this besetting danger in the region of religious thought that Mr. Matthew Arnold so earnestly discourses, and it is as a protection against it that he so unceasingly advocates the claims of culture. The fact is that the human mind is just as much exposed to it in many other departments of study and inquiry as it is in matters religious. That pathetic fraternity of circle-squarers through whose self-appointed Purgatorio the late Professor De Morgan was wont to wander, a humorous Dante, not untouched with compassion in his mirth, afford the most striking example of misdirected concentrativeness which it is possible to imagine. The curative treatment required by nine-tenths of these perverted intellects must have suggested itself to many a reader of that most amusing book of the Professor's, the *Budget of Paradoxes*. It is general culture; it is that diffusion of the mind over a variety of subjects, and that expansion of the mental horizon, and information of the critical judgment which it tends to produce. This it is that saves men from life-long wanderings on a mistaken path. The researches of too many concentrative intellects not wanting in ability, are little more it is to be feared than circle-squaring on a large scale. One recalls the "awful example" of the late Mr. Buckle, and of the way in which a really great speculative mind was beguiled into all sorts of inductional blind alleys by no other cause that one can discern, save the lack of that critical faculty which a too omnivorous reading had left him no leisure to cultivate.

EXMOOR MEMORIES.

MANY causes have contributed to make the name of Exmoor far more familiar of late years to the English public than it was, say twenty years ago. The general improvement of communication, common more or less to the whole of the country, with the more restless and adventurous habits of the rapidly increasing army of annual holiday-makers has affected North Devon in the same way that it has every other part of Great Britain whose natural advantages attract the tourist. The chase of the wild red deer which twenty years ago was joined in by few but local horsemen, has in latter days become attractive for those ubiquitous sportsmen, who, impelled by different motives, some by a love of sport, others by an ambition to be in the mode, plant their temporary establishments wherever either requirement seems likely to be gratified. Illustrated papers too remind the world from time to time of the doings on these western wilds. Royalty itself has shed lustre on the sport. Sporting journals keep weekly record of the long gallops across the moor; and complete lists of the performers and spectators that gather at Cloutsham or Yard Down, of such at least as society may be supposed to feel any interest in, are served up weekly in their pages for the benefit of the sporting world. But far more than all this: far more even than to the pen of Kingsley, who sang rather of the sea-coast and its villages, does the Exmoor country owe its later fame to the striking tale of *Lorna Doone*. Something on a small scale of what Scott did for the Highlands, Mr. Blackmore may be said to have done fourteen years ago for Exmoor. The marvellous attraction that powerful fiction, when vividly identified with some locality that is both romantic and

obscure, has for the cultivated public, was never better illustrated than by the results of Mr. Blackmore's book, by the crowd of enthusiastic pedestrians who there and then climbed the moor from every side, and astonished the shepherd and the turf-cutter in their lonely haunts with inquiries for a valley of which the latter had in all probability never heard, and by the steady stream of tourists that has ever since poured up the gorges of the Lynn to that remote glen which a revived local tradition credits as the home of the half-mythical Doones.

To any one who knows Dartmoor, though the points of difference are many, it is not difficult to picture its northern sister. Indeed both of them are, for all purposes of general description, but great strips of Scotch or Welsh moorland of the less savage order, dropped as it were by accident in the warm south-western country. Their individuality rests to a very great extent on what may almost be called their unexpected existence in that part of England, and in being utterly unlike in physical aspects and formation anything in the country short of the far north, or outside the principality, and quite unapproached in elevation (for the highest ground of Dartmoor exceeds 2,000 ft.) by any other point in Southern England. There is something more though than a mere pleasing idea in the sharp contrast which these two rugged masses that lie piled up against one another's horizon offer to the warm vales which lie between. For here northern ruggedness and southern softness, sterile desolation and rich luxuriance lie within the same day's walk. The mountain streams never for a moment lose their character or forget from whence they came in their course seawards, but foam and fret and chafe

through gentle valleys where violets and primroses anticipate the spring in soft meadows of unequalled green. A country where plunging about amid desolate bogs and roaming over unpeopled hillsides, the very home of winter, you may look down from every point upon what may be called the Italy of England, lying at your feet. Dartmoor has been always the best known, and the most accessible of the two moors. As regards the actual interior it is probably of the two, the best worth knowing, but the great feature after all of the Exmoor formation, one that was well known and appreciated long before the Doone valley and the staghounds led to the exploration of its interior is the magnificent front it presents to the ocean. It is a long time since tourists first began to haunt those enchanting glens down which the crystal streams of Exmoor come tumbling to the sea, furrowing as it were their rugged way through winding gorges between steep walls of hanging woodland to some of those rare clefts that here and there break for an instant the stupendous walls of that inhospitable coast. Streams that degenerate into no brackish estuary, crawling over slimy flats, but leap from out of the shadow of embowering woods that follow them almost to the water's edge on to the narrow shingly beach, and mingle their tiny voices with the thunder of the surf. It would be hard, for instance, to find in all the world a three hours' walk more full of varied beauty than that which leads the traveller from the lonely glens and high unbroken solitudes that give birth to the infant waters of the Western Lynn, down through that rich wilderness of rustling woodland in which its lower streams and those of its tributaries are buried; where blue ocean and purple moorland, soft leafy foliage, beetling crag and foaming torrent blend themselves together in more matchless form.

There is no doubt that in the eyes of the public in general and those to

whom the local boundaries of this region are of no interest, Devonshire, doubtless through the magic of its name, gets more than its fair share of credit for the glories of what may be called the Exmoor country, embracing that is the moor itself, the sea-coast, and the high regions that once were moorland, and which now share the climate and many of the characteristics of the central portion that is now known as Exmoor forest. The latter indeed is as regards its actual limits wholly in Somerset, and that county may at least claim an equal share with its western neighbour in the country that I have somewhat broadly described as Exmoor.

The line between the two counties, starting from Dulverton in the south, goes zigzagging across the moors to the Bristol Channel in the most capricious and erratic fashion, now following for a while the course of a little stream, now starting suddenly at right angles across some razor-backed hill; turning again among the heaps of drying turf in some remote bog, leaving only a weather worn slab of limestone to mark its strange caprice. Shooting across the wild heights of "Span head" without regard to roads or watercourses, leaving to Devonshire the camp-crowned summit and the snipe-haunted sides of Shrovsboro', and to Somerset the notorious but now nearly dry morass of Mole's chamber, once famous as the most dangerous bog in Exmoor, and credited by local tradition with the bones of steeds and riders; on across a wild unpeopled table-land of heather and bog, rushes and coarse grass, broken at intervals by deep ravines whose fern-clad sides are parted by peaty streams shooting from ledge to ledge, whose splashing sound alone, save perhaps some distant sheepbell, or some lonely curlew's call, breaks the stillness that reigns for miles around. Over the boggy hills where the river Barle, strongest and most characteristic of Exmoor streams has its source in what has always seemed to me the weirdest spot upon the whole moor—

the black pool of Pinkerry—a reservoir in reality that was created some half century ago by the late owner of the “forest” for a drainage scheme that proved impracticable, and that from its desolate surroundings, immense depth, and the dark colour of its peaty waters has in a couple of generations succeeded in acquiring a kind of reputation for the “uncanny” among the few turf-cutters or shepherds that alone ever have cause to approach its banks.

Leaving this dreary tarn and the sources of the Barle upon the right, the county line runs for a long way in a straight course, pointing north for Lynton, when suddenly, instead of dropping direct into the dales below, and meeting the sea at that point, it takes a sudden turn to the east, and straggles across that part of Exmoor which, lying above the sources of the Exe, is perhaps the most familiar to tourists, descends the Doone valley, and thence down the Badgworthy water, following that well-known stream for a while, and finally shooting across the high coast-line drops a thousand feet to the sea at Glenthorne, leaving, by what seems to be an odd geographical caprice, the whole of the Lynton neighbourhood to be unquestionably the fairest ornament that the fair county of Devon can boast of. However that may be, the heart of Exmoor, the forest (in a parchment sense)—the parish of that name—the twenty thousand acres that guide-books give, though very inaccurately in a broad sense, as the limits of the moor, are entirely in Somerset. There is but one patch of civilisation worth speaking of in all this wild wilderness of rolling hills, and that is the little hamlet of Simonsbath, set right in its midst—a veritable oasis—and in every sense the metropolis of the moor, though a diminutive one—for there, surrounded by a few shepherds’ cottages, is its church, its parsonage, the mansion of its proprietor, and an inn that offers a humble refuge for stray anglers and tourists.

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Half way between South Molton on the Devon and Somerset railway and Lynton on the coast, something like a dozen miles from either, this little moorland village is separated on every side from the outer world by long stretches of lonely road, whose infrequent traffic is testified to by the wild grasses that force their way through the stones, and spread in many places a green carpet between the wheel-tracks. Simonsbath itself, however—this embodiment of absolute retirement—this *Ultima Thule* even of the folks around the edges of the moor who not long ago were glad to get three posts a week—nestles charmingly in the valley of the Barle, the woods in which it lies half-buried offering a pleasing contrast to the wild hills that upon every side, as far as the eye can see, surround it. The waters of the river, though scarce eight miles by their own winding from their source, here spread out in broad and shining current, and after lingering for a while in the deep pool that gives its name to the hamlet, and is connected by some hazy tradition with King Sigmund, the dragon-slayer, shoot through the grey arches of the village bridge, and make their first, though brief, acquaintance with the woods and meadows of civilisation ere plunging again into wilds such as those from whence they came. Simonsbath is, in fact, not merely a centre for supplying the religious wants of the scant population that are scattered over the fifty square miles or so of rolling moorland around it—nor is it merely a distributing point for the light post-bag that comes now, marvellous to relate, every day, or almost every day, from South Molton, but its importance is due rather to its being the homestead of the great sheep ranche which Exmoor has become in the hands of its present proprietor.

With the exception of one or two inconsiderable holdings, the whole tract of twenty thousand acres, or thereabouts, is in the hands of its owner, and we have the rather

unusual picture of a modern English landlord operating—and, we believe, operating to advantage—over a tract of land probably unequalled in size by any single holding in England, and carrying an amount of stock that is not often in these closely-packed islands branded with one man's initials. The whole air, in fact, of Simonsbath is redolent of sheep and ponies, of shepherds and collies. The little street (if you may stretch a point and use the expression) is densely shaded by beech and other hardy trees, through whose tops the moorland mists and storms with which this haven of refuge is always, by fond memory at least, enveloped, come dripping and spattering in gusty showers upon the road, washing down the hill in trickling streams between the ever-fresh tracks of sheep and dogs and shepherds' hob-nailed boots. The squire's mansion is unique. Rambling and ivy-clad—not unlike some fine old coaching inn—it stands immediately upon the road, and by that I mean that its doors and windows open directly upon the public highway. A mountain stream leaps down by the churchyard on the hill, sparkles in white cascades between the tall evergreens that almost hide what, twenty years ago, was a bleak enough parsonage house, and shoots across the green strip of meadow that lies between the village and the swift-rushing Barle. Something like ten thousand sheep roam over the wild hills that upon every side shut out the world below. These are divided into separate flocks of a thousand each, and it in no way detracts from the wonderful similarity that Exmoor bears to many of the moorlands of Southern Scotland to find that the sheep are Cheviots, that the shepherds greet you in accents that no tongue south of the Tweed—much less a Devonian one—could frame, and that the very dogs who follow at their heels, or trot round the flocks with that wise air of bustling importance natural to a well-trained collie, are

actual immigrants, or descendants of immigrants from the Lammermuirs or Teviotdale.

Exmoor sheep for their hardiness, and Exmoor mutton for its sweetness, was always justly valued on the highlands of Devon and West Somerset, and I well remember the solemn shaking of heads that went on all round the Devonshire skirts and spurs of the moor when some twelve or fifteen years ago the forest was denuded of the ancient stock, and the strange black-faced horned sheep of the far north were introduced in their stead. Dismal were the prophecies among the colonies of Huxtables and Ridds, of Muxworthys and Dallyns, whose bleak farm-houses, with their grey stone walls and blue slate roofs, lay upon the western slopes of the moor; and human nature indeed would have for once repudiated itself if the fluttering plaids of the Scotch shepherds, who formed another item in the innovation, had not given an impetus to that too often just distrust with which the professional agriculturist views the experiments of the capitalist and the amateur.

The black-faced sheep however, with which the moor was first restocked, have gradually been abandoned in favour of, or crossed with Cheviots, till the latter breed is supreme over all the hills and valleys that are drained by the upper Barle. What with stock and increasing drainage on the hills, the heather, which once covered so much of Exmoor, is gradually giving way to coarse grasses and the black game or "poults," as in this part of the world they are called, are growing, I am told, scarcer and scarcer before the tooth of the sheep.

It would be hard indeed to picture a more perfect sheep-walk than Exmoor. The rural Briton of whatever race, when suddenly transferred from one end of the kingdom to the other, is as a rule the reverse of enthusiastic on the subject of his new surroundings, and looks upon men and things through a mist of prejudice

that a lifetime often fails to lift. Perhaps a Scotchman, born emigrant as he is, is less hampered with such intense local proclivities, or perhaps he is wise enough to hold his tongue when talking is not profitable, or possibly in this case the resemblance of Exmoor to their northern hills has obliterated the memory of the five hundred miles of southern soil that lie between. At any rate these particular emigrants speak most highly of it as a sheep-run. The colony consists of some nine or ten shepherds with their families, each of which has charge, I think I am right in saying, of a thousand sheep, and a rough time they have of it occasionally in the tremendous snow-storms for which Exmoor is famous. When the snow upon the hills—not only of Exmoor proper, but of all that high bleak table-land that slopes with but little and sometimes with no descent to the coast—is level, as has been the case twice within the last dozen years, from fence top to fence top, its depth may be easily imagined in those innumerable combs that, starting with a slight depression high up on the rounded hills, grow, ere they reach the main river valley, into deep ravines. Then it is that shepherds and farmers have to bestir themselves on Exmoor, as upon the mountains of Scotland or Wales, when sheep are buried for days sometimes in deep hollows, and when all the energy of man, and the sagacity of his four-footed assistants, is required upon that unbroken pall of white that in every direction meets the dark and lowering skies.

One can hardly discuss Exmoor without at least an allusion to its ponies, though these are by no means of the same unmixed blood that in former days made the breed notorious. They still run half wild over the moor, and pick up their living pretty much as they can; but of late years have been crossed so much with other strains with a view to increasing their size and selling value, that much of

the extraordinary stamina for which in days gone by they were celebrated has, it is said, been sacrificed to this object. In the parish of Challacombe that lies upon the western slopes of Exmoor, there used to be a legend that a diminutive pony who died some score of years ago at an extreme old age, had in its youth carried the heaviest farmer in the neighbourhood to Bristol and back within the forty-eight hours, a distance of at least a hundred and fifty miles. The corpulent rider, so ran the tale, had intended to spend some days in Bristol town, but his brief business being transacted, the yearning to see his native heath again, as in the case of Mr. Blackmore's hero, whose name by the way he bore, burnt so strong in the breast of that actual and very real John Ridd, that before noon on the following day he had shaken the dust of the city from his feet, and was jogging for home, where, to the astonishment of his folks, and for the admiration of future generations, he arrived before daylight had dawned.

Whether the heart of Exmoor would have any great natural attractions for those who have, or have had, no local associations to prejudice them in its favour, I rather question. When once its outer battlements have been past, its border land and sea coast left behind, and the moor itself alone on every side bounds the view; when you have dropped down behind its great outlying beacons, that, like sentinels upon its western skirts, varying in height from 1,400 to 1,700 feet, look out over the Bristol Channel and the mountains of Wales, over Dartmoor and the Cornish hills, where there is nothing before you but the long roll of the smooth-topped slopes, splashed with the brown and green of the wild grasses that cover them, mingled in early autumn with the purple glow of heather, broken always with the dark strips of peat bogs, the zigzag lines of walls, and here and there the top of a larch plantation showing its head above some

distant valley; a sense would not improbably make itself felt in the mind of an impartial spectator that a scene so wild required something more of ruggedness to give character to its desolation.

When the shadows of the clouds are chasing one another beneath a bright autumn sun from slope to slope, no sense of such an imperfection would be likely to occur to the most exacting. But Exmoor, by its greatest admirers, cannot be called a land of sun even in our limited sense of the word. Cold and stormy winters, late and blustering springs, summers scarce long enough to ripen the few fields of grain that break its surface, are its lot. The west and north-west winds from the Atlantic smite its bleak sides with terrific force, and while the great snow-storms of winter that once or twice in each decade are so overwhelming as to serve as local landmarks in the flight of time, what is still more characteristic of the region are the dense fogs that wrap it oftentimes in gloom when the Devonshire valleys at its feet are basking in warm spring sunshine. To the memory of any one who has ever lived on Exmoor how vividly will those days recur when all the clouds of heaven seemed to have descended for a mad gambol across the dripping hills, when the outer world, far off enough at any time, seemed to have vanished for ever behind those flaky volumes of white that raced and ran, and scudded hour after hour, sometimes day after day, along the water-courses and over the wintry hillsides; how within the limited horizon that narrowed your vision to the few yards of ground about your feet, the brown rush heads, the dead moorland grasses, the bright green turf of the bog, and the withered beech leaves on the walls shone and sparkled even in that sunless air as with a million crystal gems: when hill and valley were alike engulfed in the great white cloud drift, and gave note of their presence only by the voice of a stream deep down in the one, or the tinkle of a

sheep-bell far up upon the other; how familiar birds swept backwards and forwards like shadows through the fleecy gloom, seeking one might fancy with plaintive cries their accustomed haunts; how well-known forms—of man and beast, of turfstack or stunted tree—assumed as they loomed upon your sight a form Titanic, and oftentimes a shape that seemed uncanny, and how not unfrequently at such times the lonely traveller would be pursued by his own wraith outlined on the mist keeping him ghostly company on some solitary ride.

Woe to the unfamiliar stag-hunter who returning from some distant tryst to Dulverton or Lynton should leave the beaten track in a real Exmoor mist, and attempt to forestall the pleasures of his fireside by the short cut across the soppy heaths that in brighter days seemed so simple and so plain. The most exciting "finish" that ever rang down the valley of the Bray, or woke the echoes of the Brendon hills, would be dearly purchased by the probable penalties of such a rash endeavour.

It would be strange if this western Exmoor country, lying as it always has done out of reach of all main roads, sparsely populated by small grazing farmers, almost devoid of a resident gentry, and approached by long and toilsome ascents from the sea-coast or the market towns below, had not retained many of the primitive features of other days longer than most parts of southern England. Twenty years ago there were people still living on the moor who could remember the first pair of wheels that ever came through Lynton parish, and could recall without effort the strings of pack-horses that went to and fro from villages that had had a fair population through all ages. It seems but yesterday, and is indeed a very few years, since the postal communications of one such village, familiar to the writer, were maintained by an aged postman of the old-fashioned type, in brown velvet with long ash staff, who twice or thrice in

the week, if the elements were not too unkind, used to tramp across the moors from the nearest coaching station on the Barnstaple and Lynton road. If this Exmoor country, too, is somewhat bare of historical interest, it was till later years rich in that original character which a primitive isolation and an absence of civilising centres most naturally tends to create. I doubt if the parish clerk of our childhood held his own anywhere in England longer than he did in some of those plain unembellished churches that stand upon the western slopes of the moor. The last generation of Devonshire country parsons were conspicuous for their easy-going qualities even among a class that nowhere in England would have been accused, as a mass, of asceticism or devotion to their duties. And where the *laissez-faire* principles flourished most strongly among the clergy, there was to be seen in its greatest perfection all the eccentric pomp of the village clerk whose responsibilities seemed to himself so much the heavier, and whose autocracy was the less liable to be called in question.

It is scarcely twenty years since there ceased to reign (as it may truly be said) over a plain little church that crowns the top of a bleak hill facing the moor, at a point where one of the loveliest but least known valleys of North Devon ceases to be lovely and begins to be wild, the greatest autocrat that ever said amen, or visited with swift and sounding justice a sacrilegious school-child's head. Among all the curiosities that his profession has produced, no greater original ever set the tune to a "Tate and Brady," or piped the keynote of a chant than Isaac. He was clerk, choir, and sexton, bell-ringer, schoolmaster, surveyor, astronomer, councillor, sage, and prophet generally to the parish, and if he had been called on to preside in the pulpit or the reading-desk, he would, I have no doubt, have been equal, and more than equal, in his own estimation, to the occasion. I

can recall him now as if it were but yesterday, conspicuous in his throne of office in the heyday of his glory before the broom of local church reform had brought about what to him must have seemed a frightful revolution, before harmoniums and organised choirs, under rectorial supervision, had dimmed his light on Sundays; before new government schools and a certificated schoolmistress had despoiled him of his rod of office, and emptied his rambling old cottage on the banks of the stream below the church, of the scholars that two generations of parishioners had supplied it with on week days.

In the chancel of the church there were two pews facing one another. In the one, as is customary, in the absence of squiredom at any rate, sat the rectory folks. The other was sacred to Isaac, who faced the rector, and had upon his left three sons of strange appearance, who with himself furnished both the instrumental and the vocal portion of the service. One played upon the flute, one sang an elderly soprano, another a husky tenor, and the chief himself, with an expression and gusto that no words could give even a faint idea of, poured forth the bass; while the forty or fifty farming and labouring folk who in those days composed the congregation sat or stood mutely in the body of the church with expressions varying from silent awe to patient resignation.

It is not unlikely that some will read these lines who will be able to recall that awful moment when as unsuspecting strangers—where strangers were very scarce—conspicuously placed with the eyes of the parish on them; the reality of old Isaac first burst upon their astonished senses, as he rose in his dignity before the *Venite*, seized a spare flute that he kept by his side for the purpose, blew the keynote of the chant, and then groaned forth an awful preparatory note from his very innermost man. How he would then, turning his great eyes full on the newcomer, bring his foot sharply down on

the floor, and commence that astonishing performance before which the gravest trembled with suppressed emotion.

To those who knew the old man, and were accustomed to him Sunday after Sunday, who understood the real richness of his character, his overweening but absolutely inoffensive belief in himself, joined to a sensitiveness that made him keenly jealous of his own musical reputation—to such old Isaac was an unusually interesting study when some musical visitor appeared in the chancel, and towards the end of the service, when he felt himself sufficiently recovered from the first shock, began, as was natural, to take a conspicuous part in the singing.

It was then that Greek met Greek, and Isaac felt that he had both a fresh and appreciative listener as well as a rival. He would then as soon as the strange notes began to strike his ear, turn half round towards the unconscious amateur, lift up his head, and glaring at him from under his spectacles, sing fairly at him and over him and through him, swaying his head and his whole body from side to side with the extra exertion. The object of these attentions, wrapped probably in the unwonted intricacies of the music, would be happily unconscious of there being anything out of the ordinary way going on, but the *habitué* of the pew knew well that half turn of the body and that peculiar “cant” of the spectacles that spoke a challenge, and the familiar ear caught in an instant the defiant ring of the old man’s straining voice on such occasions.

It would not be fair to the memory of Isaac to take leave of him without a word of tribute to the pathetic resignation with which he submitted to his dethronement. He had kept the village school in his own house for half his life; he had ruled the church for nearly that, but a new and ener-

getic, and withal a musical rector came, and a collision between the old style and the new became inevitable, and was simply a matter of time. The strength of the citadel might have made a missionary bishop quail. The unique position of the worthy old clerk, however, made the case recognised as one requiring special indulgence. So the flutes and the “Tate and Brady” continued for a long time on sufferance, and it was some time before the new schools could be built in any case; but I was myself in the church on that sad occasion when the dying notes of the former sounded for the last time through the aisles, and helped myself to lift the new harmonium out of the cart that had brought it across the moors from the railway station, and lived to see it surrounded by a choir of men and women torn from the hitherto mute congregation who knew not Joseph.

Time we are told heals all things, and the heartburnings with which old Isaac wrestled so manfully twenty years ago are now in all probability but memories of the past. For from his old place at the top of the chancel steps he has seen small boys grow from trebles to tenors and basses in the little village choir, and tenors and basses grow grey and grizzled, and emigrate and die. He has lived to hear the voice of the harmonium that sounded his downfall grow weak from age, but he is still, I believe, to be found as of old at his post above the chancel steps in that bleak moorland church; and though but little vestige of his former glory can remain, I have no doubt but that on Sunday afternoons in drear winter days when clouds and storms are wrapping Exmoor in gloom, that his vigorous “amen” sounding through the empty church but compensates, and more than compensates, in its energy for the unuttered response of those who have lingered round the turf fire at home.

SENILIA : PROSE POEMS BY IVAN TURGENIEF.

II.

THE WORKMAN AND THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HANDS.

Workman. Why do you come here? What do you want? You do not belong to us! Be off!

The Man with the White Hands. I do belong to you, brother.

Workman. No, indeed! You, one of us! What an idea! Look at my hands! Are they not soiled? They smell of animals and of manure: but look at yours, they are white; how can they smell?

The Man with the White Hands (offering his hands). There; smell them!

Workman. What the devil is this? They seem to smell of iron!

The Man with the White Hands. They do. For six years they were hung with chains.

Workman. And wherefore?

The Man with the White Hands. Because I laboured for your welfare; because I longed to free you—lowly, ignorant men; because I resisted your oppressors—revolted. . . . This is why I was imprisoned!

Workman. So! Imprisoned? And who bade you revolt?

TWO YEARS AFTER.

Another Workman (to the first). Listen, Peter; the last summer but one since, a Man with White Hands came here; he talked with you!

The first Workman. Well! what of him?

The other Workman. Only think; he is to be hanged to-day! That is the sentence.

The first Workman. Has he revolted again?

The other Workman. Yes

The first Workman. So! I say, brother Dmitry, cannot we manage to get hold of a piece of the rope with which he will be hanged? They say that great, great luck will befall the house which possesses such a rope.

The other Workman. That is true, brother Peter; we must try to do so.

April, 1878.

THE ROSE.

The last day of August—the beginning of autumn.

The sun is sinking. An unexpected but swiftly-passing shower of rain, without thunder and lightning, has just fallen over our wide plain.

The garden before the house glowed in the red evening, and steamed with the moisture of the rain.

She sat by the table in the drawing-room, and gazed fixedly and thoughtfully through the half-opened door into the garden.

I knew what was passing in her mind; that, at this moment, after a short but painful struggle, she had yielded to a feeling which she could no longer overcome.

Suddenly, she rose, went hastily into the garden, and disappeared.

An hour elapsed—two hours; she did not return.

Then I arose, quitted the house, and went along the same path that she—I did not doubt it—had taken. Around me all was dark; the night had set in. But upon the wet sand of the path glimmered a round, red object, visible even in the darkness.

I stooped down. It was a little, scarcely-blown rose. Two hours before I had noticed this same rose in her bosom.

Tenderly I raised the fallen flower

from the earth, and placed it on the table in the chamber, before her chair.

At last she returned; she stepped lightly across the room, and seated herself by the table.

Her countenance now was paler, but more animated; her sparkling, half-closed, and contracted eyes glanced around with some slight confusion.

Suddenly, she perceived the rose; she took it up, looked at its soiled and crumpled petals, and tears shone in her eyes.

"Why do you weep?" I asked.

"For this rose. Look what has happened to it."

And then a fancy struck me that I would make a profound observation.

"Your tears will wash away these stains," I spoke with a peculiar accent.

"Tears do not cleanse, they scorch," she replied; and she turned and flung the blossom into the expiring embers of the fire.

"And fire scorches still better than tears," she exclaimed, not without pride; and her beautiful eyes, yet wet with tears, smiled a happy challenge.

And then I knew that she also had been scorched.

April, 1878.

ALMS.

An infirm old man passed along a broad highway, in the neighbourhood of a large town. His gait was unsteady, his wasted feet slipped and stumbled feebly and heavily, as if the movement were unusual; his clothes were tattered, and his uncovered head sank upon his breast. He was quite exhausted.

He seated himself upon a chance stone by the roadside; he bent down, and leant back; he covered his face with both hands, and through the parted fingers tears dropped upon the dry, grey dust of the road. He was thinking of his past.

Once he was strong and rich; he had ruined his health, and had parted

with his wealth to friends and foes. And he had not a morsel of bread. All had forsaken him; the friends sooner than the foes. Should he indeed humble himself so far as to ask alms? His heart was filled with bitterness. . . . He was ashamed.

And his tears fell ceaselessly, moistening the grey dust.

Suddenly he heard himself called by name; he raised his head and saw an unknown man before him.

This one's countenance was tranquil and dignified, still not severe; his eyes glittered not, but they were clear; his look was penetrating, but not forbidding.

"Thou hast given away the whole of thy fortune," he spoke in a quiet tone, "and dost thou regret that thou hast done good?"

"No, I regret it not," replied the old man, sighing, "but now I must die."

"Had there been no poor upon the earth to stretch out their hands towards thee," continued the Unknown, "then wouldst thou have lacked the opportunity to bestow charity; the cause for it would have been wanting."

The old man answered not, and fell reflecting.

"Then banish pride, poor man," added the Unknown, "go, stretch out your hand, give other good men an opportunity of proving beyond a doubt that they *are* good."

The old man trembled and looked up, but the Unknown had vanished. . . . In the distance he saw a traveller.

He went up to him, and extended his hand. The traveller turned away with a gloomy mien, and gave him nothing.

Another traveller followed this one—and he gave the old man a small alms.

The old man bought bread with the gift he had received, and the begged bread tasted sweet; his heart no longer felt ashamed; on the contrary, it was glorified by a quiet happiness.

May, 1878.

THE INSECT.

I dreamt that some twenty of us sat together in a large chamber by an open window.

Women, children, old men, were of the party. All conversed upon a certain well-known theme; each talked eagerly, and scarcely listened to the remarks of the others.

Suddenly, a large insect, about two werschoks in length, flew into the room with rustling wings; it circled around, and then settled upon the wall.

It resembled a fly or a wasp. Its body was a dirty-brown colour, and its hard flat wings were of the same hue; it had cleft, hairy feet, and a head large and angular as that of a dragon-fly. Both feet and head were blood red.

This remarkable insect turned its head continually up and down, right and left, moving its feet at the same time. . . . Then, suddenly, it detached itself from the wall, flew rustling through the room, settled again, and commenced the same annoying and disgusting evolutions without stirring from the spot.

We all exclaimed with aversion, fear, and even terror. . . . No one had ever seen anything like it before, and all cried: "Drive the horrible creature out!" All waved their handkerchiefs at a safe distance—but no one would venture to approach it, . . . and whenever the insect flew about, all involuntarily retreated.

But one of us, a pale young man, looked at us with surprise. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and could not make out what had happened to us, and why we were so agitated. He did not see the insect, neither did he hear the evil-boding rustle of its wings.

Suddenly the insect appeared to stare at him. It soared on high, and, alighting on his head, stung him upon the brow. The young man uttered a low cry, and fell down dead.

The fearful insect flew away. . . . Then we guessed for the first time what manner of guest it had been.

May, 1878.

THE CABBAGE SOUP.

The only son of a peasant widow woman, a youth twenty years old, and the best workman in the village, was dead.

The great lady of the village, who had heard of the widow's loss, went to pay her a visit on the day of the funeral.

She found the poor woman at home. She stood by a table in the middle of the hut, and slowly, with a regular movement of her right hand, she scooped up cabbage soup out of a sooty pot, and swallowed one spoonful after another.

The old woman's face was gloomy and bitter, her eyes were red and swollen; . . . nevertheless she held herself as calm and erect as if she were in church.

"Good God!" thought the lady. "To be able to eat at such a moment! . . . How utterly without feeling these people are."

And the lady just then recollected that when she, some years ago, had lost her little daughter nine years old, she had in her sorrow even refused to rent a charming villa in the neighbourhood of Petersburg, and that she had remained in town the whole summer! And this woman was eating cabbage soup!

At last the lady grew impatient. "Tatjana," she exclaimed, "for God's sake! . . . I cannot but feel astonished! . . . Did you not love your son? Is it possible that you have not lost your appetite? How can you eat cabbage soup at such a time?"

"My son Wassja is dead," said the woman in a low tone, and the pent-up tears flowed afresh down her hollow cheeks, "and now my end also is near! The head of my living body has been taken away from me! . . . But is that any reason for spoiling the soup? It is nicely salted."

The great lady merely shrugged her shoulders and went away. She can have salt cheaply.

May, 1878.

THE HAPPY LAND.

Oh land of happiness, oh land of joy, of light, of youth, of enjoyment! Now have I seen thee—in a dream.

We were in a beautiful, richly-decked boat. Beneath the wantoning pennon, the white sail swelled like the breast of a swan.

My companions were unknown to me, but they were equally young, gay, and happy as I; my whole being felt they were so.

Still I hardly noticed them. I saw all around me only the boundless, azure-hued sea, covered with the dense golden scales of the rippling water; above my head hung just such another boundless, azure sea, and along this sea glided the joyful sun, smiling and triumphant.

From amongst us rose occasionally a loud, jocund laugh, like unto the laughter of gods.

And from time to time verses escaped from parted lips—verses full of heavenly beauty, inspiration, and power. . . . The heaven above seemed to answer musically, and the surrounding sea quivered sympathetically. Then ensued a blissful repose.

Lightly tossed upon the gentle wavelets, floated the swift boat; no breeze stirred it,—our own throbbing hearts directed its course. As if it were a living creature, it slid along, obedient to our wishes.

We passed islands on our voyage. Enchanted islands, gleaming with all the hues of the most precious jewels, rubies, and emeralds. Intoxicating vapours arose from the swelling shores. One of these islands covered us with a shower of white roses and May flowers, and long-pinioned, rainbow-hued birds soared out of others.

These birds flew in wide circles around our heads, the May bells and roses melted into a pearly foam, which glided by the side of our vessel.

Simultaneously with the flowers and the birds, sweet, alluring sounds penetrated towards us. . . . As if by magic, women's voices arose; and all

around, heaven and earth, the waving of the swelling sail, the murmur of the current round the helm—all spoke of love, happy, blessed love.

And the loved one of each of us was present, . . . invisible and yet near. But one moment—and her eyes sparkle, her smile is there. Her hand clasps thine, and leads thee into an eternal Paradise.

Oh Land of Happiness! I saw thee in a dream.

June, 1878.

WHO IS THE RICHER?

When the wealthy Rothschild is praised in my hearing—who, out of his enormous revenues, spends thousands on the education of poor children, on the healing of the sick, and on the care of infirm old men—I feel moved, and I praise him.

Still, while I am praising him, and feeling thus touched, I involuntarily think of a poor peasant family, who took an orphan—a poor relation—into their miserable, shattered hut.

"We will take Kate to live with us," said the wife; "it is true it will cost us our last groschen; we shall not even have salt to flavour our soup. . . ."

"Well, we can eat it without salt," answered the peasant, her husband.

Rothschild ranks far below this peasant!

July, 1878.

OLD AGE.

There came sad and gloomy days.

Sickness, the misfortunes of loved ones, the chill and gloom of old age. All that thou lovedst, that was dear and precious unto thee—all is over, and has fallen into ruins. Thy path lies downwards.

What is to be done? Wail? Lament? Neither the one nor the other is of any avail.

An aged, worn-out tree bears few and small leaves. Still it is verdant.

Retire into your inward life, turn round and live in your recollections;

there, far in the depths of your self-concentrated soul, your early life, now accessible to you alone, will blossom afresh for you as a fresh and fragrant evergreen, with the strength and sweetness of youth.

But be wary, poor old man,—gaze not into the distance!

July, 1878.

THE NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.

Two friends are seated together at a table, and drink tea.

Suddenly a noise arises in the street, with sounds of abuse and scornful laughter.

"They are mobbing some one!" remarks one of the friends, looking out.

"A delinquent! . . . Perhaps a murderer!" cries the other. "Listen! Whatever he may be, such an unjust proceeding should not be permitted. Come, we will rescue him."

"But it is no murderer whom they are thrashing."

"Not a murderer? Then he is a thief! Come instantly, and let us save him from the hands of the mob."

"He is not a thief either."

"Not a thief? Then he must be a cashier, a railway director, an army contractor, a Russian Mæcenas, a lawyer, a well-intentioned editor, or a public benefactor! . . . Say nothing, but come along, and we will rescue him."

"No, . . . it is a newspaper correspondent who is going to be thrashed."

"Oh, indeed! A newspaper correspondent! Now, look here, let us first finish our tea."

July, 1878.

TWO BROTHERS.

I had a vision.

Two angels appeared before me—two genies.

I call them genies, for both were without clothing, and long, strong wings sprang from their shoulders.

Both were youths. The one—well built, brilliant, and dark-haired. He had fiery, brown eyes, with thick eyelashes; his look was insinuating, bright, and longing; his countenance beaming and steadfast, the expression a trifle bold and insolent. The full, rosy lips quivered from time to time. The youth smiled with the air of a ruler, idly and consciously; a magnificent garland crowned his bright locks, and nearly rested upon his velvety brows. A gay leopard skin, held together by a golden arrow, hung loosely from his shoulders down to his arched hips. The plumage of his wings shimmered rosily; their extremities were brightest red, as if they had been dyed in fresh, purple blood. From time to time a shiver passed through his frame, which was accompanied by a silvery sound, like the tinkle of a spring shower.

The other genie is lean, and his complexion yellow. With every breath he draws his breastbone rises visibly. His hair is scanty, light-coloured, and smooth; his eyes large, round, and pale blue; his glance is restless and remarkably clear. Every feature is sharp; the small, half-open mouth is set with teeth, pointed as those of a fish. He has a narrow, eagle nose, and his projecting cheeks are covered with a light down. The thin lips have never—not one single time—smiled.

It is a regular-featured, fearless, pitiless countenance. (The face of the other genie, although sweet and lovable, expresses no sympathy.) From his head hang a few empty crushed ears of corn, mingled with dry blades of grass. A coarse, grey garment covers his loins; his wings, of a dull, dark blue hue, move slowly and threateningly.

Both youths appear to be inseparable companions.

Each leans upon the other's shoulder. The soft hand of the first lies like a swelling cluster of grapes upon the shoulder of the second; and this one's meagre hand rests with its bony

fingers like a serpent upon the rounded breast of the first.

And I hear a voice and listen:

"Love and Hunger—two own brothers, the two foundation pillars of everything that has life stand before thee.

"All life rouses itself to feed, and feeds itself to beget other life.

"Love and Hunger—their object is the same, the maintenance of life, one's own and others'; life's all in all."

August, 1878.

TO THE MEMORY OF J. P. W—SKAJA.

She laid there, dying of typhus, for two long weeks. There—in a desolate Bulgarian village, under the shelter of an old shed, which had hastily been transformed into a field hospital.

She was unconscious, and none of the surgeons paid any heed to her; only the wounded soldiers, whom she had nursed so long as her feet would carry her, stood in ranks round her infected couch, ready to bring a few drops of water in a pot to moisten her parched lips.

She was young and fair. She had moved in the highest circles; great dignitaries inquired after her; women envied her, and men paid her court. . . . Two or three men loved her secretly and fervently. The world laughed at her; but there is a laugh sadder than tears.

Such a mild, gentle heart, and withal what strength, what self-devotion! She knew no greater happiness than to help those who required assistance; she knew no other joy, and never discovered one. She passed by every other pleasure. Long ago she had already made up her mind. The glow of an unquenchable faith took possession of her whole being, and her life was dedicated to the service of her fellow-creatures.

No one knew what imperishable treasures were buried in the most secret recesses of the depths of her

soul, and now, of course, no one ever will know.

And why should they know? The sacrifice is prepared, . . . the duty performed.

But it is a sorrowful reflection that not one single word of thanks fell to the lot of her corpse, though she avoided all thanks, because they made her feel ashamed.

I pray that I may not grieve her gentle shade if I venture to lay this late-blooming flower upon her grave!

September, 1878.

THE EGOIST.

He possessed every quality calculated to make him a scourge to his family.

From his birth upwards he had been healthy and rich, and healthy and rich he had continued during the whole of his long life. He was guilty of no crimes, made no false steps, never made a promise that he either would not or could not fulfil, and never missed his aim.

His honesty was unimpeachable, and in proud consciousness of this honesty he reviled every one—relations, friends, acquaintances.

His honesty was capital to him, that yielded usurious profits.

Honesty gave him the right to be unmerciful, and to deny the existence of good deeds which were not quite legally drawn up. But he withheld his right hand and was merciless, and rendered no good deeds—for ostentatious benefits are no benefits.

He paid no heed to any one beyond his own exemplary self, and he was extremely angry if others were not equally anxious to take care of his worthy person.

But, withal, he did not consider himself an egoist—on the contrary, he condemned and abused egoism and egoists. Naturally! the egoism of another interfered with his own.

As he was not conscious of the slightest weakness of his own, consequently he could neither understand

nor tolerate weakness in others. In short he understood nobody and nothing, for he was utterly and totally, on every side, above and below, before and behind, solely taken up by himself.

He did not even know what pardon meant. He had no opportunity of excusing anything in himself, how then could he be able to pardon others?

Before the tribunal of his own conscience, before the countenance of his own God, this prodigy of virtue boldly raised his eyes, and said in firm and clear tones: "I am indeed a worthy and a moral man."

And he will repeat these words upon his dying couch, and even then nothing will touch his stony heart—his spotless, inviolable heart.

Oh, thou cripple of a self-restrained, inflexible, cheap virtue—thou art almost more revolting than the unpainted deformity of vice!

December, 1878.

THE BANQUET OF THE DEITY.

Once it occurred to the Most High to hold a great banquet in His azure-hued halls.

As guests, all the virtues were bidden. Only virtues, . . . no men, nor yet women.

Many assembled, great and small. The small virtues were more agreeable and more lovable than the greater ones; but all appeared satisfied, and conversed politely with each other as if they were near relatives and friends.

But the Most High noticed two beautiful ladies who appeared to be unknown to each other.

So the Master of the house took the hand of one of these ladies and led her to the other.

"Charity!" He said, and pointed to the first.

"Gratitude!" He added, presenting the second.

And both virtues were unutterably astonished, for it was long since the creation of the world—and now they met for the first time.

December, 1878.

THE SPHINX.

Yellowish-grey sand, loose above, firm and grating underneath. . . . Interminable sand as far as the eye can reach.

And above the desert of sand, above the sea of dead dust, the gigantic head of a Sphinx rears itself.

And what would these large, pouting lips, these widely-distended nostrils, these oval, half-drowsy, half-watchful eyes beneath the double arch of the high brows, be saying?

Truly, they would say something! They do speak even, but only Œdipus can guess the riddle, and comprehend their dumb language.

Ha! I recognise those features, they are no longer Egyptian. The low, white brow, the prominent cheek-bones, the short, straight nose, the beautiful mouth lined with white teeth, the slight moustache, and the small, crisp beard upon the chin, and those small eyes, set so widely apart, with the abundant hair forming a cap round the crown of the head. . . . 'Tis thou, Karp, Ssidor, Ssemjou! Peasant from Jaroslaw, from Rjäsan. Countryman, thou Russian peasant! Since when hast thou perished by the Sphinx?

But perhaps thou also wilt speak? Yes, thou also art indeed a Sphinx.

Thine eyes, those colourless yet intense eyes, speak likewise. . . . And their expression also is speechless and unintelligible.

But where is thy Œdipus?

Alas, unfortunately it is not sufficient that one assumes a little cap, to become thy Œdipus, oh! thou Russian Sphinx!

December, 1878.

THE NYMPHS.

I stood before a glorious and extensive chain of hills, which formed a half-circle; from base to summit they were clothed with young, verdant forests.

Above the southern heaven was limpid azure; the sunbeams streamed from on high; and hasty streamlets, half-veiled with verdure, murmured below.

And then I recollected the ancient legend of the Greek ship which sailed upon the Ægean Sea, in the first century after the birth of Christ.

It was midday, and calm weather. Suddenly a voice sounded from above, overhead the steersman: "If thou sail to yonder island, call with a loud voice—'The great Pan is dead!'"

The steersman was bewildered, terrified. But when the ship reached the island he obeyed, and cried: "The great Pan is dead!"

And immediately, along the whole extent of the shore (although the island was uninhabited), as if in answer to his call, were heard loud sobs mingled with moans and lamentable cries: "He is dead, dead; the great Pan!"

I now remembered this legend, . . . and a curious idea occurred to me. What if I also were to utter a cry?

But face to face with the surrounding joy—how could I think of death there? And I cried from thence with all my might: "He has arisen from the dead; the great Pan has arisen!"

And, wonder of wonders! in answer to my cry there arose from the whole wide crescent of green hills a universal murmur, joyful laughter, and sounds of mirth. "He is arisen! Pan is arisen!" cried youthful voices. And all around me broke into happy exultation; clearer than the sun above, livelier than the brooks that murmured below the sward. Hurrying footsteps approached, and through the green thickets gleamed limbs of marble whiteness, and rosy, naked forms. These were the nymphs! Nymphs, Dryads, Bacchantes, who were hastening from the heights above down to the valley.

And they appeared at the same moment at the verges of all the forests. Their divine heads were

wreathed with curling tresses, garlands and tambours were in their hands; while laughter, resounding Olympic laughter, rose and echoed around them.

In front hovered the goddess. She is fairer and statelier than all, with a quiver on her shoulder, the bow in her hand, and the silver sickle of the moon amid her tresses.

Diana—is it thou?

But suddenly the goddess remained standing motionless. The nymphs followed her example. The clear laughter died away. In indescribable terror, and with open mouths, their widely-distended eyes gazed into the distance.

I turned to follow the direction of their gaze. Beyond the meadows, on the extreme verge of the horizon, the golden cross glittered like a point of fire upon the white tower of a Christian church. . . . The goddess had perceived this cross.

Behind me I heard a long, sobbing sigh, like the trembling of a snapped chord, and when I turned again the nymphs had vanished. The dense forest was green as before, and here and there, through the thick network of twigs, white gleams shimmered and then disappeared. Whether they were the limbs of the nymphs, or merely streaks of mist arising from the valley, I know not.

But still how I pitied the vanished goddess!

December, 1878.

THE ENEMY AND THE FRIEND.

A prisoner, who had been condemned to life-long imprisonment, escaped from his dungeon, and took to flight.

The officers of justice pursued him, and were close upon his heels.

But he ran with all his might, and the pursuers were left behind.

Suddenly he arrived at the steep bank of a stream—a narrow but deep stream. He could not swim.

Both banks were spanned by a

single rotten plank. The fugitive promptly stepped upon it. . . . It happened, however, that here, by this river, were his best friend and his bitterest foe.

The enemy said nothing, but simply crossed his arms; but on the other hand, the friend cried: "In the name of God! what are you doing? Recollect yourself, fool! Can you not see that the plank is quite decayed? It will break under your weight, and then your destruction is inevitable!"

"But there is no other way across! . . . and the pursuers, . . . can you not hear them?" groaned the unfortunate man despairingly, and he stepped upon the plank.

"I will not suffer it! No, I will not permit your ruin!" cried the eager friend, and he dragged the plank from under the fugitive's feet, who fell into the boiling waves and was drowned.

The enemy laughed complacently and departed; but the friend sat down upon the river bank and wept bitterly over his poor, poor friend.

"He would not follow my advice! He would not hear me," he whispered sadly.

"Besides," he said at last, "he would have had to languish his whole life long in a frightful dungeon. Now he is released from all his sufferings!—he is at rest. It was his fate.

"Nevertheless I am deeply grieved!—on the ground of humanity."

And the good soul sobbed, and was long inconsolable for the unhappy fate of his friend.

December, 1878.

CHRIST.

I saw myself as a youth, a mere boy, in a lowly village church. Before the holy pictures the slender tapers glowed like red sparks.

A rainbow-tinted halo surrounded each little flame. Inside the church it was sad and gloomy, but I saw many people therein.

Nothing but brown-haired peasants' heads! To and fro they came, with

an undulating movement; prostrated themselves, and then arose, just as the ripe ears of corn bow when the summer breeze stirs them like the waves.

Suddenly some one came behind me, and knelt beside me.

I did not turn round, but instantly I had a feeling that this man—was Christ.

Emotion, curiosity, and fear all took possession of me at the same moment. I turned and surveyed my neighbour.

His face was just the same as any other—a countenance like every other human face. The eyes gazed mildly and earnestly upwards. The lips were closed, but not compressed; the upper lip seemed to rest upon the lower one. His beard was not long, it was divided below the chin. The hands were folded and motionless. His clothing also was similar to other people's.

"Can that be Christ?" I thought. "Such a plain, a perfectly plain man! It is impossible!"

I turned away. But scarcely had I removed my gaze from this plain man, when it again struck me that He who stood beside me was truly Christ.

Once more I looked upon Him, and again I saw the same face, that appeared to me like any other man's face—those same commonplace, though to me unknown, features.

But at last the idea was torment to me, and I collected my thoughts. And then it first dawned upon me that just such an ordinary, human face was indeed the face of Christ.

December, 1878.

THE STONE.

Have you ever remarked an old grey stone lying on the sea-shore at flood-tide on a spring day; the throbbing waves washing around it, caressing it, fawning on it, and clinging to it, and crowning its moss-grown head with a dazzling, pearly shower of glittering foam!

The stone remains ever the same—only its gloomy surface glitters with brighter hues.

And these hues bear witness that once in some bygone age, before the liquid granite had scarce begun to consolidate, it glowed throughout with fiery colours.

So was it also with my aged heart, when, a short while since, youthful, feminine souls encircled it on every side; under their caressing touch the long-since faded colours sparkled afresh, and glowed with their former ardour.

The waves floated back, . . . but the hues are not yet quite faded, though a piercing wind effaces them yet more and more.

May, 1879.

THE DOVES.

I stood upon the summit of a gently-swelling hill; before me stretched a field of rye, like a glittering sea of gold and silver. No curling waves glided over this sea; the sultry breeze stirred not—a mighty thunderstorm was approaching.

Where I stood the sun still shone hot; but there, across the field, not far distant, lay a dark blue thunder-cloud; it hung like some gigantic burden over one-half of the vault of heaven.

Everything sought shelter. . . . Everything groaned beneath the evil-boding glare of the last lingering sun-beam. Not a bird is to be seen, nor utters the softest chirp, even the sparrow has hidden himself.

What an intense odour from the wormwood in the meadow! I glance up towards the gloomy thunder-cloud, . . . and disquietude takes possession of my soul. "Now haste, haste!" . . . I thought; "flash, thou golden serpent, and roll, thunder! Mount on high, and descend; discharge thy flood, grim cloud, and shorten this agonising suspense!"

But the thunder-cloud stirred not. It weighed heavily as before upon the silent earth—it seemed to swell ever more and more, and to grow still more sombre.

All at once, a lightly-hovering object gleamed forth, a contrast against the

uniform gloom of the cloud. It resembled a white kerchief or a snowball; it was a white dove; it was flying across from the village.

It flew and flew straight forwards. . . . At last it vanished behind the forest.

A few moments elapsed—this same oppressive stillness yet prevailed.

There, look! Now there are two kerchiefs, two snowballs, gleaming there and flying back; two white doves, who steer homewards with a tranquil flight.

And now at last the storm broke forth—the tumult arose.

I scarce had time to gain the house. A strong wind roared and whistled; orange-hued, low-hanging clouds rushed along, as if torn to shreds; everything whirled and revolved around; a heavy shower of rain clashed and rattled down in vertical streams; the lightning blinded with its green fire; there was a scent of sulphur in the air.

Under the eaves, at the verge of the garret window, two doves sit side by side: that one, which flew to fetch its mate, and this, which perhaps has been rescued from death by the other.

Both are pluming their feathers, and nestle closely to each other.

It is well with you! And while I contemplate them, it is also well with me . . . although I am alone—alone for evermore.

May, 1879.

NATURE.

I dreamed that I stepped into a vast, subterranean, highly-arched hall. A subterranean, vast light illuminated it.

In the middle of this hall was seated the majestic figure of a woman, clothed in a green robe that fell in many folds around her. Her head rested upon her hand; she seemed to be sunk in deep meditation.

Instantly I comprehended that this woman must be—Nature herself, and a sudden feeling of respectful terror stole into my awed soul.

I approached the woman, and saluting her with reverence, I cried, "Oh, Mother of us all! on what dost thou meditate? Thinkest thou, perchance, of the future fate of humanity? or of the path along which mankind must journey in order to attain the greatest possible perfection, the highest happiness?"

The woman slowly turned her dark, threatening eyes upon me. Her lips moved, and in a tremendous, metallic voice, she replied:

"I was pondering how to bestow greater strength upon the muscles of the flea's legs, so that it may the more easily escape from its enemies. The balance betwixt attack and flight is deranged—it must be readjusted."

"What," I stammered, "is that thy only meditation? Are not we—mankind—thy best-loved and most precious children?"

The woman slightly bent her brows and replied: "All living creatures are my children; I cherish all equally, and annihilate all without distinction!"

"But Virtue—Reason—Justice!" I faltered.

"Those are human words!" replied the brazen voice. "I know neither good nor evil. Reason to me is no law! and what is Justice? I gave thee life, I take it from thee and give it unto others; worms or men—all are the same to me. . . . And thou must maintain thyself meanwhile, and leave me in peace!"

I would have replied, but the earth quaked and trembled, and I awoke.

August, 1879.

HANG HIM !

"It was in the year 1803," began my old friend, "and not long before Austerlitz. The regiment in which I was an officer was stationed in Moravia.

"We were strictly forbidden either to oppress or to annoy the inhabitants; but in spite of this they looked askance at us, although we were their allies.

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"I had a comrade, a serf who had formerly belonged to my mother, called Jegor. He was an honest, quiet fellow; I had known him from youth upwards, and treated him as a friend.

"One day there arose lamentations, clamour, and abuse in the house where I dwelt. Some one had robbed the mistress of two hens, and she accused my comrade of the theft. He strove to vindicate himself, and called me as witness. . . . He, Jegor Awtamonow—a thief! I assured the woman of Jegor's honesty, but she would not listen to me.

"Suddenly the trample of horses was heard in the street. It was the commander-in-chief with his staff.

"He rode at a walking pace; a corpulent, bloated man, his head was bowed, and his epaulettes hung down over his breast.

"As soon as the woman saw him, she threw herself upon her knees, her hair in disorder, before his horse; complained loudly of my comrade, and pointed with her finger at him.

"'General!' she cried; 'Justice, my lord! Help! Rescue! This soldier has plundered me!'

"Jegor stood upon the threshold of the house in a soldierly attitude, his cap in his hand. He had even expanded his chest, and placed his feet in position—exactly like a sentinel—but no sound escaped from his lips. Had the array of generals, standing close before him in the street, intimidated him? or had the danger that threatened him transformed him into stone? In short, there stood my Jegor, only his eyes moved, and he was white as chalk.

"The commander-in-chief threw an absent, surly look at him, and growled irritably, 'Well?' Jegor stood there like a statue; his teeth showed. An indifferent spectator would really have imagined that he was smiling.

"Then the commander-in-chief said shortly, 'Hang him!' spurred his horse and rode away, at a walking-pace as before, and then at a quick trot;

the whole staff followed him. Only one solitary adjutant turned in his saddle, and glanced carelessly at Jegor.

"It was impossible to disregard the command. Jegor was instantly seized, and led off to execution.

"At first he shrank from death; and twice he cried in agony, 'My God! Help!' After that he added to himself in an undertone, 'God is my witness, it was not I.'

"He wept bitterly when he bade adieu to me. I was in despair. 'Jegor, Jegor!' I cried, 'why did you not reply to the general?'

"'God is my witness, it was not I!' replied the poor fellow sobbing. The mistress herself was shocked. She had not in the least anticipated such a frightful issue, and she began, on her side, to howl. She begged forbearance of every one, wringing her hands; she protested that she had found her hens, that she was ready to explain all. . . .

"But naturally all this led to no result. This, my dear sir, is military form—discipline! The woman lamented terribly.

"Jegor, who had already been confessed by the priest, and who had partaken of the sacrament, turned to me: 'Tell her, one of noble birth,¹ not to grieve so. I have quite forgiven her.' "

My friend, as he repeated these last words of his servant, whispered—"Jegoruscha, my little dove, thou righteous one!" and the tears streamed down his cheeks.

August, 1879.

"THE ROSES WERE LOVELY, THE
ROSES WERE FRESH. . . ."

Somewhere and some time, long, long ago, I read a poem, and soon forgot it. Only the first stanza lingered in my memory:

"The roses were lovely, the roses were
fresh. . . ."

It is winter now; the frost has covered the window-panes with rime;

¹ A form of address in Russia.

a solitary light burns in the gloomy chamber. I sit in a corner, and through my brain rings ever and ever:

"The roses were lovely, the roses were
fresh. . . ."

I see myself standing before the low window of a Russian country house. The summer day softly sinks to rest and fades into the night; a scent of mignonette and lime blossom is wafted on the gentle breeze. A girl sits in the window seat, supported by her outstretched arm, and her head bent over one shoulder. She gazes fixedly and silently towards the sky, as if she would there mark the first glimmer of the stars. Those thoughtful eyes—how full of faith! how pathetically innocent are the half-parted, questioning lips! how calmly heaves the undeveloped bosom, as yet untouched by passion, and how pure and delicate is the outline of the youthful face! I cannot trust myself to speak to her; but how dear she is to me! how my heart beats!

"The roses were lovely, the roses were
fresh. . . ."

Darker and darker it grows within the chamber. . . . The expiring taper crackles in the socket, and fleeting shadows wave on the low-browed ceiling. Beyond the walls, the frost gnashes and rages outside. . . . I can only hear the sad, dreary whisper:

"The roses were lovely, the roses were
fresh. . . ."

Other pictures of the past rise before me. I hear the cheerful bustle of country family life. Two little brown-haired heads, pressing close to each other, gaze fearlessly into my face with their clear eyes; the rosy cheeks quiver with suppressed laughter; the hands are firmly entwined; the hearty, childish voices ring out in loud confusion: and behind, in the old kindly chamber, young, frequently-erring fingers hasten over the keyboard of an ancient, worn-out piano, and the Lanner'schen Waltzes cannot succeed

in drowning the patriarchal hum of the Ssamowar!

"The roses were lovely, the roses were fresh. . . ."

. . . . The light dies out, and all is dark. What hoarse and hollow cough was that? Curled up at my feet, shivering, and at times starting in his sleep, lies the old dog, my only companion. I am cold. . . . All are dead. . . . All dead! . . .

"The roses were lovely, the roses were fresh. . . ."

September, 1879.

A SEA VOYAGE.

Once I sailed in a little steamer from Hamburg to London. We two were the only passengers—I and a little monkey, a female Nisiti, that a Hamburg merchant was sending as a gift to his English partner.

The little creature was on deck, fastened by a chain to a bench; it strained at its chain, and piped complainingly like a bird.

Each time that I passed by, it stretched out its cold, black hand towards me and gazed straight at me with melancholy, almost human, eyes. I took its hand,—and it ceased to pipe, and to pull its chain.

We were becalmed. The sea lay there like a motionless, leaden lake. Its extent did not appear great, for a thick fog, which veiled even the peaks of the mast, lay upon it. The sun hung like a dull red speck in this gloomy fog; towards evening, however, it shone forth, and spread a strange mysterious red over the sky.

Long, even ripples, like the folds of massive, silken stuffs, swept back from the prow of the vessel; they parted, curled, and then lay smooth, and at last vanished with a splash. The whirling foam grew into balls beneath the monotonously churning wheel; it became milky, and, lightly frothing, was scattered around; then flowed along in serpentine streaks, also to disappear, and to be swallowed up by the dense fog.

And incessantly complaining, intolerable as the monkey's squeak, sounded the tinkle of the little bell on the helm.

Here and there a seal sprang up, plunged head over heels, and then disappeared under the gently-curling plain.

The captain, a taciturn man with dark, sunburnt features, stood smoking his short pipe, and sullenly spitting into the motionless sea.

To all my questions he only replied by short murmurs; I was therefore, though against my will, forced to consort with my sole fellow-voyager, the monkey.

I seated myself beside it,—it ceased complaining, and stretched out its hand to me.

The continual fog enveloped us in its drowsy atmosphere; together we sat there, sunk in the same unconscious brooding, like two relations.

I smile now when I think of it. . . . I felt differently then.

But we have all a mother's heart for children—and it was sweet to me to see how confidingly quiet the little creature grew, and how it clung to me, as to a friend.

November, 1879.

THE MONK.

I knew a monk, a hermit, a saint. He lived solely for the delight of prayer; and, intoxicated with praying, remained so long standing upon the cold pavement of the church, until his legs below the knees swelled, and became stony pillars. They lost all sense of feeling; still he stood there and prayed.

I understood him—perhaps envied him even—and he also will understand me, but he shall not break his staff upon me, for I cannot attain his joys.

He has succeeded in annihilating his detested Self; but, if I am unable to pray, it is not because of self-love.

To me, Self is perhaps even more burdensome and hateful than it was

to him. He has discovered that in which he forgets himself. I also have found it—Oblivion—though not for ever.

He lies not, neither do I lie.

November, 1879.

WE WILL STRUGGLE.

What an insignificant trifle may often give quite a different turn to the affairs of men!

Once I went pensively along the street.

Dark forebodings filled my breast, despair took possession of my being.

I raised my head. . . . Straight before me, between two rows of poplar trees, stretched the way like an arrow.

And over against the path, some ten paces distant from me, a family of sparrows were hopping about in the marsh—sprightly, merry, and full of confidence.

One in particular drew attention to himself by the fearless way in which he hopped about; he swelled out his breast, and chirped as impudently as if the devil himself could not harm him. Without doubt, some conqueror!

Meanwhile, high overhead in heaven, a hawk was wheeling, whose intention perhaps was to devour this same conqueror.

I saw this, it made me laugh, and I took courage; the gloomy thoughts vanished; I felt once more courage, enterprise, vital power.

May not also a hawk be wheeling above my head? The devil himself! We will struggle!

November, 1879.

PRAYER.

Man may pray for anything; he prays for miracles. Every prayer is

after this fashion:—"Great God, grant that two and two may not make four."

And such a prayer only is a true prayer from one to another. To pray to the Anima Mundi, to the Deity, to the God of Kant and Hegel; to pray to the abstract, unsubstantial god, is impossible, not to be thought of.

But can even a personal, living, actual God cause two and two not to become four?

Every true believer is bound to answer: "Yes, He can do that!" and he is bound to bring his own mind to this conviction.

But what if his own reason contradicts such senselessness?

Then Shakespeare comes to his aid:

"There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.
. . . ." &c.

But if one, in the name of truth, contradicts him? He need only repeat the famous question: "What is truth?"

Therefore, let us drink and be merry and pray.

July, 1881.

THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE.

In days of doubt, in days of agonising reflections on the fate of my Home, thou alone art my stay and my staff—oh, great, mighty, true, and free Russian tongue! If thou wert not, would it be possible not to despair at this moment over all that is happening in my home? But it cannot be possible that such a language could be given to any but to a great people.

June, 1882.

IN ALSACE-LORRAINE.

I.

THE Vosges and Alsace-Lorraine must be taken together, as the tourist is constantly compelled to zig-zag across the new frontier. Many of the most interesting points of departure for excursionizing in the Vosges lie in Alsace-Lorraine, whilst few travellers who have come so far as Gérardmer or St. Dié, will not be tempted to continue their journey at least as far as the beautiful valleys of Munster and St. Marie-aux-Mines, both populated by French people under Prussian domination. Arrived at either of these places, the tourist will be at a loss which route to take of the many open to him. On the one hand are the austere sites of the Vosges, impenetrable forests darkening the rounded mountain tops, granite precipices silvered with perpetual cascades, awful ravines hardly less gloomy in the noonday sun than in wintry storms, and as a relief to these sombre features, the sunniest little homesteads perched on airy terraces of gold-green; crystal streams making vocal the flowery meadow and the mossy dell, and lovely little lakes shut in by rounded hills, made double in their mirror. In Alsace-Lorraine we find a wholly different landscape, and are at once reminded that we are in one of the fairest and most productive districts of Europe. All the vast Alsatian plain is now a-bloom with fruit garden and orchard, vineyard and corn-field, whilst as a gracious framework, a romantic background to the picture, are the vine-clad heights crested with ruined castles and fortresses worthy to be compared to Heidelberg and Ehrenbreitstein. We had made a leisurely journey from Gérardmer to St. Dié, bishopric and *chef-lieu* of the department of the Vosges, without feeling sure of our next move. Fortunately a French acquaintance advised us to

drive to St. Marie-aux-Mines, one of the most wonderful little spots in these regions of which we had never before heard. A word or two however concerning St. Dié itself, one of the most ancient monastic foundations in France. The town is pleasant enough, and the big hotel not bad, as French hotels go. But in the Vosges, the tourist gets somewhat spoiled in the matter of hotels. Wherever we go our hosts are so interested in us, and make so much of us, that we feel aggrieved at sinking into mere number three or four. Many of these little inns offer homely accommodation, but the landlord and landlady themselves wait upon the guests, unless, which often happens, the host is cook, no piece of ill-fortune that for the traveller. These good people have none of the false shame so conspicuous among the same class in England. At Remiremont, our hostess came bustling down at the last moment saying how she had hurried to change her dress in order to bid us good bye. Here the son-in-law, a fine handsome fellow, was the cook, and when dinner was served he used to emerge from his kitchen and chat with the guests or play with his children in the cool evening hour. There is none of that differentiation of labour witnessed in England, and on the whole the stranger fares none the worse. With regard to French hotels generally the absence of competition in large towns strikes an English mind. At St. Dié, as in many other places, there is but one hotel, which is handed down from generation to generation, just as it is, simply because no rival starts up to arouse a spirit of emulation.

St. Dié has a pleasant environment in the valley of the Meurthe, and may be made the centre of many excursions. Its picturesque, old Roman-

esque cathedral of red sandstone, about which are grouped noble elms, grows upon the eye; more interesting and beautiful by far are the Gothic cloisters leading from within to the smaller church adjoining. These delicate arcades, in part restored, form a quadrangle. Greenery fills the open space, and wild antirrhinum and harebell brighten the grey walls. Springing from one side is an out-of-door pulpit carved in stone—a striking and suggestive object in the midst of the quiet scene. We should like to know what was preached from that stone pulpit, and what manner of man the preacher was. The bright green space, the delicate arcades of soft grey, the bits of foliage here and there, with the two silent churches blocking in all, make up an impressive scene.

We wanted the country however rather than the towns, so after a few days at St. Dié, hired a carriage to take us to St. Marie-aux-Mines or Markirch, on the Prussian side of the frontier, and not accessible from this side by rail. We enter Alsace indeed by a needle's eye, so narrow the pass in which St. Marie lies. Here a word of warning to the tourist. Be sure to examine your carriage and horses well before starting. We were provided for our difficult drive with what Spenser calls "two unequal beasts," namely a trotting horse and a horse that could only canter, with a very uncomfortable carriage, the turn out costing over a pound—pretty well, that, for three hours' drive. However, in spite of discomfort, we would not have missed the journey on any account. The site of this little cotton-spinning town is one of the most extraordinary in the world. We first traverse a fruitful, well cultivated plain, watered by the sluggish Meurthe, then begin to ascend a spur of the western chain of the Vosges, formerly dividing the two French departments of Vosges and Haut Rhin, now marking the boundaries of France and Prussian Elsass. Down below, amid the hanging orchards, flower gardens and hay

fields, we were on French soil, but the flagstaff, just discernible on yonder green pinnacles, marks the line of demarcation between France and the newly acquired territory of the German empire. For the matter of that, the Prussian helmet makes the fact patent. As surely as we have set foot in the Reich, we see one of these gleaming casques, so hateful still in French eyes. They seem to spring from the ground like Jason's warriors from the dragon's teeth. This new frontier divided in olden times the dominions of Alsace and Lorraine, when it was the custom to say of many villages that the bread was kneaded in one country and baked in the other.

Nothing could be more lovely than the dim violet hills far away, and the virginal freshness of the pastoral scenery around. But only a stout-hearted pedestrian can properly enjoy this beautiful region. We had just now followed the example of another party of tourists in front of us, and accomplished a fair climb on foot, and when we had wound and wound our way up the lofty green mountain to the flagstaff before mentioned, we wanted to do the rest of our journey on foot also. But alike compassion for the beasts and energy had gone far enough, we were only too glad to reseat ourselves, and drive, or rather be whirled, down to St. Marie-aux-Mines in the vehicle. Do what we would there was no persuading our driver to slacken pace enough so as to admit of a full enjoyment of the prospect that unfolded before us.

The wonderful little town! Black pearl set in the richest casket! This common flourishing little centre of cotton spinning, woollen, and cretonne manufacture, built in red brick, lies in the narrow, beautiful valley of the Lièpvrellt, as it is called from the babbling river of that name. But there is really no valley at all. This congeries of red-roofed houses, factory chimneys, and church towers, Catholic and Pro-

testant, is hemmed in a narrow gorge, wedged in between the hills which are just parted so as to admit of such an intrusion, no more. The green convolutions of the mountain sides are literally folded round the town, a pile of green velvet spread fan-like in a draper's window has not softer, neater folds. As we enter it from the St. Dié side we find just room for a carriage to wind along the little river and the narrow street. But at the other end the valley opens, and St. Marie-aux-Mines spreads itself out. There are factories, handsome country houses, and walks up hill and down hill in abundance. Just above the town over the widening gorge is a deliciously cool little pine-wood which commands a vast prospect—the busy little town caught in the toils of the green hills; the fertile valley of the Meurthe as we gaze in the direction from which we have come; the no less fertile plains of Lorraine before us; close under and around us, many a dell and woodland covert with scattered homes of dalesfolk in sunny places and slanting hills covered with pines. It is curious to reflect that St. Marie-aux-Mines, mentioned as Markirch in ancient charts did not become entirely French till the eighteenth century. Originally the inhabitants on the left bank of the Lièpvre were subjects of the Dukes of Lorraine, spoke French, and belonged to the Catholic persuasion, whilst those dwelling on the right bank of the river, adhered to the seigneurie of Ribeaupaire, and formed a Protestant German-speaking community. Alsace, as everybody knows, was annexed to France by right of conquest under Louis XIV., but it was not till a century latter that Lorraine became a part of French territory, and the fusion of races, a task so slowly accomplished, has now to be undone, if indeed such undoing is possible!

The hotel here is a mere *auberge* adapted to the needs of the *commis-voyageur*, but our host and hostess charming. As is the fashion in these

parts they serve their guests and take the greatest possible interest in their movements and comfort. We would willingly have spent some days at the Marie-aux-Mines—no better headquarters for excursioning in these regions!—but too much remained for us to do and to see in Alsace. We dared not loiter on the way.

Everywhere we find plenty of French tourists, many of them doing their holiday travel in the most economical fashion. We are in the habit of regarding the French as a stay-at-home nation, and it is easy to see how such a mistake arises. English people seldom travel in France, as our neighbours seldom travel elsewhere. Thus holiday makers of the two nations do not come in contact. Wherever we go we encounter bands of pedestrians or family parties thoroughly enjoying themselves. Nothing ruffles a French mind when bent on holiday-making. The good-nature, *bonhomie*, and accommodating spirit displayed under trying circumstances might be imitated by certain insular tourists with advantage.

From St. Marie-aux-Mines we journeyed to Gustave Doré's favourite resort, Barr, a close, unsavoury little town enough, but in the midst of bewitching scenery. "An ounce of sweet is worth a pound of sour," sings Spenser, and at Barr we get the sweet and the sour strangely mixed. The narrow streets smell of tanneries and less wholesome nuisances, not a breath of fresh pure air is to be had from one end of the town to the other. But our pretty, gracious landlady, an Alsacienne, and her husband, the master of the house, and *chef de cuisine* as well, equally handsome and courteous, took so much pains to make us comfortable that we stayed on and on. Not a thousand bad smells could drive us away! Yet there is accommodation for the traveller among the vineyards outside the town, and also near the railway station, so Barr need not be avoided on account of its unsavouriness. No sooner are you

beyond the dingy streets than all is beauty, pastoral, and romance. Every green peak is crested with ruined keep and tower, at the foot of the meeting hills, lie peaceful little villages, each with its lofty church spire, whilst all the air is fragrant with pine-woods and newly turned hay.

These pine-woods and frowning ruins set like sentinels on every green hill or rocky eminence, recall many of Doré's happiest efforts. "*Le pauvre garçon*," our hostess said. "*Comme il était content chez nous*." I can fancy how Doré would enjoy the family life of our little old-fashioned hotel, how he would play with the children, chat with master and mistress, and make himself agreeable all round. One can also fancy how animated conversation would become if it chanced to take a patriotic turn. For people speak their thoughts in Alsace,—nowhere more freely. In season and out of season, the same sentiment comes to the surface. "*Nous sommes plus Français que les Français*." This is the universal expression of feeling that greeted our ears throughout our wanderings. The men, women, and children, rich and poor, learned and simple, give utterance to the same expression of feeling. Barr is a town of between six and seven thousand souls, about twenty of whom are Prussians. A pleasant position, truly, for the twenty officials. And what we see at Barr is the case throughout the newly acquired German dominion. Alike the highest as well as the humblest functionary of the imperial government is completely shut off from all communication with his French neighbours.

Barr lies near so much romantic scenery that the tourist in these parts had better try the little hotel amid the mines. For, in spite of the picturesque stork's nest close by, an excellent ordinary and the most delightful host and hostess in the world, I cannot recommend a sojourn in the heart of the town. The best plan of all were to halt here simply for the

sake of the excursion to St. Odile. St. Odile leads no whither—then hire a carriage, and make leisurely way across country by the Hohwald, and the Champs de Feu to Rothau, Oberlin's country, thence to Strasburg. In our own case, the fascinations of our hosts overcame our repugnance to Barr itself, so we stayed on, every day making long drives into the fresh, quiet, beautiful country. One of the sweet spots we discovered for the benefit of any English folks who may chance to stray in that region is the Hohwald, a *villegiatura* long in vogue with the inhabitants of Strasburg and neighbouring towns, but not mentioned in any English guide book that I know of.

We are reminded all the way of Rhineland. The same terraced vineyards, the same limestone crags, each with its feudal tower, the same fertility and richness everywhere. Our road winds for miles amid avenues of fruit trees, laden with pear and plum, whilst on every side are stretches of flax and corn, tobacco and hemp. What plenty and fruitfulness are suggested at every turn. Well might Goethe extol "this magnificent Alsace." We soon reach Audlau, a picturesque, but it must be confessed, somewhat dirty village, lying amid vineyards and chestnut woods, mediæval gables, archways, wells, dormers. All these are to be found at Audlau, also one of the finest churches in these parts. I followed the *curé* and sacristan as they took a path that wound high above the village and the little river amid the vineyards, and obtained a beautiful picture; hill and dale, clustered village and lofty spire, and scattered imposingly, confronting us at every turn, the fine façade of the castle of Audlau, built of grey granite, and flanked at either end with massive towers. More picturesque, but less majestic, the neighbouring ruins of Spesburg, mere tumbling walls wreathed with greenery, and many another "castled crag" we see on our way. We are indeed in the land of

old romance. Nothing imaginable more weird, fantastic and sombre, than these spectral castles and crumbling towers past counting. The wide landscape is peopled with them. They seem to rise as if by magic from the level landscape, and we fancy that they will disappear magically as they have come. And here again one wild visionary scene after another reminds us that we are in the land of Doré's happiest inspiration. There are bits of broken pine-wood, jagged peaks and ghostly ruins that have been already made quite familiar to us in the pages of his *Dante* and *Don Quixote*.

The pretty rivulet Audlau accompanies us far on our way, and beautiful is the road; high above, beech and pine-woods, and sloping down to the road, green banks starred with large blue and white campanula, and darkling amid the alders, the noisy little river.

The Hohwald is the creation of a woman; that is to say, the Hohwald of holiday-makers, tourists, and tired brain-workers. "Can you imagine," wrote M. Edmond About, some years ago, "an inn at the world's end that cost a hundred thousand francs in the building? I assure you the owner will soon have recouped her outlay. She had not a centime to begin with, this courageous lady, left a widow without resources, and a son to bring up. The happy thought occurred to her of a summer resort in the heart of these glorious woods, within easy reach of Strasburg." There are gardens and reception-rooms in common, and here, as at Gérardmer, croquet, music, and the dance offer an extra attraction. It must be admitted that these big family hotels in attractive country places, with prices adapted to all travellers, have many advantages over our seaside lodgings. People get much more for their money, better food, better accommodation, with agreeable society into the bargain, and a relief from the harass of housekeeping. The children too find companionship, to the great relief of parents and nursemaids.

The Hohwald proper is a tiny village numbering a few hundred souls, situated in the midst of magnificent forests at the foot of the famous Champ de Feu. This is a plateau on one of the loftiest summits of the Vosges, and very curious, from a geological point of view. To explore it properly you must be a good pedestrian. Much indeed of the finest scenery of these regions is beyond reach of travellers who cannot walk five or six hours a day.

Any one, however, may drive to St. Odile, and St. Odile is the great excursion of Alsace. Who cares a straw for the saint and her story now? But all tourists must be grateful to the Bishop of Strasburg, who keeps a comfortable little inn at the top of the mountain, and beyond the prohibition of meat on fast days, smoking, noise, and levity of manner on all days, makes you very comfortable for next to nothing.

The fact is, this noble plateau, commanding as splendid a natural panorama as any in Europe, now the property of Monseigneur of Strasburg, was once a famous shrine and a convent of cloistered men and women, vowed to sanctity and prayer. The convent was closed at the time of the French Revolution, and the entire property, convent, mountain, and prospect remained in the hands of private possessors, till 1853, when the Bishop of Strasburg repurchased the whole, restored the conventual building, put in some lay brethren to cultivate the soil, and some lay sisters, who wear the garb of nuns, but have taken no vows upon them except of piety, to keep the little inn and make tourists comfortable. No arrangement could be better, and I advise any one in want of pure air, superb scenery, and complete quiet, to betake himself next summer to St. Odile.

The way from Barr lies through prosperous villages, enriched by manufactories, yet abounding in pastoral graces. There are English-like parks and fine chateaux of rich manufacturers; but contrasted with these

nothing like abject poverty. The houses of working-folk are clean, each with its flower-garden, the children are neatly dressed, no squalor or look of discontent. Every hamlet has its beautiful spire, whilst the country is the fairest, richest conceivable; in the woods every variety of fir and pine, mingled with the lighter foliage of chestnut and acacia, whilst every orchard has its walnut and mulberry trees, not to speak of pear and plum. One of the chief manufactories of these parts is that of paints and colours: there are also ribbon and cotton factories. Rich as is the country naturally, its chief wealth arises from these industries. In every village you hear the hum of machinery.

You may lessen the distance from Barr to St. Odile by one-half if you make the journey on foot, winding upwards amid the vine-clad hills, at every turn coming upon one of those grand old ruins, as plentiful here as in Rhineland, and quite as romantic and beautiful. The drive is a slow and toilsome ascent of three hours and a half. As soon as we quit the villages and climb the mountain road out amid the pines, we are in a superb and solitary scene. No sound of mill-wheels or steam-hammers here, only the summer breeze stirring the lofty pine branches, the hum of insects, and the trickling of mountain streams. The dark-leaved henbane is here in brilliant yellow flower, and the purple foxglove in striking contrast; but the wealth of summer flowers is over.

Who would choose to live on Ararat? Yet it is something to reach a pinnacle from whence you may survey more than the kingdom. The prospect from St. Odile is one to gaze on for a day, and to make us dizzy in dreams ever after. From the umbrageous terrace in front of the convent—cool and breezy on this, one of the hottest days of a hot season—we see, as from a balloon, a wonderful bit of the world spread out like a map at our feet. The vast plain of Alsace—the valley of the Rhine, the Swiss

mountains, the Black Forest, Bâle, and Strasburg—all these we dominate from our airy pinnacle, close as it seems under the blue vault of heaven. But though they were there, we did not see them: for the day, as so often happens on such occasions, was misty. We had none the less a novel and wonderful prospect. As we sit on this cool terrace, then, under the shady mulberry trees, and look far beyond the richly-wooded mountain we have scaled on our way, we gradually make out some details of the vast panorama, one feature after another becoming visible as stars shining faintly in a misty heaven. Villages and little towns past counting, each with its conspicuous spire, break the monotony of the enormous plain. Here and there, miles away, a curl of white vapour indicates the passage of some railway train, whilst in this upper stillness sweet sounds of church bells reach us from hamlets close underneath the convent. Nothing can be more solid, fresher, or brilliant than the rich beech and pine-woods running sheer from our airy eminence to the level world below, nothing more visionary, slumberous, or dimmer than that wide expanse, teeming, as we know, with busy human life, yet flat and motionless as a picture.

On clear nights the electric lights of the new railway station at Strasburg are seen from this point; but far more attractive than the prospects from St. Odile, is its prehistoric wall. Before the wall however came the dinner, which deserves mention. It was Friday, so in company of priests, nuns, monks, and divers pious pilgrims, with a sprinkling of fashionable ladies from Strasburg, and tourists generally, we sat down to a very fair *menu* for a fast day, to wit:—rice, soup, turnips and potatoes, eggs, perch, maccaroni-cheese, custard pudding, gruyère cheese, and fair vin ordinaire. Two shillings was charged per head, and I must say people got their money's worth, for appetites seem keen in these parts.

The mother-superior, a kindly old woman, evidently belonging to the working class, bustled about and shook hands with each of her guests. After dinner we were shown the bedrooms, which are very clean; for board and lodging you pay six francs a day, out of which, judging from the appetites of the company, the profit arising would be small except to clerical hotel keepers. We must bear in mind that nuns work for nothing, and that all the fish, game, dairy and garden produce the bishop gets for nothing. However, all tourists must be glad of such a hostelry, and the nuns are very obliging. One sister made us some afternoon tea very nicely (we always carry tea and teapot on these excursions), and everybody made us welcome. We found a delightful old Frenchman of Strasburg to conduct us to the Pagan Wall, as, for want of a better name, people designate this famous relic of prehistoric times. Fragments of stone fortifications similarly constructed have been found on other points of the Vosges not far from the promontory on which the convent stands, but none to be compared to this one in colossal proportions and completeness.

We dip deep down into the woods on quitting the convent gates, then climb for a little space and come suddenly upon the edge of the plateau, which the wall was evidently raised to defend. Never did a spot more easily lend itself to such rude defence by virtue of natural position, although where the construction begins the summit of the promontory is inaccessible from below. We are skirting dizzy precipices, feathered with light greenery and brightened with flowers, but awful notwithstanding, and in many places the stones have evidently been piled together rather for the sake of symmetry than from a sense of danger. The points thus protected were already impregnable. When we look more nearly we see that however much nature may have aided these primitive constructors, the wall is mainly due to

the agency of man. There is no doubt that in many places the stupendous masses of conglomerate have been hurled to their places by earthquake, but the entire girdle of stone, of pyramidal size and strength, shows much symmetrical arrangement and dexterity. The blocks have been selected according to size and shape, and in many places morticed together. We find no trace of cement, a fact disproving the hypothesis that the wall may have been of Roman origin. We must doubtless go much farther back, and associate these primitive builders with such relics of prehistoric times as the stones of Carnac and Lokmariaken. And not to seek so wide for analogies, do we not see here the handiwork of the same rude architects I have before alluded to in my Vosges travels, who flung a stone bridge across the forest gorge above Remiremont and raised in close proximity the stupendous monolith of Kirlinkin? The prehistoric stone monuments scattered about these regions are as yet new to the English archæologist, and form one of the most interesting features of Vosges travel.

We may follow these lightly superimposed blocks of stone for miles, and the *enceinte* has been traced round the entire plateau, which was thus defended from enemies on all sides. As we continue our walk on the inner side of the wall we get lovely views of the dim violet hills, the vast golden plain, and, close underneath, luxuriant forests. Eagles are flying hither and thither, and except for an occasional tourist or two, the scene is perfectly solitary. An hour's walk brings us to the Menelstein, a vast and lofty platform of stone, ascended by a stair, both untouched by the hand of man. Never was a more formidable redoubt raised by engineering skill. Nature here helped her primitive builders well. From a terrace due to the natural formation of the rock we obtain another of those grand and varied panoramas so numerous in this part of the world, but the beauty

nearer at hand is more enticing. Nothing can exceed the freshness and charm of our homeward walk. We are now no longer following the wall, but free to enjoy the breezy, heather-scented plateau, and the broken, romantic outline of St. Odile, the Wartburg of Alsace, as the saint herself was its Holy Elizabeth, and with as romantic a story for those with a taste for such legends.

Here and there on the remoter wooded peaks are stately ruins of feudal castles, whilst all the way our path lies amid bright foliage of young forest trees, chestnut and oak, pine and acacia, and the ground is purple with heather. Blocks of the conglomerate used in the construction of the so-called Pagan Wall meet us at every

turn, and as we gaze down the steep sides of the promontory we can trace its massive outline. A scene not soon to be forgotten. The still, solitary field of Carnac, with its avenues of monoliths, is not more impressive than these Cyclopean walls, thrown as a girdle round the green slopes of St. Odile.

We would fain have stayed here some time, but much more still remained to be seen and accomplished in Alsace. Rothau, the district known as the Ban de la Roche, where Oberlin laboured for sixty years, Thann, Weserling, with a sojourn among French subjects of the German Empire at Mulhouse—all these things had to be done, and the bright summer days were drawing to an end.

E.

VOX POPULI: THE CYNIC'S VERSION.

A STATELY white lily, fragile and fair,
Petals all perfect, scent faint and rare—
Shall we not bow to her beauty and sweetness?
Shall we not serve her with loyal completeness?

“Here is nothing our hunger supplies;
Useless—useless. Buzz!” say the flies.

Hark to the brown bird that lives in the corn,
Song of a lark through the mists of the morn
How shall we thank him for notes of delight,
Far, far ascending, sweet, out of sight?

“We cannot see him; we will not rise:
Useless his singing! Buzz!” say the flies.

Glory of sunrise gilds river and rill
Flooding the valley and crowning the hill,
Scattering night-clouds, shaming all fear—
Fear born of darkness: behold! light is here!

“We rush to the sunshine! ugh! what meets our eyes?
Not even a crumb of bread; Buzz!” say the flies.

Down in a ditch-hole, with nettles around,
Toadstools and mud—an old barrel is found,
Broken and battered, foul outside and in;
Coarsest of treacle still lingers within:

Crowding by thousands with rapturous cries,
“*This, this*, is Paradise! Buzz!” say the flies.

F.

TWO BOOKS ON EGYPT.¹

THERE is considerable difference in the value of the matter in the two volumes before us, but though the value is unequal, they are both worth reading, and they are both of them pleasant to read. For vivacity the palm must perhaps be awarded, as might have been expected, to the Frenchman. Mr. Wallace is, when he likes, the master of a sound and lucid style; it predisposes the reader to place confidence in his authority; and it is a pity that he is not always content with soundness and lucidity, but betakes himself here and there to playful gambols with the "gentle reader," which do not really conciliate that creature, and are in truth no longer in the literary fashion. Mr. Wallace is careful enough, industrious enough, and often penetrating and luminous enough, to write like de Tocqueville, and he might as well not fall below his own highest mark. M. Charmes, on the other hand, though flimsy in his contents, has the liveliness and the finish of the best Parisian journalist; if the meat is scanty, the sauce is full of savour; there is a certain boulevardian radiance in the page, and the author thoroughly knows the secret of that excellent maxim for producing cheerful composition—*Glissez, et n'appuyez pas.*

He does not in the present volume go into the political question, and hence there is none of that unfairness which his enemies sometimes call recklessness, and sometimes by a still harsher name, and which has deprived his correspondence with an important French newspaper of the weight which

it ought from M. Charmes's journalistic position and literary talent to have had with politicians on this side of the Channel. One cannot lean very comfortably on a writer who feels himself at liberty to record all manner of wonderful things without obeying the first, second, and third precept of Science—to verify, to verify, and again to verify. As to the future of Egypt M. Charmes speaks fair and soft enough:—

"Among the Mussulman natives of the East, she alone desires to make some effort to become a nation of European civilization, and if she has encountered in this enterprise deceptions singularly cruel, it would not be just to say she has completely failed. . . . It is possible that the accidents of contemporary events may stop her all at once in her normal development, to subject her to a fresh conquest: it would be a great evil to her and to all the world. . . . The day when it would be proved that an Oriental nation could raise itself to modern life, with the moral support of Europe, but without alienating to any one in any way its individual independence, many dangers that now threaten the world will be dissipated. As for us, we French, who have been hitherto the most faithful allies of Egypt, and who have succeeded in implanting there our ideas, our language, our administration, our habits, and our sentiments, could we desire anything else than to see a country, whence civilization has twice set out to spread over the West, fulfil a mission of the same kind in an opposite direction, and become the pioneer of European civilization in the East?"

Nothing could sound better, but as we read there comes to one's mind a famous book by one of the most brilliant of contemporary Frenchmen, in which the picture is not quite so rosy in its colour. "No," cries Ahmed, in *Le Fellah* of M. Edmond About, "we have no love for Europeans, because they have never known either how to use us or be of use to us. They might carry off a hundred millions a year without impoverishing us; or the contrary; but

¹ *Five Months at Cairo and in Lower Egypt.* By Gabriel Charmes. Authorised Translation. Bentley. 1883.

Egypt and the Egyptian Question. By J. Mackenzie Wallace. Macmillan. 1883.

all the people who come here to make money have a mania for enriching themselves at full gallop. We should ask nothing better than to annex ourselves to Europe, if Europe would only give itself the trouble to link our interests to her own; but you do not make a conquest of a country by launching upon it at intervals band after band of marauding foragers." The scene of these marauders in the fourth chapter of M. About's story is well worth turning to just now; and while we are reading M. Charmes, Mr. Wallace, despatches in the blue-books and telegrams in the newspapers, it is well to carry in one's head M. About's powerful though rather hideous simile:—"O strange rubbish-heap! And must the East judge us by such vile specimens as these! I remembered, in spite of myself, how one day at Scutari, as I was wandering alone on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, my attention was caught by a long line of things, dead, bruised, rotting, half destroyed, that the water threw forward, drew back, and at length flung off. This foul scum, without form, without colour, without name, is it not rather like that emigration of human waifs and strays that an invisible current drives to the east of the Mediterranean?"

M. Charmes is the last person to deny the correctness of his countryman's description, or that it is to some of his countrymen that bits of the description may best be applied. In the present volume he has practically dismissed all this into the background, and left us a pleasant account of the livelier side of Egypt. He is always in good spirits, and they communicate themselves to his page. But how wise was that dim Necho the Second, who, countless ages back, stopped the construction of a canal that should unite the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, because some sensible oracle told him, τῷ βασιλεὶ αὐτὸν προεργάζεσθαι—that he was doing a piece of work for the benefit of the foreigner (*Herod.* ii. 159). Only one band of foreigners ever went to Egypt with disinterested intentions,

and that was the Saint Simonians, headed by Enfantin, who were greeted at Alexandria fifty years ago by M. de Lesseps, then vice-consul, and who fired him with their idea of a Suez Canal. M. Gabriel Charmes and his school are a long way removed from the followers of Saint Simon.

Mr. Mackenzie Wallace is, as everybody knows, a writer of weight and authority in the observation of the social phenomena of unfamiliar communities. His work on Russia, published in 1877, is one of the best studies of a foreign country that we have in the language; it might even be called the very best, and almost without any serious second. Those two volumes, valuable and important as they were, only represented the skim of a vast mass of material which Mr. Wallace had accumulated during a residence of six diligent years in the country. M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu's *L'Empire des Tsars et les Russes* (1881-2) comes closer to the surface in some respects; but one who wishes to see the roots of institution and usage in Russia will best find what he seeks in the chapters of Mr. Wallace. To Egypt Mr. Wallace was only able to give as many months as to Russia he gave years. It might perhaps be assumed that Egypt is twelve times less difficult and less important to know and to examine, and therefore might well be adequately despatched in a twelfth of the time. But the argument is not good. Whether in a great country or a small one, what the political student needs before all things is to get the true points of view, and in order to get them he needs not only intelligence and industry, but time. Time is indispensable for the operation of that passive process of the mind which allows objects, theories, explanations, policies, to sift and clarify themselves, and fall into a true proportion. Mr. Wallace possesses beforehand in his specially trained understanding and his experience so good an apparatus for social observation, that he may do

better with six months than another man with as many years ; but still the familiarity that only comes with time might perhaps have made a difference in some of his opinions. We have no right, however, to take this for granted, and in any case we have in Mr. Wallace's book by much the fullest, most careful, and, if one may use the term, the most scientific account of Egypt that exists, and even the few persons who have most carefully studied such official pieces as Lord Dufferin's Report of Feb. 6, 1883, or that of Mr. Villiers Stuart, will feel that they are not nearly so copious, and do not make the facts so thoroughly intelligible, as do the pages of Mr. Wallace.

On the burning political question of prolonged British occupation, we will do little more than state Mr. Wallace's own view, as it appears when his various propositions have been pieced together. The question is at what point would the withdrawal of the British troops not be premature ; in other words, what ends is their presence indispensable to secure ? First, they are not indispensable, according to Mr. Wallace, for the preservation of public tranquillity, so far as the civil population is concerned. "I have no fear," he says, "of any spontaneous explosion among the civil population, for they are as submissive and docile a population as is to be found on the face of the earth. What I fear is a recrudescence of insubordination in the native army." That is a good reason so long as it lasts. But it appears not likely to last long enough, and not to be strong enough, to bear the stress of the superstructure that is to be supported. For, second, "the occupation must be prolonged also as a means of accelerating the introduction of the proposed reforms." Third, the occupation must be prolonged, because "the foreign population of all nationalities consider it necessary for the safety of their lives and property ;" and if there were any doubt on these heads, no more European

capital would flow into the country. How mournful a thing to contemplate would be the cessation of this inflow, may be gathered from Mr. Wallace's own opinion, given elsewhere, that "hitherto the great mass of European capital, which has been poured into Egypt, has not been invested productively, and that the great mass of the money-lenders have never thought about improving agriculture, on which the prosperity of the country mainly depends, but have confined themselves to the lucrative operation which is known as financial blood-sucking." The purpose of the capital which we are to protect in its flow into the country is, at the best, to be described as follows:—The fellaheen are to mortgage their lands ; the mortgages are to be duly foreclosed ; and "the fellaheen landowners are to be transformed into agricultural labourers on farms improved by European capital, and managed by European intelligence." "Precisely so," says Mr. Wallace, with honest indignation, "just as the money-lending Jews of great cities benefit the extravagant youth by helping him on his way to the debtor's prison or the workhouse, where he will lead a more regular life, and be in no danger of starvation ! Happy fellaheen !" Under present conditions, then, at any rate, the influx of capital destined for this magnanimous purpose can hardly be an object of very grave solicitude to us.

It is therefore on the second of the three objects to be sought by continued military occupation that the weight of Mr. Wallace's contention really hangs. The occupation is the only means of accelerating the projected reforms in the Egyptian government and administration. Let us follow this out rather more closely in our author's own pages. He mentions the precedent of Eastern Roumelia. A scheme of reforms was elaborated for that province, while the Russian troops were in occupation. "It was successfully realised because Eastern Roumelia was occupied

by Russian troops." But the Russian troops were withdrawn as soon as the scheme was framed, and before it was realised. If the precedent is good, the best chance for "acceleration of reform" in Egypt would be that very military withdrawal which Mr. Wallace deprecates. The allusion must therefore be a slip. An occupation of a very prolonged kind must be in Mr. Wallace's intention, and even something much more. The projected reforms, he says, can only be effected in one of two ways, "either by the irresistible pressure of enlightened public opinion among the natives, or by irresistible pressure and active co-operation from without." It cannot be the former; for Mr. Wallace says, "I have not been able to discover in Egypt any native element desirous and capable of spontaneously undertaking and successfully carrying through the reforms which are in my opinion absolutely essential for the permanent preservation of order and the general welfare of the country." "Progress and purification, therefore, in the Egyptian administration must be of the Indian type." The plants, when they have once struck deep root, may "*perhaps* be left to take care of themselves." Of course, therefore, the other alternative is possible, and "*perhaps*" they may not be left to themselves, and it will be our duty to remain in occupation, and keep our hold on the progress of administrative reform "of the Indian type," in *sæcula sæculorum*. We do not propose to argue the question, but it is extremely important that we should know where we are, and what writers and politicians really mean. This, then, is what Mr. Wallace means—a virtual annexation.

A mere word does not take us very far. Annexation may mean several different things. It is here a convenient phrase for a formidable task. The nature of the task is more to the purpose than the propriety of this, that, or the other phrase, for describing it. "The country," says Mr.

Wallace, "is, I believe, on the verge of a most serious economical crisis, and *I cannot imagine any form of Egyptian self-government capable of averting it.*" That is to say, if the economic crisis is to be averted, it is we who will have to undertake the task. The crisis has its origin in the central fact—if it be a fact—that the soil is losing its fertility; because the difficulty of paying the taxes is every year increasing, the fellaheen are sinking deeper and deeper into debt, and a very large proportion of those who are still landowners must soon sell their land to satisfy the claims of the importunate foreign usurers to whom it is mortgaged (p. 405). It is only too easy to put a case that will make the matter intelligible to the British reader. Suppose Ireland to be on the eve of a series of annual scarcities, progressively advancing to famine; suppose the gombeen men to be all French, Swiss, German, or Italian; suppose them to be rapidly foreclosing in pursuance of rights guaranteed by law and treaty. How would the authorities in Dublin Castle choose to face such a prospect as that, and what should we think of a foreign power that should undertake with gaiety of heart to set it to rights? Yet that is the task that is pressed upon Great Britain, with a good variety of other intractable elements to boot.

Mr. Wallace gives a clear and comprehensive account of the conditions of the problem. The thorough honesty of his mind prevents him from any attempt to varnish his tale. He is no politician with a party to defend or a programme to advocate; whether we agree with his practical conclusion or not, we feel that he never shirks the facts, and his statement of the Egyptian case is only too real:—

"If she [Egypt] returned to the old primitive system she could not pay a tithe of the sum required [for interest]. Besides this, she has, whilst contracting her national debt, become so permeated with European interests, commercial and political, that even if she contrived, by some inconceivable miracle, to pay off her debt, she could not possibly extri-

cate herself from the close embrace of the dear cousins aforementioned. There may have been, perhaps, some imaginative members of the defunct National Party who indulged in such childish dreams, but assuredly the idea never entered the head of any practical statesman. . . . No political chemist will ever invent a means of eliminating European influences from Egyptian affairs. . . . All that can be done now is to insure that the natives have something like fair play, and to assist them at certain points where they are much weaker than their antagonists, and this can be done much more effectually by the British Government than by any native rulers or national assemblies."

We may note in passing that Mr. Wallace has here let a sentence drop that answers a reproachful question of his own in a previous place. If we did not mean to create really good government, and if we intended to let the Egyptians stew in their own juice, why did we not leave the National Party alone? Well, it might or it might not have been wiser to leave Arabi and his confederates alone, but there is no inconsistency between intervention last year and military withdrawal next year. The designs of the National Party were hopeless and prospectless, just because, as Mr. Wallace says in the passage above, the idea of Egypt extricating herself from "the close embrace" of European interests, political and commercial, was a "childish dream." The English policy, we suppose, was to avert the catastrophe of a violent conflict between the National Party and these European interests—a conflict in which the last chance of any effort at self-government in Egypt would, in the long run, inevitably have gone down and disappeared. If the deliverance of Egypt from Europe was a childish dream, all that Mr. Wallace says of the advantages that might have accrued to Egypt from the triumph of the National Party is utterly beside the mark. "All that can be done now," he says, "is to insure that the natives should have something like fair play." But this, on his own admission, was all that could ever have been done, and more

than could have been done by the Arabists, because they dreamed, and drew all their support in the country from the general knowledge and belief that they dreamed, of shaking off Europe altogether. That consideration indicates the answer to Mr. Wallace's insistent plea that it would have been better to leave the Arabists alone, unless we intended to annex their country and govern it on Indian principles.

The future, however, and not the past, is what interests and concerns us, and what is of most importance is Mr. Wallace's economic crisis, with its two elements, the indebtedness of the peasantry and the declining productivity of the soil. On the latter point, which for a statesman having to deal with Egypt is much the more alarming of the two, Mr. Wallace does something in the later pages of his book to take the edge off the apprehensions that he had raised in the earlier part. "The diminution in the fertility of the soil," he says (p. 482), "is certainly an alarming fact, but like many other dangers which have been very terrible in the distance, it may be warded off with a certain amount of energy and perseverance." Then he explains that, after all, it is not the soil that has been exhausted but merely a thin superficial layer of it; the land has been scratched rather than ploughed; agriculture has been practised ignorantly, heedlessly, and recklessly; and underneath the thin superficial layer lie vast treasures of latent fertility. "The impoverishment of the soil is not a deep-seated organic disease, but merely a passing weakness which may be cured by better cultivation." Better cultivation means two things; more irrigation, and improved agricultural methods. What can the British Government do? This is a crucial question, because Mr. Wallace has said that "if we do not take the means to avert" the terrible economic crisis—"means far more energetic than the mere 'prudent development of popular institutions'"—

we shall be responsible for the famines that the crisis may produce. Can the British Government, then, secure an improvement in the methods and practices of agriculture? "No," Mr. Wallace says, "that depends mainly on the people themselves." "The native cultivators must observe for themselves by patient experiment and dogged perseverance how the present exhaustion of the soil can best be counteracted and the threatened economic crisis averted." Unfortunately, the peasants, though "not so stupidly conservative and apathetic as is commonly supposed," lack initiative, and this we might supply. But Mr. Wallace does not tell us what more could be done in this way than was done by the Agricultural Bureau, which was established for the purpose of supplying the peasants with useful information. Yet this bureau was abolished last year with the assent of the representatives of the British Government, who may be supposed to have convinced themselves that it failed to promote the objects to which Mr. Wallace, hoping against hope, still seems to cling. This might seem to have settled that part of the argument, and it is, on Mr. Wallace's own showing, the most important part.

If we can do nothing effectual towards the improvement of agricultural practice, are our opportunities greater in respect of irrigation? Nubar Pasha has said that the Egyptian question is a question of irrigation, meaning that if irrigation is improved, the produce of the soil will increase, the taxes will be better paid, the private debts of the peasants will be extinguished, there will be less popular discontent, and fewer excuses for foreign meddling. An English officer of energy and special experience is now examining this problem. But Mr. Wallace describes what formidable obstacles will rise up against Colonel Moncrieff's projects when they are announced. The rich proprietors have antagonistic interests, they will be too strong for the Depart-

ment of Public Works, and Colonel Moncrieff will fail unless he is "systematically and vigorously supported by the British Foreign Office." Whether costly projects of irrigation would be sufficiently remunerative; whether they could be worked, considering that the *corvées* is no longer equal to the cleansing of the existing canals; whether vigorous and systematic support from Downing Street would or would not make the Egyptian departments more favourable, are points on which two opposite views may be held by men of equal competence. Lord Dufferin (*Report*, p. 54) tells us that no officer of irrigation could succeed fully, unless he were supported by the British and Egyptian Governments, and he says quite enough to show that this is so, and why. Unless, therefore, the Egyptian Government favours and supports new schemes of irrigation, they will come to naught; and if, on the other hand, the Egyptian Government does favour and support them, the task will not fall upon us, nor compel us to remain in the country in force in order to carry it out.

Now for the third question, what the British Government can do to solve the urgent problem of fellah indebtedness and in the way of lightening that general burden of taxation which is now so fearful an incubus. We have Mr. Wallace's own authority for regarding this as the most important question of all. "So long," he says, "as the Liquidation Law remains unchanged, it is hardly possible that Egypt should make any vigorous attempt to develop greatly her natural resources, and consequently it is very desirable that the law should be modified." The last proposition is surely too mildly expressed. If Egypt is on the verge of a formidable economic crisis, whose consequences would be a terrible catastrophe; if that crisis can only be averted by a vigorous attempt to develop her natural resources; and if that attempt to develop her resources can hardly by possibility be made while the Liquidation Law

remains unchanged—why then, not only is it “very desirable” that the law should be modified, but it is little better than waste of time to talk about better agricultural practices and improved supply and distribution of water, until this terrific and crushing incubus has been removed. It is not Irrigation, as Nubar said, but Liquidation, that is the Egyptian Question. If Mr. Wallace could have shown that the British Government, by occupation, annexation, or any other process of the kind, could secure a reconstruction of the old terms of liquidation, he might have proved his case. But he admits the reverse of this. “It would be impolitic to raise the question officially at present, because it is necessary to obtain the consent of France to any modification of the Liquidation Law, and the French Cabinet is not for the moment disposed to assist us in the work of Egyptian reorganisation.” Therefore, in short, we are unable to do the one thing that is the essential condition precedent to anything like an effectual improvement in the condition of the peasantry, or to the removal of the dark cloud that now hangs so menacingly over the Egyptian landscape.

Mr. Wallace’s own pages, therefore, cannot be said to support his own contention. The only one thing that he shows us to be able to do is to keep order. But then he shows that keeping order is not any more important than averting an economic crisis. To

avert the economic crisis, two things must be secured, a better water supply, and improved agriculture. Unless we annex the country we can effect neither of them, and the latter we could not effect even by annexation. The most urgent condition of all, a new modification of the public debt, we cannot touch, nor would annexation make it easier to touch it. That, as far as we can make out, is the upshot of the journey in which Mr. Wallace has been our guide.

It is perhaps an ungracious return for the instruction and pleasure that Mr. Wallace’s book conveys, to treat him and it in this controversial vein. But, like an honest observer and loyal recorder as he is, he does not shrink from furnishing material that makes against his own view, and this material naturally provokes to controversy. In the volume itself there is comparatively little political disputation. The book is a careful exposition of actual facts, conducted (in spite of the writer’s very definite opinion as to the immediate practical moral of them all) with entire intellectual disinterestedness. For the politician who desires to talk or judge about Egyptian affairs it is indispensable: and for the general reader its usefulness does not prevent it from being agreeable. If it does not hold out a very bright prospect for the disentanglement of Egypt from the heavy chains that encumber her, that is not Mr. Wallace’s fault.

THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XL.

OONA'S mind had been much disturbed, yet in no painful way by the meeting with Mrs. Methven. The service which she had done to Walter's mother, the contact with her, although almost in the dark, the sense of approach to another woman whose mind was full of anxiety, and thought for him, agitated her, yet seemed to heal and soften away the pain which other encounters had given her. It gave her pleasure to think of the half-seen face, made softer by the twilight, and of the tremor of expectation and anxiety that had been in it. There was somehow in this a kind of excuse to herself for her involuntary preoccupation with all that concerned him. She had felt that there was an unspoken sympathy between her and the stranger, and that it was something more than chance which brought them together. As the boat pushed off into the loch, and she felt that she had left the mother to a certain happiness in her son, her heart beat with a subdued excitement. She felt with them both, divining the soul of the mother who went to him with trembling, not approving perhaps, not fully trusting, but loving; and of the son who was at fault, who had not shown her the tenderness which her love merited in return. The sense of that union so incomplete in fact, and so close in nature, filled Oona with emotion. As the boat glided along the glittering pathway of the lake between the reflected banks, her mind was full of the two who had gone away together arm in arm into the soft darkness. How mysterious was that twilight world, the eye incapable in the dimness of perceiving which was the substance and which the shadow

of those floating woods and islands! Sometimes the boat would glide into the tangled reflections of the trees, sometimes strike through what seemed a headland, a wall of rock, a long projecting promontory in this little world of water, where nothing was as it seemed. But it was not half so mysterious as life. It was but lately that this aspect of existence had struck the healthful soul of the Highland girl. Till the last year all had been open and sweet as the day about her ways and thoughts. If she had any secrets at all they had been those which even the angels guard between themselves and God, those sacred enthusiasms for the one Love that is above all: those aspirations towards the infinite which are the higher breath of gentle souls: or perhaps a visionary opening into the romance of life in its present form, which was scarcely less visionary and pure. But nothing else, nothing more worldly, nothing that her namesake, "heavenly Una with her milkwhite lamb," need have hesitated to avow. But since then Oona had gone far, and wandered wide in a shadowy world which she shared with no one, and in which there were mystic forces beyond her fathoming, influences which caught the wanderer all unwitting, and drew her hither or thither unawares, against her will. She was no longer the princess and sovereign of life as she had been in the earlier portion of it, but rather its subject or possible victim, moved by powers which she could not understand nor resist, and which overcame her before she was aware of their existence. She thought of all this as her boat made its way, propelled by the long, strong strokes of Hamish, amid the shadows; but not angrily, not miserably as she had sometimes done, with a sadness which

(if it was sadness at all) was sweet, and a secret exhilaration for which she could not account. The mother seemed somehow to step into the visionary conflict which was going on, a half-seen, unknown, but powerful champion on the side of—— Was it on the side of Oona? She shrank a little from that identification, and said to herself, on the side of good. For that there was a struggle going on between good and evil, which in some mysterious way centred in Lord Erradeen, she was mysteriously aware, she could not tell how.

"Yon young lord will be the better of his mother," Hamish was saying, his voice coming to her vaguely, running on without any thought of reply, mingled with the larger sound of the oars upon the rowlocks, the long sweep of them through the loch, the gurgle and tinkle of the water as the boat cut through. Hamish was faintly visible and even retained till it grew quite dark some trace of colour in his favourite garment. "He'll be the better of his mother," he said; "there will aye be a want when there's no a leddy in the house. Weeman servants are no to lippen to. A young man when he has not a wife, he will be muckle the better for his mother."

Oona heard the words vaguely like a chant amid all those sounds of the loch which were the music and accompaniment of her own being. She ran up the slope when they landed, and burst into the little drawing-room which was so bright after the darkness of the evening world, with a pleasure in her little adventure, and in having something to tell which is only known in the deep recesses, the unbroken quiet of rural life. Mrs. Forrester was just beginning, as she herself said, to "weary" for Oona's return. She had put down her knitting and taken a book. Again she had put aside her book and taken the knitting. Oona was late. Oona meant the world and life to the solitary lady on the crest of the isle. The house, the little retired nest amid the trees, was full and

cheerful when she was there, and though Mysie and the cook, "ben the house," gave now and then a sign of life, yet nothing was complete until the sound of the boat drawn up on the shingle, the unshipping of the oars, the light firm foot on the path, followed by the heavier tread, scattering the gravel, of Hamish, gave token that all the little population were gathered within the circle of their rocks and waters. Then Mrs. Forrester brightened and turned her face towards the door with cheerful expectation: for it became a little too cold now to go down to the beach to meet the boat, even with the fur cloak upon her shoulders, which had been her wont on summer nights, and even on wintry days.

"His mother, poor young man! Dear me, that is very interesting, Oona. I was not sure he had a mother. That's good news: for I always took an interest in Lord Erradeen, like one of our own boys. Indeed, you know, Oona, I always thought him like Rob, though their complexions are different. Dear me! I am very glad you were on the spot, Oona, and able to show her a little civility. But he should have been there, oh! he should have been there, to meet her. If any of the boys were to do that to me, I would not know what to think—to leave me to the civility of any person that might be passing. Oh, fie! no, I would not know what to think."

"I know what you would think," said Oona, "that there must have been some mistake, that they did not know the hour of the train, or did not know which train, or that they had been too late of starting, or—something. You would be sure to find a good reason, mamma."

"Well, that's true, Oona; no doubt it would be something of that kind, for it is impossible that a nice lad (and Lord Erradeen was always that) would show himself neglectful of his mother. Poor lady! and she would be tired after her journey. I am very

glad you were there to show her a little attention. She will perhaps think, as so many of those English do, that we're cold and distant in the north. My dear, you can just ring for the tea : and we'll go and call upon her to-morrow, Oona. Well, perhaps not to-morrow ; but wait till she is well rested. We'll go on Thursday, and you can just mention it about, wherever you are to-morrow, that everybody may know. It is such a fine thing for a young man to have his mother with him (when he has not a wife), that we must give her a warm welcome, poor lady," Mrs. Forrester said. She had no reason to call Mrs. Methven poor, but did it as a child does, with a meaning of kindness. She was in fact much pleased and excited by the news. It seemed to throw a gleam of possible comfort over the head of the loch. "The late lord had no woman about him," she said to herself after Oona had left the room. She had quite forgotten that she was beginning to "weary." "Did you hear, Mysie," she went on when "the tea" appeared with all its wealth of scones, "that Lord Erradeen was expecting his mother? I am almost as glad to hear it as if one of our own boys had come home."

"It is a real good thing for the young lord, mem," said Mysie ; "and no doubt you'll be going to see her, being such near neighbours, and my lord such great friends with the isle."

"I would not say very great friends, oh no," said Mrs. Forrester, deprecatory, but with a smile of pleasure on her face. "There is little to tempt a young gentleman here. But no doubt we will call as soon as she is rested—Miss Oona and me."

This formed the staple of their conversation all the evening, and made the little room cheerful with a sentiment of expectation.

"And what kind of a person did you find her, Oona? And do you think she will be a pleasant neighbour? And he was at the waterside

to meet her, when he saw the boat? And was he kind? and did he show a right feeling?"

These questions Mrs. Forrester asked over and over again. She put herself in the place of the mother who had arrived so unexpectedly without any one to meet her.

"And you will be sure to mention it, whoever you see to-morrow," she repeated several times, "that she may see we have all a regard for him. I know by myself that is the first thing you think of," Mrs. Forrester added with a pleasant smile. "The boys" were everything they ought to be. There were no eccentricities, nothing out of the way about them to make public opinion doubtful. Wherever they went, their mother, pleased, but not surprised, heard everything that was pleasant of them. She "knew by herself" that this was what Walter's mother would want to hear.

And Oona "mentioned it" to the Ellermore Campbells, with whom she had some engagement next morning, and where she met Miss Herbert from the Lodge. Julia was already popular with her nearest neighbours, and had an attendant at her side in the shape of a friend invited by Sir Thomas as an ardent sportsman, but of whom Julia had taken the command from his first appearance. She was in high spirits, finding everything go well with her, and slightly off her balance with the opening up of new prosperity. She threw herself into the discussion with all the certainty of an old acquaintance.

"I don't understand why you should be so pleased," said Julia. "Are you pleased? or is it only a make-believe? Oh, no, dear Oona; I do not suppose you are so naughty as that. You never were naughty in your life—was she? Never tore her pinafore, or dirtied her frock? It is pretty of you, all you girls, to take an interest in Walter's mother; but for my part I like young men best without their mothers," Miss Herbert said, with a laugh, and a

glance towards the attendant squire, who said to himself that here was a girl above all pretences, who knew better than to attempt to throw dust in the eyes of wise men like himself.

Some of the Ellermore girls laughed, for there is nothing that girls and boys are more afraid of than this reputation of never having dirtied their pinafores; while their mother, with the easy conviction of a woman so full of sons and daughters that she is glad, whenever she can, to shirk her responsibilities, said:

"Well, that is true enough: a young man should not be encumbered with an old woman; and if I were Mrs. Methven——"

"But, thank Heaven, you are not at all like Mrs. Methven," said Julia. "She is always after that unfortunate boy. It did not matter where he went, he was never free of her. Sitting up for him, fancy! making him give her an account of everything. He had to count up how many times he came to see me."

"Which perhaps would be difficult," some one said.

Julia laughed—that laugh of triumph which disturbs feminine nerves.

"He did come pretty often," she said, "poor fellow. Oh, most innocently! to get me to play his accompaniments. Don't you know he sings? Oh, yes, very tolerably: if he would but open his mouth, I used to tell him; but some people like to be scolded, I think."

"By you," said the attendant in an undertone.

Julia gave him a look which repaid him.

"I always had to take his part. Poor Walter!" she said with a sigh. "And then when I had him by myself I scolded him. Isn't that the right way? I used to get into great trouble about that boy," she added. "When one has known a person all one's life one can't help taking an interest—— And he was so mismanaged in his youth."

"Here is a Daniel come to judg-

ment," said Jeanie Campbell: "so much older and so much wiser than the rest of us. Lord Erradeen must be years older than you are. Let us call, mother, all the same, and see what sort of a dragon she is."

"I shall call, of course," the mother said; "and I don't want to hear anything about dragons: I am one too, I suppose. Thank you, Oona, for telling me. I should not like to be wanting in politeness. Your mother will be going to-morrow, I shouldn't wonder? Well, we shall go the next day, girls. Erradeen marches with Ellermore, and I know your father wishes to pay every respect."

"I suppose when you're a lord," said Tom, who was very far down in the family, and of no account, "you can go upon a rule of your own; but it would be far greater fun for Erradeen if he would mix himself up more with other people. Did anybody ever find out who that fellow was that was staying with him? Braithwaite thought he must be something very fine indeed—a foreign prince, or that sort. He said such a fellow couldn't be English without being well known. It seems he knew everybody, and everything you could think of. A tremendous swell, according to Braithwaite. Oona, who was he? you ought to know."

At this all eyes turned to Oona, who grew red in spite of herself.

"I have no way of knowing," she said. "I met such a person once—near the old castle; but it was when Lord Erradeen was away."

"I am not superstitious," said Mrs. Campbell, "but there are people seen about that old castle that—make your blood run cold. No, I never saw anything myself; but your father says——"

"My father never met this fellow," cried Tom. "He wasn't a fellow to make any mistake about. Neither old nor young—oh, yes, oldish: between forty and fifty; as straight as a rod, with eyes that go through and through you; and a voice—I think Erradeen himself funks him. Yes, I

do. He turned quite white when he heard his voice."

"There are all kinds of strange stories about that old castle," said one of the Campbell sisters in an explanatory tone, addressing Julia. "You must not be astonished if you hear of unearthly lights, and some dreadful ordeal the heir has to go through, and ghosts of every description."

"I wish, Jeanie," said Tom, "when a fellow asks a question, that you would not break in with your nonsense. Who is talking of ghosts? I am asking who a fellow was—a very fine gentleman, I can tell you; something you don't see the like of often——" The young man was much offended by his sister's profanity. He went to the door with Oona, fuming. "These girls never understand," he said; "they make a joke of everything. This was one of the grandest fellows I ever saw—and then they come in with their rubbish about ghosts!"

"Never mind," Oona said, giving him her hand. The conversation somehow had been more than she herself could bear, and she had come away with a sense of perplexity and feebleness. Tom, who was hot and indignant, was more in sympathy with her than the others who talked about ghosts, which made her angry she could scarcely tell why.

"Let me walk with you," said Julia Herbert, following. "I have sent Major Antrobus to look after the carriage. He is a friend of my cousin Sir Thomas, and supposed to be a great sportsman, but not so devoted to slaughter as was hoped. Instead of slaughtering, he is slaughtered, Lady Herbert says. I am sure I don't know by whom. Do let me walk with you a little way. It is so nice to be with you." Julia looked into Oona's face with something of the ingratiating air which she assumed to her victims of the other sex. "Dear Miss Forrester——" and then she stopped with a laugh. "I don't dare to call you by your Christian name."

"It must be I then that am the dragon, though I did not know it," Oona said; but she did not ask to be called by her Christian name.

"I see—you are angry with me for what I said of Mrs. Methven. It is quite true, however; that is the kind of woman she is. But I don't excuse Walter, for all that. He was very wicked to her. Ever since he was a boy at school he has been nasty to his mother. Everybody says it is her own fault, but still it was not nice of him, do you think? Oh, I think him very nice, in many ways. I have known him so long. He has always been most agreeable to me—sometimes *too* agreeable," said Julia with a smile, pausing, dwelling upon the recollection. "But his mother and he never got on. Sometimes those that are the very nicest out of doors are rather disagreeable at home. Haven't you seen that? Oh, I have, a hundred times. Of course the mother is sure to be to blame. She ought to have made a cheerful home for him, you know, and asked young people and cheerful people, instead of a set of fogies. But she never would do that. She expected him to put up with her old-fashioned ways."

Oona made no reply. She was disturbed in the ideal that had been rising within her—an ideal not all made up of sunshine and virtue, but where at least the darker shades were of a more elevated description than petty disobediences on one hand and exactions on the other. Life becomes mean and small when dragged down to this prosaic level, which was the natural level in Julia's mind, not pitiful and debasing, as it appeared to Oona. As there was no response to what she had said, Julia resumed, putting her hand with a great show of affection within Oona's arm.

"I want you to let me be your friend," she said, "and I don't want you to be deceived. I fear you think too well of people; and when you hear anything against them, then you feel displeased. Oh, yes, I know. You

are not pleased with me for telling the truth about the Methvens."

"I wonder rather," said Oona, somewhat coldly, "that being so much a friend of Lord Erradeen you should—betray him; for we should never have known this without you."

"Oh, betray him; what hard words!" cried Julia, making believe to shrink and hide her face. "I would not betray him for worlds, poor dear Walter, if I had a secret of his. But this is no secret at all," she added, with a laugh; "everybody knows they never got on. And between ourselves, Walter has been a sad bad boy. Oh, yes, there is no doubt about it. I know more of the world than a gentle creature like you, and I know that no man is very good. Oh, don't say a word, for you don't understand. There are none of them very good. What goes on when they are knocking about the world—we don't know what it is: but it is no good. Everybody that knows human nature knows that. But Walter has gone further, you know, than the ordinary. Oh, he has been a bad boy! He took up with Captain Underwood before he knew anything about Kinloch Houran, while he was not much more than a boy: and everybody knows what Captain Underwood is. He has gambled and betted, and done a great many still more dreadful things. And poor Mrs. Methven scolded and cried and nagged: and that has made everything worse."

Oona's countenance changed very much during this conversation. It flushed and paled, and grew stern with indignation, and quivered with pity. It seemed to her that all that was said must be true: it had not the air of an invention. She asked, with a trembling voice, "If this is so, how is it that you still care for him? still——" she would have said—pursue him; but Oona's womanly instincts were too strong for this, and she faltered and paused, and said, feebly, "still—keep him in your thoughts?"

"Oh, we must not be too hard, you know," said Julia, smiling; "a man must sow his wild oats. Oh, I should myself had I been a man. I should not have been content with your humdrum life. I should have stormed all over the place and had a taste of everything. Don't you think it is better for them when they have been downright bad? I do; it makes them more humble. They know, if you came to inquire into them, there would not be a word to say for them. I think it is a good thing, for my part; I don't mind. I am not afraid of it. But still it must be confessed that Walter has been oh! very bad! and unkind to his mother; not what people call a good son. And what is the use of her coming here? She is coming only to spoil sport, to poke her nose into everything. I have no patience with that kind of woman. Now I can see in your face you are quite shocked with me. You think it is I who am bad. But you know I have taken a great fancy to you, and I want you to know."

"I have no wish to know," said Oona. She had grown very pale—with the feeling of having been out in a storm and exposed to the beating of remorseless rain, the fierce hail that sometimes sweeps the hills. She heard Julia's laugh ringing through like something fiendish in the midst of her suffering. She was glad to escape, though beaten down and penetrated by the bitter storm. The silence was grateful to her, and to feel herself alone. She scarcely doubted that it was all true. There was something in Miss Herbert's tone which brought conviction with it: the levity and indulgence were abhorrent to Oona, but they sounded true. Julia pressed her hand as she turned back, saying something about Major Antrobus and the carriage, and with a laugh at Oona's startled looks, "Don't look so pale; you are too sensitive. It is nothing more than all of them do. Good-bye, dear," Julia said. She bent forward with a half offer of a

kiss, from which Oona shrank: and then went away laughing, calling out, "People will think you have seen one of those ghosts."

A ghost! Oona went upon her way, silent, aching in heart and spirit. What was a ghost, as they said, in comparison? No ghost but must know secrets that would at the least make levity and irreverence impossible. Nothing but a human voice could mock and jibe at that horror and mystery of evil before which Oona's spirit trembled. She had walked some way alone upon the daylight road, with the wholesome wind blowing in her face, and the calm of nature restoring her to composure, but not relieving the ache in her heart, before she came to the edge of the bank, and called in her clear voice to Hamish in the boat.

CHAPTER XLI.

"**LORD ERRADEEN!**" His appearance was so unexpected, so curiously appropriate and inappropriate, that Oona felt as if she must be under some hallucination, and was beholding an incarnation of her own thoughts instead of an actual man.

And Walter was himself at so high a strain of excitement that the agitation of her surprise seemed natural to him. It scarcely seemed possible that everybody around, and specially that she, did not know the crisis at which he stood. He took the hand which she instinctively put forward, into both his, and held fast by it as if it had been an anchor of salvation.

"I am a fugitive," he said. "Will you receive me, will you take me with you? Have pity upon me, for you are my last hope."

"Lord Erradeen—has anything—happened? What—have you done?"

She trembled, standing by him, gazing in his face, not withdrawing her hand, yet not giving it, lost in wonder: yet having come to feel that something he had done, some guilt of his, must be the cause.

"I have done— I will tell you everything. I wish to tell you everything: let me come with you, Oona."

All this time Hamish, standing behind Walter, was making signs to his young mistress, which seemed to no purpose but to increase her perplexity. Hamish shook his shaggy head, and his eyebrows worked up and down. He gesticulated with his arm pointing along the loch. Finally he stepped forward with a sort of desperation.

"I'm saying, Miss Oona, that we're in no hurry. There will always be somebody about that would be glad, real glad, of a visit from you. And as his lordship is a wee disturbed in his mind, and keen to get home, I could just put him up to Auchnasheen—it would take me very little time—and syne come back for you."

Oona stood startled, undecided between the two—alarmed a little by Walter's looks, and much by the significance of the gestures of Hamish, and his eagerness and anxiety.

"It will no be keeping you waiting long at all—oh, not at all. And my lord will be best at home, being a wee disturbed in his mind—and we're in no hurry—no hurry," Hamish insisted, doing his best to place himself between the two.

"Hamish thinks I am mad," said Walter. "I do not wonder. But I am not mad. I want neither home nor anything else—but you. It is come to that—that nobody can help me but you. First one tries expedients," he said confusedly, "anything to tide over; but at last one comes—one comes to the only true—"

"You are speaking very wildly," said Oona. "I don't know what you mean, Lord Erradeen; and Hamish is afraid of you. What is it? We are only simple people—we do not understand."

He dropped her hand which he had held all the time, half, yet only half, against her will, for there was something in the way he held it which forbade all idea of levity. She looked at him very wistfully, anxious, not with

any offence, endeavouring to put away all prepossession out of her mind—the prejudice in his favour which moved her heart in spite of herself—the prejudice against him, and indignant wonder whether all was true that she had heard, which had arisen from Julia's words. Her eyelids had formed into anxious curves of uncertainty, out of which her soul looked wistfully, unable to refuse help, perplexed, not knowing what to do.

"If you refuse to hear me," he said, "I have no other help to turn to. I know I have no right to use such an argument, and yet if you knew—I will urge no more. It is death or life—but it is in your hands."

Oona's eyes searched into his very soul.

"What can I do?" she said, wondering. "What power have I? How can I tell if it is—true—" she faltered, and begged his pardon hastily when she had said that word. "I mean—I do not mean—" she said confusedly. "But oh, what can I do? it is not possible that I——"

It is cruel to have the burden put upon you of another's fate. Sometimes that is done to a woman lightly in the moment of disappointment by a mortified lover. Was this the sort of threat he meant, or was it perhaps—true? Oona, who had no guile, was shaken to the very soul by that doubt. Better to risk an affront in her own person than perhaps to fail of an occasion in which sincere help was wanted and could be given. She had not taken her eyes from him, but searched his face with a profound uncertainty and eagerness. At last, with the sigh of relief which accompanies a decision, she said to Hamish,

"Push off the boat. Lord Erradeen will help me in," with something peremptory in her tone against which her faithful servant could make no further protest.

Hamish proceeded accordingly to push off the boat into the water, and presently they were afloat, steering out for the centre of the loch. They

were at some distance from the isle on the other side of the low, green island with its little fringe of trees, so different from the rocky and crested isles about, which is known on Loch Houran as the Isle of Rest. The low wall round about the scattered tombs, the scanty ruins of its little chapel, were all that broke the soft greenness of those low slopes. There was nothing like it all around in its solemn vacancy and stillness, and nothing could be more unlike that chill and pathetic calm than the freight of life which approached it in Oona's boat: she herself full of tremulous visionary excitement—the young man in his passion and desperation; even the watchful attendant, who never took his eyes from Lord Erradeen, and rowed on with all his senses on the alert, ready to throw himself upon the supposed maniac at a moment's notice, or without it, did the occasion require. There was a pause when they found themselves separated by a widening interval of water from the shore, where at any moment a chance passenger might have disturbed their interview. Here no one could disturb them. Walter placed himself in front of Hamish facing Oona: but perhaps the very attitude, the freedom and isolation in which he found himself with her, closed his lips. For a minute he sat gazing at her, and did not speak.

"You wished—to say something to me, Lord Erradeen?"

It was she who recalled to him his purpose, with a delicate flush colouring the paleness of her face, half in shame that after all she had to interfere to bring the confession forth.

"So much," he said, "so much that I scarcely know where to begin." And then he added, "I feel safe with you near me. Do you know what it means to feel safe? But you never were in deadly danger. How could you be?"

"Lord Erradeen, do not mystify me with these strange sayings," she cried. "Do they mean anything? What has happened to you? or is it only—is it nothing but——"

"A pretence, do you think, to get myself a hearing—to beguile you into a little interest? That might have been. But it is more serious, far more serious. I told you it was life or death." He paused for a moment and then resumed. "Do you remember last year, when you saved me?"

"I remember—last year," she said with an unsteady voice, feeling the flush grow hotter and hotter on her cheek, for she did not desire to be reminded of that self-surrender, that strange merging of her being in another's, which was her secret, of which she had been aware, but no one else. "I never understood it," she added, with one meaning for herself and one for him. The hidden sense was to her more important than the other. "It has always been—a mystery——"

"It was the beginning of the struggle," he said. "I came here, you know—don't you know?—out of poverty to take possession of my kingdom—that was what I thought. I found myself instead at the beginning of a dreary battle. I was not fit for it, to begin with. Do you remember the old knights had to prepare themselves for their chivalry with fasting, and watching of arms, and all that—folly——" A gleam of self-derision went over his face, and yet it was deadly serious underneath.

"It was no folly," she said.

"Oh, do you think I don't know that? The devil laughs in me, now and then, but I don't mean it. Oona—let me call you Oona, now, if never again—I had neither watched nor prayed——"

He made a pause, looking at her pitifully; and she, drawn, she knew not how, answered, with tears in her eyes, "I have heard that you—had strayed——"

"That means accidentally, innocently," he said. "It was not so. I had thought only of myself: when I was caught in the grip of a will stronger than mine, unprepared. There was set before me—no, not good and evil as in the books, but subjection to

one—who cared neither for good nor evil. I was bidden to give up my own will. I who had cared for nothing else: to give up even such good as was in me. I was not cruel. I cared nothing about worldly advantages; but these were henceforward to be the rule of my life—pleasant, was it not?" he said, with a laugh, "to a man who expected to be the master—of everything round."

At the sound of his laugh, which was harsh and wild, Hamish, raising himself so as to catch the eye of his mistress, gave her a questioning, anxious look. Oona was very pale, but she made an impatient gesture with her hand to her humble guardian. She was not herself at ease; an agonising doubt lest Walter's mind should have given way had taken possession of her. She answered him as calmly as she could, but with a tremor in her voice, "Who could ask that, Lord Erradeen? Oh no, no—you have been deceived."

"You ask me who? you who gave me your hand—your hand that was like snow—that had never done but kindness all your life—and saved me—so that I defied him. And you ask me who?"

He put out his hand as he spoke and touched hers as it lay in her lap. His face was full of emotion, working and quivering. "Give it to me, Oona!—will you give it to me? I am not worthy that you should touch me. It has been said to me that you would turn from me—ah, with disgust!—*if you knew*. And I want you to know everything. For you gave it then without pausing to think. Oona! I am going to tell you everything. Give it to me," he said, holding out his hands one over the other to receive and clasp hers, his eyes moist, his lips appealing with a quivering smile of entreaty. And how may it be told what was in Oona's heart? Her whole being was moved through and through with tenderness, wonder, pity. Her hand seemed to move of itself towards him. The impulse was upon her almost too

strong to be resisted, to throw her arms round him, like a mother with a child—to identify herself with him whatever might follow. The womanly instinct that held her back—that kept all these impulses in check and restrained the heart that seemed leaping out of her bosom towards this man whom she loved in spite of herself, and who had need of her, most sacred of all claims—was like a frame of iron round her, against which she struggled but from which she could not get free. Tears filled her eyes—she clasped her hands together in an involuntary appeal. “What can I do? What can I do?” she cried.

“You shall hear all,” said he. “I have tried everything before coming back to that which I always knew was my only hope. I fled away after that night. Do you remember?” (She almost smiled at this, for she remembered far better than he, and the wonder and despair of it, and his boat going away over the silent loch, and his face eager to be gone, and she indignant, astonished, feeling that her life went with him; but of all this he knew nothing.) “I fled—thinking I could escape and forget. There seemed no better way. There was no one to help me, only to mar and waste—what was all wasted and spoilt already. I want to tell you everything,” he said faltering, drooping his head, withdrawing his eyes from her, “but I have not the courage—you would not understand me. Nothing that you could imagine could reach to a hundredth part of the evil I have known.” He covered his face with his hands. The bitterness of the confession he dared not make seemed to stifle his voice and every hope.

And Oona’s heart quivered and beat against the strong bondage that held it in, and her hands fluttered with longing to clasp him and console him. What woman can bear to hear out such a confession, not to interrupt it with pardon, with absolution, with cries to bring forth the fairest robe? She touched his head with her hands for a

moment, a trembling touch upon his hair, and said, “God forgive you. God will forgive you,” with a voice almost choked with tears.

He raised his head and looked at her with an eager cry. “I want—not forgiveness. I want life,” he cried, “life, new life. I want to be born again. Is not that in the Bible? To be born again, to begin again from the beginning, everything new. Help me, Oona! I am not thinking of the past. It is *now* I am thinking of. I am not thinking of forgiveness—punishment if you please, anything!—but a new life. He knew man who said that,” Walter cried, raising his head. “What use is it to me to forgive me? I want to be born again.”

When he thus delivered himself of his exceeding bitter cry, this woman too, like his mother, answered him with a shining face, with eyes swimming in tears, and brilliant with celestial certainty. She put out her hands to him without a moment’s hesitation, and grasped his and smiled.

“Oh, that is all provided for!” she said. “Yes, He knew! It is all ready for you—waiting—waiting. Don’t you know our Lord stands at the door and knocks, till you are ready to let Him in? And now you are ready. There is nothing more.”

He received the soft hands within his with feelings indescribable, at such a height of emotion that all the lesser shades and degrees were lost. He twined her fingers among his own, clasping them with an entire appropriation.

“Oona,” he said, “the house is yours, and all in it. Open the door to your Lord, whom I am not worthy to come near—and to everything that is good. It is yours to do it. Open the door!”

They had forgotten Hamish who sat behind, pulling his long, even strokes, with his anxious shaggy countenance fixed like that of a faithful dog upon his mistress, whom he had to guard. He saw the two heads draw very close

together, and the murmur of the voices.

"What will she be saying to him? She will be winning him out of yon transport. She will be puttin' peace in his hairt. She has a voice that would wile the bird from the tree," said Hamish to himself. "But oh hon!—my bonnie Miss Oona," Hamish cried aloud.

This disturbed them and made them conscious of the spectator, who was there with them, separate from all the world. Oona, with a woman's readiness to throw her veil over and hide from the eye of day all that is too sacred for the vulgar gaze, raised her face, still quivering with tender and holy passion.

"Why do you say 'oh hon!' There is nothing to say 'oh hon' for, Hamish. No, no; but the other way."

Hamish looked across the young lord, whose head was bowed down still over Oona's hands, which he held. The boatman gave him a glance in which there was doubt and trouble, and then raised his shaggy eyebrows, and addressed a look of entreaty and warning to the fair inspired face that hovered over Walter like a protecting angel. "Ye will not be doing the like of that," he said, "without thought?"

And all the time the boat swept on over the reflections in the water, by the low shore of the Isle of Rest, where death had easy landing, away among the feathery islets, all tufted brown and crimson to the water's edge, where nothing but the wild life of the woods could find footing:—nothing near them but the one anxious, humble retainer, watching over Oona, for whom no one in heaven or earth, save himself, entertained any fear. He quickened those long strokes in the excitement of his soul, but neither did Walter take any account of where he was going, or Oona awake out of the excitement of the moment to think of the descent into common life which was so near. Hamish only, having

the entire conduct of them, hastened their progress back to ordinary existence—if perhaps there might be some aid of reason and common judgment (as he said to himself) there, to see that the man was in his right senses before Oona should be bound for life.

There was no excitement about the isle. It lay as calm in the sunshine as if nothing but peace had ever passed by that piece of solid earth, with its rocks and trees, that little human world amid the waters; every jagged edge of rock, every red-tinted tree against the background of tall firs, and the firs themselves in their dark motionless green, all shining inverted in the liquid clearness around. The two were still afloat, though their feet were on solid ground, and still apart from all the world, though the winding way led direct to the little centre of common life in which Oona was all in all. But they did not immediately ascend to that gentle height. They paused first on the little platform, from which Kinloch Houran was the chief object. One of those flying shadows that make the poetry of the hills was over it for a moment, arrested as by some consciousness of nature, while they stood and gazed. There Walter stood and told to Oona the story of Miss Milnathort, and how she had said that two, set upon all good things, would hold the secret in their hands. Two—and here were the two. It seemed to him that every cloud had fled from his soul from the moment when he felt her hands in his, and had bidden her "open the door." Oh, fling wide the door to the Christ who waits outside, the Anointed, the Deliverer of men: to peace and truth, that wait upon Him, and mercy and kindness, and love supreme that saves the world! Fling wide the doors! Not a bolt or bar but that soft hand shall unloose them, throw them wide, that the Lord may come in. Not a crevice or corner, or dark hiding-place of evil but shall open to the light. He said so standing there, holding her hand still, not only as a

lover caressing, protecting, holds the soft hand he loves, but as a man drowning will hold by the hand held out to save him. It was both to Walter. He told her, and it was true, that from the day when she had put it into his a year ago, he had never lost the consciousness that in this hand was his hope.

Oona was penetrated by all these words to the depths of her heart. What girl could be told that in her hands was the saving of one she loved without such a movement of the soul to the highest heroism and devotion as raises human nature above itself? Her soul seemed to soar, drawing his with it into heights above. She felt capable of everything—of the highest effort and the humblest service. That union of the spiritual being above his, and the human longing beneath, came back to her in all the joy of a permitted and befitting mood. She was his to raise him above all those soils of life of which he was sick and weary; and his to sweep away the thorns and briars out of his path; to lead him and to serve him, to mingle her being in his life so that no one henceforward should think of Oona save of his second and helpmeet: yet so to guide his uncertain way as that it should henceforward follow the track of light by which the best of all ages has gone. Even to understand that office of glory and humility demands an enlightenment, such as those who do not love can never attain. To Oona it seemed that life itself became glorious in this service. It raised her above all earthly things. She looked at him with the pity of an angel, with something of the tenderness of a mother, with an identification and willingness to submit which was pure woman. All was justified to her—the love that she had given unsought, the service which she was willing and ready to give.

He stopped before they had reached the height upon which stood home and the sweet and simple existence which embraced these mysteries without

comprehending them. A darker shadow, a premonition of evil came over him.

"And yet," he said, "I have not told you all. I have something more still to say."

CHAPTER XLII.

WHAT did there remain to say?

He had made his confession, which, after all, was no confession, and she had stopped his mouth with pardon. His cry for new life had overcome every reluctance in her. Her delicate reserve, the instinct that restrained her, had no more power after that. She had stood no longer behind any barrier—at that touch she had thrown her heart wide open and taken him within.

"What more?" she said. "There can be no more."

"Much more: and you were to hear all: not only the wretched folly into which I fled, to try if I could forget, but something meaner, nearer—something for which you will despise me. Oh, do not smile; it is past smiling for you and me—for you as well as me now, Oona. God forgive me that have tangled your life in mine!"

"What is it?" she said, giving him an open look of trust and confidence. "I am not afraid."

He was. Far worse than the general avowal of sins which she did not understand was the avowal he had to make of something which she could understand. He perceived that it would wound her to the heart—there was no thought now of Oona throwing him off. She had put her hand into his, and was ready to pour the fresh and spotless stream of her life into his. It would be no more possible for her to separate herself, to withdraw from him, whatever might happen. He perceived this with a keen pang of remorse, for the first time entering with all his heart into the soul of another, and understanding what it meant. She could not

now turn her back upon him, go away from him; and he was about to give her a sharp, profound, intolerable wound.

"Oona," he said, with great humility, "it occurred to-day. I cannot tell whether you will be able to see why I did it, or how I did it. This morning——" He paused here, feeling that the words hung in his throat and stifled him. "This morning—I went—and insulted Katie Williamson, and asked her to marry me."

She had been listening with her sweet look of pity and tenderness—sorry, sorry to the depths of her heart, for the evil he had done—sorry beyond tears; but yet ready with her pardon, and not afraid. At the name of Katie Williamson there came up over her clear face the shadow of a cloud—not more than the shadow. When such words as these are said they are not to be understood all at once. But they woke in her a startled curiosity—a strange surprise.

"This morning—it is still morning," she said, bewildered; "and Katie——"

"Oona! you do not understand."

"No. I do not quite—understand. What is it? This morning? And Katie——"

"I asked her this morning to join her land to my land and her money to my money: to be—my wife."

She drew her hand slowly out of his, looking at him with eyes that grew larger as they gazed. For some time she could not say a word, but only got paler and paler, and looked at him.

"Then what place—have I?—what am—I?" she said, slowly. Afterwards a sudden flush lighted up her face. "She would not: and then you came—to me?" she said.

A faint smile of pain came to her mouth. Walter had seen that look very recently before—when he told his mother why it was that he had sent for her. Was he capable of giving nothing but pain to those

he loved? If he had tried to explain or apologise, it is doubtful whether Oona's faculties, so suddenly and strangely strained, could have borne it. But he said nothing. What was there to say?—the fact which he had thus avowed was beyond explanation. He met her eyes for a moment, then drooped his head. There was nothing—nothing to be said. It was true. He had gone to another woman first, and then, when that failed, as a last resource had come to her. The anguish was so sharp that it brought that smile. It was incredible in the midst of her happiness. Her heart seemed wrung and crushed in some gigantic grasp. She looked at him with wondering, incredulous misery.

"You thought then, I suppose," she said, "that one—was as good as another?"

"I did not do that, Oona; it is, perhaps, impossible that you should understand. I told you—I had tried—every expedient: not daring to come to the one and only—the one, the only——"

She waved her hand as if putting this aside, and stood for a moment looking out vaguely upon the loch—upon the sheen of the water, the castle lying darkly in shadow, the banks stretching upward and downward in reflection. They had been glorified a moment since in the new union; now they were blurred over, and conveyed no meaning. Then she said, drearily—

"My mother—will wonder why we do not come in——"

"May I speak to her—at once? Let me speak."

"Oh no!" she cried. "Say nothing—nothing! I could not bear it."

And then he seized upon her hand, the hand she had taken from him, and cried out—

"You are not going to forsake me, Oona! You will not cast me away?"

"I cannot," she said very low, with her eyes upon the landscape, "I cannot!" Then, turning to him, "You have my word, and I have but one word: only everything is changed."

Let us say no more of it just now. A little time—I must have a little time.”

And she turned and walked before him to the house. They went in silence, not a word passing between them. Mysie, startled, came out to the door to ascertain who it could be who were preceded by the sound of footsteps only, not of voices. It was “no canny,” she said. And to think this was Miss Oona, whose cheerful voice always came home before her to warn the house that its pride and joy was approaching! Mysie, confounded, went to open the door of the drawing-room that her mistress might be made to share her uneasiness.

“It will just be Miss Oona, mem, and my lord,” Mysie said, “but very down, as if something had happened, and not saying a word.”

“Bless me!” cried Mrs. Forrester. Her heart naturally leapt to the only source of danger that could affect her deeply. “It is not a mail day, Mysie,” she said; “there can be no ill news.”

“The Lord be thanked for that!” Mysie said: and then stood aside to give admittance to those footsteps which came one after the other without any talking or cheerful note of sound. Mrs. Forrester rose to meet them with a certain anxiety, although her mind was at rest on the subject of the mails. It might be something wrong at Eaglescairn: it might be—

“Dear me! what is the matter, Oona? You are white, as if you had seen a ghost,” she said, with a more tangible reason for her alarm.

“I am quite well, mamma. Perhaps I may have seen a ghost—but nothing more,” she said with a half laugh. “And here is Lord Erradeen whom we picked up, Hamish and I.”

“And Lord Erradeen, you are just very whitefaced too,” cried Mrs. Forrester. “Bless me, I hope you have not both taken a chill. That will sometimes happen when the winter is wearing on, and ye are tempted out

on a fine morning with not enough of clothes. I have some cherry brandy in my private press, and I will just give you a little to bring back the blood to your cheeks: and come in to the fire. Dear me, Oona, do not shiver like that! and you not one that feels the cold. You have just taken a chill upon the water, though it is such a beautiful morning. And so you have got your mother with you, Lord Erradeen?”

“She came yesterday. She was so fortunate as to meet—Miss Forrester.”

It seemed to him a wrong against which he was ready to cry out to earth and heaven that he should have to call her by that formal name. He paused before he said it, and looked at her with passionate reproach in his eyes. And Oona saw the look, though her eyes were averted, and trembled, with what her mother took for cold.

“You may be sure Oona was very content to be of use: and I hope now you have got her you will keep her, Lord Erradeen. It will be fine for your house and the servants, and all, to have a lady at Auchnasheen. There has not been a lady since the last lord but one, who married the last of the Gleneel family, a person that brought a great deal of property into the family. I remember her very well. They said she was not his first love, but she was a most creditable person, and well thought upon, and kind to the poor. We were saying to ourselves, Oona and me, that we would go up the loch to-morrow and call, if you are sure Mrs. Methven is rested from her journey, and will like to see such near neighbours.”

“But, mother—” Oona said.

“But what? There is no but, that I know of. You know that it was all settled between us. We thought to-day she would be tired, and want repose rather than company. But by to-morrow she would be rested, and willing to see what like persons we are in this place. That would be very natural. And I am proud Oona was in the way, to take her across the loch. People

that come from flat countries where there is little water, they are sometimes a little timid of the loch, and in the dark too. But she will have got over all that by to-morrow, and to call will be a real pleasure. Did you mention, Oona, at Ellermore and other places that Mrs. Methven had arrived?—for everybody will be keen to see your mother, Lord Erradeen.”

“It is very kind. She will rather see you than any one.”

“Hoots,” said Mrs. Forrester with a smile and a shake of her head, “that is just flattery; for we have very little in our power except goodwill and kindness: but it will give me great pleasure to make your mother’s acquaintance, and if she likes mine that will be a double advantage. But you are not going away, Lord Erradeen? You have this moment come! and Mysie will be reckoning upon you for lunch, and I have no doubt a bird has been put to the fire. Well, I will not say a word, for Mrs. Methven’s sake, for no doubt she will be a little strange the first day or two. Oona, will you see that Hamish is ready? And we will have the pleasure of calling to-morrow,” Mrs. Forrester said, following to the door. Her easy smiles, the little movements of her hands, the fluttering of the pretty ribbons in her cap, added to the calm and tranquil stream of her talk so many additional details of the softest quietude of common life. She stood and looked after the young pair as they went down together to the beach, waving her hand to them when they turned towards her, as unconscious of any disturbing influence as were the trees that waved their branches too. Passion had never been in her little composed and cheerful world. By and by she felt the chill of the wind, and turned and went back to her fireside. “No doubt that winter is coming now,” she said to herself, “and no wonder if Oona, poor thing, was just frozen with the cold on the water. I wish she may not have taken a chill.” This was the greatest danger Mrs.

Forrester anticipated, and she did not doubt that a hot drink when Oona went to bed would make all right.

It was very strange to both of the young wayfarers to find themselves alone again in the fresh air and stillness. Since the moment when they had landed in an ecstasy of union, until this moment when they went down again to the same spot, years might have passed for anything they knew. They did not seem to have a word to say to each other. Oona was a step or two in advance leading the way, while behind her came Walter, his head drooping, his courage gone, not even the despair in him which had given him a wild and fiery energy. Despair itself seemed hopeful in comparison with this. He had risen into another life, come to fresh hopes, received beyond all expectation the help which he had sought for elsewhere in vain, but which here alone he could ever find. And yet now the soul had gone out of it all, and he stood bewildered, deprived of any power to say or do. All through his other miseries there had been the thought of this, like a distant stronghold in which if he ever reached it there would be deliverance. If he ever reached it! and now he had reached it, but too late. Was it too late? He followed her helplessly, not able to think of anything he could say to her, though he had pleaded so eagerly, so earnestly, a little while ago. There comes a time after we have poured out our whole soul in entreaties whether to God or man, when exhaustion overpowers the mind, and utterance is taken from us, and even desire seems to fail—not that what we long for is less to be desired, but that every effort is exhausted and a dreary discouragement has paralysed the soul. Walter felt not less, but more than ever, that in Oona was his every hope. But he was dumb and could say no more. following her with a weight upon his heart that allowed him no further possibility, no power to raise either voice or hand. They walked thus as in a

mournful procession following the funeral of their brief joy, half way down the bank. Then Oona who was foremost paused for a moment looking out wistfully upon that familiar prospect, upon which she had looked all her life. The scene had changed, the sky had clouded over, as if in harmony with their minds; only over Kinloch Houran, a watery ray of sunshine, penetrating through the quickly gathering clouds, threw a weird light. The ruinous walls stood out red under this gleam askance of the retreating sun. It was like an indication—a pointing out, to the executioner of some deadly harm or punishment, of the victim. Oona paused, and he behind her, vaguely turning as she turned, gazing at this strange significant light, which seemed to point out, “This is the spot”—was that what was meant?—“the place to be destroyed.”

“It was in shadow a moment since,” Oona said, and her voice seemed to thrill the air that had been brooding over them in a heavy chill, as if under the same influence that made them voiceless. What did she mean? and why should she care——

“The shadow was better,” he said, but he did not know what he himself meant more than what she could mean.

“It has come here,” said Oona, “between you and me. You said you insulted Katie. I cannot think that it was your meaning to—insult me.”

“Insult—*you*!” his mind was so clear of that, and his own meaning in respect to the other so evident to him, that the dead quietude of his discouragement yielded to a momentary impatience. But how was he to make that clear?

“No, I cannot think it. Whatever you meant, whether it was in levity, whether it was—— I do not believe *that*.”

“Oona,” he cried, waking to the desperation of the position, “will you give me up, after all we have said?”

She shook her head sadly.

“I will never now deny you what help I can give you, Lord Erradeen.”

He turned from her with a cry of bitterness.

“Help without love is no help. Alms and pity will do nothing for me. It must be two—who are one.”

She answered him with a faint laugh which was more bitter still; but restrained the jest of pain which rose to her lips, something about three who could not be one. It was the impulse of keen anguish, but it would not have become a discussion that was as serious as life and death.

“It is all a confusion,” she said; “what to say or do I know not. It is such a thing—as could not have been foreseen. Some would think it made me free, but I do not feel that I can ever be free.” She spoke without looking at him, gazing blankly out upon the landscape. “You said it was no smiling matter to you or me—to you and me. Perhaps,” she interrupted herself as if a new light had come upon her, “that is the true meaning of what you say—two that are one; but it is not the usual creed. Two for misery——”

“Oh not for misery, Oona! there is no misery for me where you are.”

“Or—any other,” she said with a smile of unimaginable suffering, and ridicule, and indignation.

He answered nothing. What could he say to defend himself? “If you could see into my heart,” he said after a time, “you would understand. One who is in despair will clutch at anything. Can you imagine a man trying like a coward to escape the conflict, rather than facing it, and bringing the woman he loved into it?”

“Yes,” she said, “I can imagine that; but not in the man who is me.” Then she moved away towards the beach, saying, “Hamish is waiting,” with a sigh of weariness.

“Oona,” said Walter, “you will give me your hand again before we part?”

“What does it matter if I give it or hold it back? It is yours whether I will or not. You should have told me before. I should have understood.

Oh, I am ashamed, ashamed ! to think of all I have said to you. How could you betray me first before you told me ? In the same morning ! It is more than a woman can bear !” she cried.

Perhaps this outburst of passion relieved her, for she turned and held out her hand to him with a smile of pain which was heartrending. “It did not seem like this when we landed,” she said.

“And it would not seem like this, oh, Oona ! if you could see my heart.”

She shook her head, looking at him all the while with that strange smile, and then drew away her hand and repeated, “Hamish is waiting.” Hamish in the background, standing up against the shining of the water, with his oar in his hand, waited with his anxious eyes upon his young lady, not knowing how it was. He would have pitched Lord Erradeen into the loch, or laid him at his feet with Highland passion, had she given him a sign. He held the boat for him instead to step in, with an anxious countenance. Love or hate, or madness or good meaning, Hamish could not make out what it was.

“To-morrow !” Walter said, “if I can live till to-morrow in this suspense——”

She waved her hand to him, and Hamish pushed off. And Oona stood as in a dream, seeing over again the scene which had been in her mind for so long—but changed. She had watched him go away before, eager to be gone, carrying her life with him without knowing it, without desiring it : he unaware of what he was doing, she watching surprised, bereaved of herself, innocently and unaware. How poignant had that parting been ! But now it was different. He gazed back at her now, as she stood on the beach, leaving his life with her, all that was in him straining towards her, gazing till they were each to the other but a speck in the distance. Two that were one ! Oh, not perhaps for mutual joy, not for the happiness that love on the surface seems to mean—rather for the burden, the disappointment, the shame. She waved her hand once more over the cold water, and then turned away. Till to-morrow—“if I can live till to-morrow”—as he had said.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

THE Prime Minister made an announcement at the Guildhall which was received with coldness by the audience present, but had been expected by the country. "We have reached another stage," he said, "in the progress of our work in Egypt; and it is the progress of our work and that alone that determined the continuance of our armed force. We are about to withdraw—the order has been given—the operation of the British force, and that withdrawal will include the evacuation of Cairo. It will lighten the burden imposed upon Egyptian finances. It will offer a new testimony to the world that we have been in earnest in the declarations we have repeatedly made; and, finally, I may say, that that withdrawal from a large portion of the country of the display of a British force will leave, as we trust, a free and open field and the power of a fair experiment to the Government of Egypt in the new career which, as we trust, may have been opened to its future fortunes."

In Egypt itself the information so authoritatively given was received with general satisfaction, because it is felt that the key to the maintenance of order is in the relief of the treasury, and the treasury will be very sensibly relieved by the cessation of a payment of 4*l.* per month per man to a force of 3,700 men. If this force is removed—an operation that was to be completed towards the beginning of the year—the 3,000 who would still remain were to be concentrated at Alexandria. A further reduction would probably follow without any great delay, since Sir Evelyn Baring assures Lord Granville that the moral effect "of a force considerably smaller than that proposed will of itself

in all probability suffice to insure the tranquillity of the country."

Events have unfortunately occurred that for the moment seem to make this conditional. If the prospect in Egypt proper is brighter, fresh trouble has arisen in the Soudan. It is of little avail to lighten the financial burdens elsewhere, so long as this unfortunate possession (in spite of having a budget of its own) draws on the finances of Egypt. The Soudan was the scene of Sir Samuel Baker's expedition of 1870, and of Colonel Gordon's operations in 1874. Its area is enormous, being some 1,650 miles from north to south, and 1,200 to 1,400 miles from east to west. The two main divisions of the population are Arab and Negro, but there is an infinite number of subdivisions into tribes within tribes, some sedentary, others nomad. They are all alike in their ignorance, superstition, and fanaticism, and hence spiritual leaders arise from time to time whose influence over them is said to be unbounded. The Egyptian misrule is described by the English officer, who reported on the Soudan, as atrocious. The tribute is so heavy as to be a constant incitement to slave-dealing and to revolt. To collect the tribute Bashi-Bazouks are employed, mostly swaggering bullies, robbing, plundering, maltreating the people with impunity, and robbing, on their own account, an amount equal to that which reaches the treasury. As soldiers they are valueless, having no discipline and little courage. The annexation of this region was an idea of Mehemet Ali's. With the laudable motive of putting an end to anarchy, he sent a force to introduce the benefits of regular government. The force met with disaster (1819), and the disaster was the omen of what has followed

ever since. Three years ago there arose a Mahdi or False Prophet, who inflamed the minds of the population in large districts, and large bands went into the field, with varying fortunes which we need not follow. On April 29, this year, General Hicks, the commander appointed by the Egyptian Government, won what was supposed at the time to be a decisive victory over the troops of the Mahdi, 500 of the enemy having been killed, including their general and several chiefs. In the summer, however, new troubles arose, and on September 8, General Hicks set out from Khartoum with his force of 11,000 men, including, oddly enough, Arabi's old regiment that had fought against us at Tel-el-Kebir. Nothing was heard of them for more than thirty days. Towards the end of October disquieting rumours reached Cairo. Then a couple of days later news came that Hicks Pasha, after a march of nearly a thousand miles from the Red Sea into the interior, had dispersed the hostile bands to the number of 30,000 men. The intelligence soon began to be doubted. Meanwhile, there were reports of an insurrection at Souakim, followed by the murder of the British Consul, and all sorts of sinister rumours were in the air. Unfortunately they proved to be true. The Egyptian force, after an engagement that is said to have lasted for three days, from the 3rd to the 5th of November, was completely annihilated, only one man surviving. The Mahdi is said to have brought more than a quarter of a million of men into the field. It is inevitable that this catastrophe should influence public opinion on our position in Egypt. Lord Salisbury at once sounded the note on the evening of the day on which the fatal news arrived. "To-morrow morning," he said, "the idea of withdrawing English force will have vanished like an unwholesome dream." We are told that the Soudan will be in a blaze; that unless the Mahdi is checked in the Soudan itself, there is no power

that will keep his aggressive influence out of Lower Egypt; that the saturnalia of the slave-dealers will be revived on an enormous scale. This is very plausible, and will tell on platforms. But the alternative must be considered too, and the assumptions carefully examined. What is the evidence that the Mahdi will push down into Lower Egypt, or that he could keep his irregular bands together if he did? Has the Egyptian Government succeeded in stopping the slave-dealers as it is, or has it not rather by its taxation fostered that hateful way of raising money to meet taxation? If we encourage the Egyptian Government to persist in its claims in the Soudan, are we going to acquiesce, to aid and abet, in the continuance of Egyptian misrule? If not, are we going to take in hand the construction of a decent administration, and the responsibility for its decent working, over this vast territory, which would take us a couple of thousand miles south of the Mediterranean? These are considerations that will present themselves with increasing force as the nature of what has happened and of the country where it has happened comes to be better understood. The cardinal facts are summed up by Colonel Stewart in the following paragraph:—

"It is generally acknowledged that the Soudan is, and has for many years been, a source of loss to the Egyptian Government. . . . Putting, however, the financial view of the question aside, I am firmly convinced that the Egyptians are quite unfit in every way to undertake such a trust as the government of so vast a country with a view to its welfare, and that both for their own sake and that of the people they try to rule it would be advisable to abandon large portions of it." (*Report on Soudan, Egypt*, No. 11. C—3670.)

Whatever might have been the issue of the expedition, policy would seem to suggest the withdrawal of Egypt from the Soudan and her acqui-

tions in that region. Lord Dufferin, however, believes that Egypt can hardly be expected to acquiesce in such a policy. "Possessing the lower ranges of the Nile, she is naturally inclined to claim dominion along its entire course; and when it is remembered that the territories in question, if properly developed, are capable of producing inexhaustible supplies of sugar and cotton, we cannot be surprised at her unwillingness to abandon them." The "proper development," however, seems so extremely remote that it might almost as well be left out of the account.

Another question connected with the land of the Nile has again engaged public attention. M. de Lesseps has been making a progress through England, and his reception has been cordial enough to satisfy so much of vanity as may remain to a mortal in his seventy-ninth year. The English are the most good-natured people in the world when they choose, and in towns where only a few months ago the very name of M. de Lesseps raised a storm, he has had banquets, receptions, addresses, and compliments to his heart's content. Whether the end of it all will be something satisfactory at once to the shareholders and to the British shipowners may even now be doubted. M. Charles de Lesseps is a harder and less accessible person than his father, and he has not gone so far towards meeting the requirements of his chief customers as some of them expected. Still, however, it is clear that the rejection of the bargain of last summer has had a good effect, and that the English Government have been well advised in standing aloof until the shipowners have had an opportunity of seeing what they can do for themselves with M. de Lesseps and his company. Already, it is evident that better terms than those of the Provisional Agreement are to be had. The two great questions, apart from the improvement of the canal (whether

by widening, or doubling, or both), affect the transit dues and the voice of the British customer in the administration and control. On the former point an advance has been made, for whereas by the Provisional Agreement no reduction of transit dues was to take place until profits reached 25 per cent., and then were only to fall half a franc with each rise first of $2\frac{1}{2}$ and then of 3 per cent. in the profits, M. de Lesseps now allows that of the amount of dividend over 20 per cent.—a point of prosperity now reached—one-half must go to the reduction of dues until they reach five francs per ton. On the latter point, M. de Lesseps proposes that a consultative committee, nominated by British shipowners, should sit in London, and be in constant relations with the Board in Paris. They might go to Paris, from time to time, to take part in the deliberations of the Board, or M. de Lesseps might come to them. It is commonly understood, moreover, that a British officer is to be the superintendent of navigation over the canal itself. It is true that this does not give us a controlling power over the canal, and this may be annoying enough, but the annoyance is the penalty that we pay for our unlucky refusal to make the canal ourselves in the first instance. As things stand, it is impossible for us, however mortified we may be, to press one atom beyond what is legitimate against the rights of those small investors of whom M. de Lesseps so often made mention, who number more than a million individuals, "whose fortunes, or a part thereof, depend on respect for the rights of M. de Lesseps and the soundness of his undertakings." This is a point that can never be overlooked, or its importance underrated. It is true enough that while the French nation contributed some 6,000,000*l*. towards the making of the canal, the Egyptian people paid down in money, or money's worth, 10,000,000*l*. Egypt, receives 15 per cent. of the net revenue of the company, in consideration of

having given the concession, the land, and 65 per cent. of the outlay. When all allowance, however, is made for these concessions, a legal right remains a legal right, and no community in the world has so lively an interest as we have in scrupulous adherence to these rights, because no other community has such enormous investments in the good faith of financial transactions all over the habitable globe.

The hopes that had been entertained in many quarters that the French Chamber would overthrow the Ministers who had brought the country to the verge of a war with China, were not fulfilled. After a debate in which neither side can be said to have cut a brilliant figure, the Ministry won the division by a majority of more than two to one. Among the circumstances that contributed to swell the majority was the reading of a telegram from China, which M. Ferry gave his hearers to understand was a disavowal by the Chinese Government of their ambassador in Paris. If the story had been true, it would no doubt have been justly regarded as tending to vindicate the attitude of the French Minister for Foreign Affairs. But on the face of it, the alleged message was in no sense a disavowal of the Marquis T'seng by the Chinese Government, and it very soon appeared that there had been no disavowal at all by any one. M. Ferry had been ignominiously imposed upon, and had in turn been the means of imposing on the Chamber. The incident was unfortunate, and may have had some effect later in putting into the chair of the committee for examining the vote of credit a member who, if not actively and immovably hostile to the Chinese policy of M. Ferry, is at least sceptical. That is in fact the mind of the Chamber, apart from the eddies and currents of personal combination. The French deputies are not as a whole well-informed men; commerce has not given them the same wide and tolerably

correct knowledge of the remote world as would be found among the great traders of all kinds who have seats in our own House of Commons; and they have not well gauged the extent of the enterprise to which they may at any moment find themselves committed. After all, the scene has its compensations. It looks as if the Chamber were at last inclined to support a Government as such, and for the first time a Ministry has weathered a grave storm. We may wish that the occasion had been a more auspicious one, but perhaps the Chamber that has just given a Government a majority in a doubtful cause, may be on the way to learning how to do the same when the cause is better. Mommsen, in his history, quotes the saying of Cato the Elder, that the Celts mainly pursue two things, fighting and *esprit*, and he finds in this the explanation of what he is pleased to call "the historical fact that the Celts have shaken all states and founded none." Perhaps this illustrious member of the rival race that pursues fighting without *esprit*, has found out since his collision with the irascibility of Prince Bismarck, that a barrack is not after all the highest model for a state. However that may be, it is certain that the serious minds in French politics are more alive than they were to the necessities of union and of government. Meanwhile, as M. Waddington well said in his speech at the Guildhall, "It is a great experiment which France is going through at present—and when I use the word experiment it is not in the least because I doubt the final result, in which I have firm confidence, but I use the word because in the life of a great nation thirteen years are as a day, and I often wonder at the criticisms which are directed against the errors that may have been committed by the French Republic, when I remember that the liberties of England have been the growth of two or three hundred years of struggle and strife." And this it is well for Englishmen to bear in mind. The French Government is acting im-

prudently enough—immorally enough, if we choose to use the language of Mid-Lothian—but not either more imprudently or more immorally than the English Government did, according to the opinion of the constituencies at the last election, in Cyprus, Afghanistan, and Zululand. It is only too possible that their imprudence may bring them into collision with Great Britain, for they are making vexatious little attempts to assert or acquire rights in various parts of the world which can be of little advantage to themselves, and yet may be of great disadvantage both to the useful commerce of our own country, and to the inhabitants of the districts concerned. In all this, the time may come one of these days when it may be imperative on us to withstand France to the face. But that is no justification of the carping criticism which so many English journals, from the *Times* downwards, lavish on the one popular Government on the Continent of Europe. This criticism becomes really fatuous, when an election address by an eminent political economist, recapitulating the errors of the Government in finances, public works, railway administration, and the like, is made a text for prophecies of the approaching fall of the Republic. M. Scherer's papers on the vices of democracy are also put to the same purpose. It would be just as sensible for a French journalist to insist that English institutions are in a very bad way, because the late Mr. Greg warned us of our rocks ahead, or Lord Grey writes a letter once a month to the *Times* to show that Mr. Gladstone is breaking up the Empire.

While French statesmen have drifted into a policy in the East that can only weaken France in Europe, Prince Bismarck, if it is he, seems oddly enough to have chosen this moment to remind them of their foolishness by new provocations. The word has been passed to his newspapers to resume the language of

menace, and the *Nord-deutsche* and the *Kölnische Zeitung* have been ominously taxing the French journalists with "their untiring activity in seeking for fresh material to increase the hatred between Germany and France." If the talk of an official press has any significance, this would be alarming enough. The visit of the Crown Prince to the King of Spain, whom the Parisian crowd hissed, and to whom the French Ministers behaved a little sulkily, has pricked French susceptibility. It is regarded as part of a great plot for humiliating and alarming the Republic. "All the newspapers in Europe are against us," the French say. "In Germany the press preaches an industrial war against us. It proclaims that our products are either of inferior quality or not equal to sample. In England it is affirmed that France cannot be allowed to open up fresh outlets in foreign parts. In Italy the Government papers accuse us of preparing an invasion. In Spain the Royalist and Ministerial papers, not content with attacking us, stoop to downright insult. Even the Chinese press has a kick at us. In Belgium the King, making a speech to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of national independence, received representatives from every nation in Europe except France, who took Antwerp for Belgium."

All that is very true, though if this were the time for it we might remind our neighbours that no journals are written in so malignant a vein as one or two that are published in Paris. Statesmen, however, might be expected to feel a responsibility that does not weigh on the journalist, and it is difficult to see what serious motive or intention underlies this *sourde* crusade against France, unless it be one which is almost too serious to be put into words. On the whole, it may be wisest to regard what is going on less as a plot than a kind of rough practical joke in high latitudes, a specimen of German horseplay. But it is not the horseplay of great states-

men. A great statesman in our days can only be one who works to lay the foundations of peace; not perpetual peace—that is a dream—but peace for a generation. Not peace but war, and war within the generation, is being prepared by these provocatives and recriminations—as surely as Jena followed Rossbach.

The prospects of the approaching session are not made brighter by what happened at Derry at the beginning of the present month. The Lord Mayor of Dublin—a rhetorical but by no means an incendiary personage—visited that town, for the purpose of delivering a lecture there on the franchise. The Orangemen, however, led by some of the gentry, including an officer bearing Her Majesty's commission, stormed the Corporation Hall, shots were fired, persons in the crowd were wounded, and the Lord Mayor was compelled to deliver his lecture elsewhere. The Corporation had given the requisite assent for the use of the hall by the Lord Mayor, and he was in every respect fully within his legal rights. The Orangemen make no pretence of having a show of legal justification for their riotous action. With a perversity that is characteristic of their land, they say that Mr. Gladstone reproached them with their tardiness in coming forward on behalf of law and order—and then they proceed to act as if this reproach were effaced by lawless and violent interference with the peaceful exercise of his rights by a fellow-citizen whose views and convictions they did not happen to approve. The authorities, whether of Derry or at Dublin Castle, are now charged by the Nationalists with neglect of duty in permitting the Orangemen to post placards calculated to cause a breach of the peace; in permitting organised bodies of armed men to seize by force the Town Hall which had been granted by the owners to the promoters of the lectures; in allowing the same men to make speeches in the hall calculated to pro-

voked a breach of the peace. In short, as they allege, the forces of the Crown were used to protect the Orange faction in an illegal interference with the exercise by political rivals of their undisputed political rights. Against this, the Orangemen have nothing better to urge than that the Lord Mayor's lecture on the franchise was a form of "veiled rebellion;" that it was part of a plot for the wanton invasion of a peaceful province by seditious incendiaries; and that therefore the self-styled Loyalists had a moral, if not exactly a legal right, to prevent the lecture by violence. The Nationalists—so it is said by their enemies—were making their approaches with studious art, "the utmost care being taken to avoid wounding the susceptibilities and prejudices of the Ulster Protestants, whether Liberal or Conservative, by any frank avowal of such sentiments and principles as they freely expressed in the other provinces, but knew would be distasteful in the north. They spoke, therefore, with reserve and caution, keeping Home Rule and the National League in the background, and putting other topics in the front of their programme. But their purpose was quickly frustrated by the shrewd intelligence of the Ulster Loyalists, who were aroused as one man to defeat the scheme and repel the emissaries of disaffection and disorder."

Only in Ireland could such argumentation pass muster. It does not require much "shrewdness" to discover that Mr. Parnell would like to win Ulster seats for Home Rule candidates, but it is a new doctrine that an English citizen may not speak even with "reserve and caution" in Ulster, because he speaks with less reserve and caution in Munster. Such talk is as childish as it is impudent. In Glasgow the Orangemen begged the Lord Provost not to allow a Nationalist gathering in the City Hall. The Lord Provost replied, as would be expected anywhere on this side of St. George's

Channel, that, so long as the Nationalists neither said nor did anything illegal, he should protect them in the exercise of their rights of free speech and public meeting. Of course it is perfectly clear to any mind capable of an impartial judgment, that if the Lord Mayor ought to have been interfered with, the interference could only rightly come from the authorities; that everybody concerned in the storming of the hall was engaged in a lawless act; and that any magistrate taking direct or indirect part in it should be removed as promptly as may be from the Commission of the Peace. If the Lord Mayor was going to talk sedition, or do anything else that was unlawful, that was a matter for the executive.

It is worth while to recall an incident that happened in 1837. Colonel Verner was present at an election dinner, where one of the toasts was "The Battle of the Diamond." The Under-Secretary of that day, the ever-lamented Drummond, wrote to ask him whether it was possible that he had been thus a party to the commemoration of a lawless and most disgraceful conflict in which much of the blood of his fellow-subjects had been spilt, and the immediate consequence of which was to place that part of the country at the mercy of an ungovernable mob. That was Drummond's plain question to Colonel Verner. The Orange grandee declined, with more or less of subterfuge, to answer. Lord Morpeth then wrote to him a letter, some portion of which is apt to the present case:—

"On account of the long-continued and bitter animosities springing from religious differences, which have disturbed the good order of society, and led to the most lamentable consequences, especially in the county of Armagh, the Legislature has declared certain acts to be penal in Ireland, which, in other parts of the empire, are not only not punishable, but not blamable, because perfectly harmless. If an assemblage of persons, even less in number than those who were present at the election dinner in question, should walk in procession through the streets, bearing party emblems or playing party tunes, they would thereby subject themselves to the

punishment of the law; and it may be known to you, that many have suffered imprisonment, and many are at this moment amenable to the law, for no greater offence.

"The peasant thus offending is, in his Excellency's opinion, less culpable than the man of station and education who, on an occasion to which publicity is given through the public press, celebrates a lawless action arising out of the civil discords of his country, in which the lives of many of his countrymen were lost, as an event the remembrance of which it is desirable to perpetuate with honour.

"The former offends against a positive enactment; the latter, keeping within the letter, violates the spirit of the law, counteracts the object and intention of the Legislature, and thwarts the exertions of the Government to carry them into effect."

Colonel Verner was removed from the Commission of the Peace, and his name was struck out of the list of Deputy-Lieutenants for Tyrone. If anybody will be at the trouble to compare Colonel Verner's toast with the speeches made in the Corporation Hall and elsewhere by the Orange magistrates of to-day, he will not be in much doubt as to the action which Lord Spencer will by and by feel himself bound to take in respect of them.

Another transaction of an apparently similar kind opens a somewhat less simple set of considerations. The Nationalists had announced a meeting at Garrison, in the county of Fermanagh. The Orangemen retorted by an announcement of a counter demonstration on the same day and at the same place. It was palpable that a collision would take place, and the question for the Irish Executive was whether they should trust to the police and soldiery to prevent a riot, or should prohibit the meeting from which a riot was reasonably to be anticipated. The latter course was adopted, and the meetings were proclaimed. The Nationalists attended to the number of between three and four thousand, but after hearing the proclamation read, Mr. O'Brien, the member for Mallow, asked the people to disperse, and they did so. The Orangemen stayed away in obedience to a notice from the Grand Lodge of the

county, couched in characteristic terms, to the effect that "the Government having, for the time at least, resumed its function of maintaining order, and having announced its determination to stop the rebel meeting, we hereby call on our brethren to obey the law and return home." The National League, on the other hand, denounce the suppression of their meeting as "a weak surrender to outrage, violence, and open incitement to murder and civil war, and as the acceptance by the Irish authorities of the dictation of a faction which relies upon violence as the only weapon against a legal and constitutional agitation." On the whole it can hardly be held that the Crimes Act was designed to enable meetings to be suppressed, unless there was good reason to believe that such language of intimidation would be used as would be likely to be followed by crime and outrage. In the case of the Garrison meeting, it was too true that outrage would be likely to follow the speeches, but then the outrage would have been perpetrated not in pursuance of the language of the speakers, but in protest against it. Mr. O'Brien or anybody else has a right to call a meeting and to try to persuade all who choose to come to it that it would be a good thing to repeal a certain Act of Parliament. The Crimes Act was meant to stop the exercise of this right, if it led or was likely to lead to acts of violence and terrorism among the persons affected and influenced. It was not meant to enable those who hold one set of opinions about 39 & 40 Geo. III., c. 67. to prevent anything being said against it by people who hold another set of opinions, whether in Fermanagh or anywhere else. On the other hand, it is declared to be mere pedantry to hold that the civil magistrate, aware that the public peace is about to be broken, should not prevent it. The answer to this is that no one doubts that the civil magistrate ought to preserve the peace, and if Lord Spencer can show that he could not

have preserved it at Garrison by the use of the armed force at his command, and that he had legal powers for his proclamation, his action will be vindicated. If not, not. Meanwhile, it is well for careful people to bear in mind that what is called rough or practical common sense is as much out of place in the interpretation of legalities as it is in metaphysics. Of one thing we may be sure, that the furious strife between the two Irish factions will find a horrid echo at Westminster, when the time comes.

The attempt to blow up the tunnels of the Underground Railway, on the last day but one of last month, has been naturally taken to be the work of the desperadoes of one or other branch of the Fenian society. At Halifax two dynamiters are supposed to have been discovered, and there are stories of plots against Lord Lansdowne; while the Lord Chief Justice took his pleasure in the United States under the eyes of protective officers, and one judge at home here has been guarded by detectives during his long vacation. The evidence, stale and squalid as it is, at the trial of one Dublin Fenian for murdering another, recalls another small but intractable element of difficulty and disorder. The return of a Nationalist in the place of a Liberal at Limerick, emphasises the dissatisfaction of the population with their government. Of all this, we shall speedily hear more than enough, for we may already discern that in the coming session the assimilation of the Irish to the English franchise will be the burning question; that it may lead to a breach in a powerful administration, to deep division in a great party, and to an appeal to the country, that might result in many surprises, and would certainly make important changes. It will be urged on the one hand that it is the most monstrous paradox to give increased power to classes and men who lose no opportunity of proving their intention to have something that you are intent on refusing; that it is a

farce to bestow votes on a population to which you refuse the right of possessing arms. On the other hand, it will be argued that the Union ought to be a real union; that if political privileges are not bestowed with equal hand, the union is not real; that it is absurd to have an Irish representation in Parliament which does not represent; and that anyhow, the followers of Mr. Parnell will not be perceptibly more numerous under one franchise than another; in short, that unless Irishmen have the same voice in the conduct of the affairs of the United Kingdom as Englishmen and Scotchmen, then Charles Fox was not far wrong when he described the whole scheme of the Irish Union on its introduction to Parliament, as "one of the most unequivocal attempts at establishing the principles as well as the practice of despotism." Any one can see how deep are the issues, and how little likely they are to be settled without severe strain in many directions. And this is the key to the session, if a Franchise Bill is to be any portion of its programme, as is now on all sides confidently anticipated.

There has been the full average of vacation oratory for an autumn month. Lord Salisbury made a strong speech at Reading, and Sir Charles Dilke made speeches both longer and stronger in Scotland. The former was, as usual, very finished in literary turn, and the latter, as usual, abounded in that firm, accurate, and extensive knowledge of what he is talking about, that has done so much to win for him his singular influence in the House of Commons, as a man armed at all points against all comers. Mr. Goschen, a statesman of vigorous but too critical judgment, has delivered an address on the principle of *laissez-faire* and its rival principle of governmental intervention. You may carry either of them too far, he said, and each of them has its limits. But

what are the limits? On what method are we to seek them? The two closing chapters of Mill's *Political Economy* deal with the erroneous interferences of government, and Mill gives a reasoned analysis of the conditions which make *laissez-faire* the general rule, and which at the same time indicate the cases of large exception. It is to be wished that Mr. Goschen, with his union of practical experience to a truly scientific intelligence, might one day work out the subject on a fuller scale and with a more precise elucidation and definition of principles than he found possible at Edinburgh. In another speech which he made in the same city, in the region of party and personal politics, Mr. Goschen said many judicious and interesting things. Perhaps he does not always sufficiently remember, what Mr. Forster, for instance, never forgets, that after all the vital attraction of political oratory is that it should point to business. There are three interpretations put upon the oracular saying that the first requisite of the great speaker is action, the second is action, and the third is action. What did Demosthenes intend? Some hold that he meant gesticulation; others that he was insisting on the impression of the orator's character and conduct on the moral sensibility of his audience; others again, that he signified that the most indispensable trait of the powerful orator is that he should show himself to be driving at action on the part of his hearers,—whether to arm against Philip of Macedon, pursue Catiline beyond the walls, pass a bill, or whatever else might chance to be the business in hand. It is possible that each interpretation fits one of the three uses of the word; if so, or in any case, it is only of the last that Mr. Goschen sometimes forgets to bethink himself.

After a tremendous campaign in Ulster and in Wales Sir Stafford Northcote wound up with a pleasant and graceful address at Birmingham on literature, and we may believe

that he enjoyed its composition more than if it had been on politics. The greatest of living authorities on the subject has assured us that nothing is so dull as political agitation; and the Conservative leader, who is a man of cultivation and taste, has most likely verified this. He did not say anything very original or important, for in truth the original and important things in literature have been said before. But one likes to see that a prominent actor can take more parts than one, and that he has sympathies with more than one set of the activities of his time. We dare say that the two American senators of whom Emerson tells were of the better sort, who though energetic as the foremost in the politics of their day and generation, yet when the routine of the hour was at an end, "daily returned to each other and spent much time in conversation on the immortality of the soul and other intellectual questions, and cared for little else."

Some uneasiness was caused for a few days by events in Servia. Last month we pointed out the economic disturbances that have been produced among the peasantry in the Servian kingdom, and suggested the probability that they would lead to disorder. The disorder, as it chanced, was already imminent. The immediate occasion was a measure for the recovery of arms, which led to an explosion in Alexinatz, Zaitschar, and other districts. The insurgents are reported to have offered a determined resistance to the troops, but according to the latest intelligence, while a handful here and there have taken refuge in the mountains, order has been restored in the villages, three of the insurgent chiefs have been tried by court-martial and shot, while others of the so-called Radical leaders are in the hands of the authorities awaiting their trial. Though they are called radical in the sense that they are hostile to the Government and to the present order, they

seem in truth to have been supported not by political feeling, but by that discontent with their material condition which has been the most common cause of all such risings from the time of Jack Cade down to Michael Davitt, though it is the cause which politicians and historians are of all others most in the habit of overlooking. Accessory elements of confusion lie in the dynastic feud between the reigning house of Obrenovich and the pretending house of Karageorgevich (which though now in the shade is not without partisans); as well as in the ordinary strife of political parties, which is never any the less keen for being carried on in a petty compass. But these elements are secondary. It was to improvement in the material interests of the peasantry that the Radicals appealed at the recent election, and by this appeal that they won. Nor is it safe to trust to the talk of violent correspondents in the newspapers about the disturbance being due to Communists, Socialists, Nihilists, and other branches of political incendiarism. All history warns us not to believe in these shallow and conventional formulæ. It is not very surprising either that there should be some resentment at the virtual defiance by the King of the verdict of that election. It may be true that the Servians live in villages half-a-dozen miles apart; that they are not sufficiently interested in politics to waste time in abstractions of any sort; that they do not read the Belgrade newspapers, and so on. But that is an old story, just as we used to hear that the rayahs rather liked Turkish rule than otherwise. How many times have we been told that Frenchmen, Irishmen, Bulgarians, Russians, Englishmen paying less than ten pounds per annum for rent, are "non-political." In the sense that is intended, all people are politicians. Somehow or other it always turns out, sooner or later, that populations do not like repressive systems of government, whether from the hands of Ristich or of Christich. If

all this, then, be a true account of the Servian rising, Colonel Jarkovics and military government may preserve quiet for the moment, but they will not extinguish the smouldering ashes from which, one day, if there should happen to be a commotion among greater political bodies, there might arise a wide conflagration. It is worth noting as a sign of the rash superficiality of observation among those who have to instruct us, that one of the *Times* correspondents, writing from Belgrade on November 2nd, and professing to give a very elaborate elucidation of all that had been going on in the country at the time of the elections, scouts the idea of there being "any recent dangerous agitation in Servia," and declares after returning from a very extensive tour in the interior, "that there is not the slightest agitation in the country, and that there is no more quiet or orderly population on the continent of Europe than that of the little kingdom ruled over by King Milan I."

It is not worth while within our narrow limits here to attempt to unravel the tangled threads of recent intrigue in the little Principality of Bulgaria. When his august post was offered to Prince Alexander, he is said to have consulted Prince Bismarck as to the expediency of accepting the new dignity. "By all means," replied the Chancellor; "it will be a charming reminiscence." The probability of his semi-regal glory becoming a reminiscence is by this time, we fancy, clearer to Prince Alexander than the charm of it. He has had the disposal of a considerable amount of money, and the "konak" at Sofia is roomier than officers' quarters in a German or Russian barrack; but beyond such material advantages as these, the felicity must be very doubtful to a cavalry officer of finding himself the centre of incessant cabals and ever-shifting manœuvres. The Prince supposed that he would be something like master in his own house. The

Hitrovos, the Sobolefs, the Jonins, could not help acting as if it were not his house, but an ante-chamber of their master, the Czar-Liberator. The Bulgarians themselves, again, while conscious of the immense debt they owe to their Russian kinsfolk, and quite aware that they cannot stand without them or against them, cherish the notion that the house after all is rather theirs, inasmuch as they live in it and pay the rent and taxes. Though the particular moves in the game are obscure, the general drift of things can be discerned without imputing either tyranny to Russia, or subterranean tricks to any other Power. Russia does not seem to have been happy in her agents, but unless those agents can be content with such a post, say, as that which Sir Evelyn Baring is by and by to fill at Cairo, no agent will do much better than Sobolef or Jonin has done. There is a national party with liberal aspirations in Bulgaria, just as there is in Servia, and as we may take it for certain that there is in any other region that has shaken off the Turkish yoke. The so-called Liberals and so-called Conservatives in the Principality agree in wishing to manage their own affairs. "All that they desire for the moment," says one authority, "is that the civil administration should be in the hands of natives, and that the constitution should be re-established in its essential points." There is, on the whole, little reason to doubt that the Russian Government will accept the new turn of events, and make the best of it, though a curious note has been heard from the Moscow party, to the effect that the Bulgarian Principality might as well be wound up, united to Eastern Roumelia, and the whole concern turned into a sort of republic with limited liability. But the vague and unstable conceptions of the Moscow school—precise counterparts, as they are, on one side, of the vague and unstable conceptions of the Nihilists, on the other—need not be taken too

seriously, in spite of their relations with the Imperial closet.

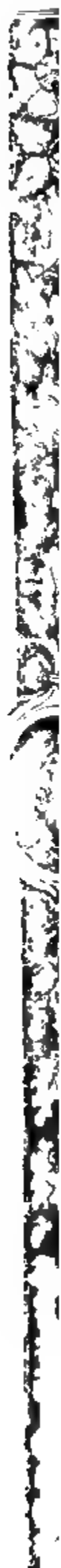
If, as we have said, it may be left to the experts of diplomatic chanceries to follow the windings of intrigue at Sofia, it is important whenever we have a chance, to look at the large features of public life in a region so full of peril to the European peace, and also in another way so full of interest to all who care for the gradual spread of light and freedom over the dark places of the earth. A glimpse of what is going on in the Balkan Peninsula is furnished to us by Mr. Forster, who has just returned from what is not his first visit to that troubled region; and it is well worth considering:

"The contrast between the vilayet of the Danube as I saw it in 1876 and the Principality of Bulgaria as I saw it this month was most striking. In less than seven years a race of slaves have become a nation of freemen. I saw hundreds, I may almost say thousands of Bulgarians as I went about the country, and was as much delighted as surprised at the sturdy independence and intelligent aspect of the peasant people. The policy of giving them self-government has been signally successful. The Bulgarians are well able to govern themselves. This applies to both the Bulgarias—Bulgaria north of the Balkans and the southern Bulgaria, which is called Eastern Roumelia. Wherever you turn you meet evidence of some improvement. To begin with, the Bulgarians have suppressed that brigandage which is the curse of all the regions still under the Turk. In Eastern Roumelia, this work is absolutely

complete. In Bulgaria it is so with the exception of a small tract in the north-east, near the Varna Railway. With that insignificant exception there is no place in either of the Bulgarias where law and order do not prevail, and where the authority of the police is disputed. When you consider that the whole of that territory was the cockpit of the East; that Pomak and Circassian and Bashi Bazouk overran it only six years ago, and that it is not five years since the Russian armies quitted the province from which they had driven the Turk, this is a very notable fact.

"It is a mistake to say that to give the Bulgarian liberty is only to change the oppressed into the oppressor. The Turks in the autonomous provinces are not oppressed. They send members to Parliament. There are five in the Assembly at Philippopolis and fifteen in the Sobranje at Sophia. I could find no proof that the Government subjects them to any ill-treatment. My attention was particularly called to one Moslem landowner, who, it was stated, in the old days had burned a monastery and massacred its inmates, who had sold one-half of his land, and although an absentee landlord was regularly drawing rents from the other half. Perhaps one of the most remarkable signs of civilisation in the Balkan was the enthusiasm shown by the Bulgarians in the cause of education. Both the Governments have established universal free compulsory education. There is a school in every village, and scholars in every school. This astonishing result—the evolution of order out of chaos and the establishment of the supremacy of the law in regions where the Turks had been supreme for centuries—has been the work of barely five years, and that work has been effected in spite of the difficulties imposed upon the Bulgarians by the unfortunate substitution of the Treaty of Berlin for the Treaty of San Stefano."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, October 31, 1883.

November 23.



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LORD LYNDHURST.

READERS of Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of Lord Lyndhurst* must often have found it difficult to avoid that familiar ineptitude of the older criticism—the practice of complaining of a book for not being something else than what it professes to be. Technically of course they are quite without excuse; for the profession in this case is stated with exceptional distinctness. The present biography of Lord Lyndhurst avowedly owes its origin to Lord Campbell's, and its character has throughout been determined by that circumstance. The author, as he tells us in his preface, "has been compelled at every stage to call attention to the mis-statements of fact with which Lord Campbell's biography abounds," and has not been free to follow the course which would probably have been more acceptable to his readers, as it would certainly have been more agreeable to himself, of "tracing the career of Lord Lyndhurst without reference to what had already been written about him." Of a work so confessedly polemical in its nature it would be obviously unreasonable to complain that it contains an excess of polemics. But at the risk of the critical solecism above referred to, one is still tempted to ask whether Sir Theodore Martin has not sacrificed more than was needful to the object which he had in view. Granted that Lord Campbell's

biography of Lord Lyndhurst abounds in mis-statements of fact, was it necessary for their corrector continually to interrupt his own narrative for the purpose of exposing them? Sir Theodore Martin says yes: he thinks it unavoidable. Many of the representations in question "have crept," he says, "into general circulation, and been reiterated by writers who had probably neither the means nor the inclination to institute original inquiries, and the impression thus produced could only be displaced by dealing with these misrepresentations in detail." But they surely might have been dealt with in detail in an appendix; and the only valid reason for attacking them, step by step, in the text, would have been that the general credit of Lord Campbell's narrative was still so high as to make it necessary to combat and disprove his assertions *seriatim*. This, however, is far from being the case. The value of Lord Campbell's accounts of his contemporaries has long ago been estimated, and the world has, with equal accuracy, taken the measure of the man. Few people now need convincing that as a biographer he was not to be trusted to do the smallest justice to anybody he disliked; that he disliked everybody who had at any time stood, or been suspected by him of standing, in the way of his advancement; and that as he was both

indefatigable, pushing, and intensely suspicious, the distributor of professional patronage was pretty sure to fall under one of these categories or the other. The public, as a rule, therefore, would have been perfectly prepared to accept Sir Theodore Martin's account of Lord Lyndhurst's sayings and doings as accurate "without reference to what had already been written about him before" by Lord Campbell, and would have been well content to study the detailed exposure of the latter's misrepresentations—if indeed they cared to study them at all—in a separate and subsidiary part of the book. At the very least we think Sir Theodore might have proceeded on the *ex uno disce omnes* principle, and, selecting a few typical instances of Lord Campbell's more audacious mis-statements, have invited readers to agree with him that any biographer who could be guilty of them might be considered out of court. Thus, for example, Campbell, in support of the assertion, perhaps in itself maintainable, that Copley was at one time of his life, "a Whig and something more, in one word a Jacobin," remarks that "he would refuse to be present at a dinner given on the return of Mr. Fox for Westminster, but he delighted to dine with the Corresponding Society, or to celebrate the anniversary of the acquittal of Hardy and Horne Tooke." Upon which Lord Lyndhurst's latest biographer observes :—

"The wanton recklessness of this statement is proved by a reference to dates. Fox's election for Westminster took place in 1784, when Copley was *twelve* years old. Hardy and Tooke were tried and acquitted in 1794, when Copley was a student at Cambridge. He was away from England part of 1795 and all 1796, and the 'Corresponding Society' was suppressed soon after his return in 1797. How could Campbell, who only came to London in 1798 and never met Copley till 1804, and even then was not admitted to his acquaintance, know anything about his antecedent history or opinions?"

The last question is not much, perhaps, to the point, since men's "antecedent history and opinions" are

generally matters of repute among their associates—a point on which there is more to be said hereafter. But whatever were Campbell's sources of information on this subject, they could not have reasonably convinced him that Copley declined an invitation to a political dinner at twelve years of age, or dined with the Corresponding Society when he was away from England; and Sir Theodore Martin would have been fully justified in asking his readers to admit that a biographer who would say this would say anything. He might at any rate have held that an exposure so damaging as this would relieve him of the duty of citing Campbell's absurd story, of Copley's vehemence of declamation at a debating club, having drawn together a crowd of the porters and laundresses of the Temple outside Mr. Tidd's chambers late at night, "which led to a cry of fire being raised and the Temple fire-engine being brought out," and solemnly refuting it by the observation that the discussions of the "Tidd Debating Club took place late in the evening when the Temple gates were closed, and were confined to pure questions of law, the meeting being modelled upon the plan of the courts at Westminster, with a chief justice, and counsel for the plaintiff and defendant." Frequent pauses for the purpose of disposing of unimportant fabrications of this kind have an irritating effect. And it is too much that Lord Campbell, on the strength of having written a bad biography, should be allowed to spoil a good one.

These interruptions, however, do not begin to make themselves much felt until the subject of Sir Theodore Martin's narrative reaches maturity, and over his earlier days, therefore, the reader passes smoothly and pleasantly enough. But Lord Lyndhurst's boyhood and youth seem to have been more lacking in colour and character than has usually been the case, even with those many other distinguished

men whose early days have given no presage of their future abilities and fame. Among those gnomic sayings of the nursery or the playground—often indeed mythical or embellished in later legend, but now and then both genuine and prophetic—which the fondness of parental or fraternal pride is wont to treasure up about the remarkable son of a family, no saying of Lord Lyndhurst's is recorded. That he was a boy of much intellectual promise, as well as of good and affectionate disposition, is indeed evident enough; and "family tradition" also speaks of him, we are told, as "a boy of great vivacity and humour, contrasting strongly with his father's contemplative and visionary cast of mind, and the calm and somewhat serious temperament of his mother." "Friends from this side of the Atlantic," writes his granddaughter, Mrs. Amory, "carried back to Lord Lyndhurst the tales they had heard of his boyish pranks, and how his father would reprove him and exclaim: 'You will be a boy, Jack, all your life.' At which the aged statesman would gently smile as the memories of his youth rushed on his mind, and answer: 'Well, I believe my father was right there.'" The "boyish pranks" were no doubt trivial and unmemorable enough, but examples of the early "vivacity and humour," which might have lent themselves better to preservation are not forthcoming; and, indeed, in spite of Lord Lyndhurst's reputation for cheerfulness and even playfulness of temperament at all periods of his life, his recorded utterances exhibit an exceptionally small infusion of the qualities with which family tradition has credited him. Sir Theodore Martin prints but two letters written by him during his school-days, and the second of these, describing his thoughts before the ceremony of confirmation, is marked by rather an unusual, not to say precocious, solemnity for a boy of seventeen. Of his pupil's capacity, Dr. Horre, the master of the private school at Chiswick at

which young Copley was educated, thought highly. So at least Sir Theodore Martin tells us, though the doctor's remark in a letter to a friend that Copley was leaving school for the university "a prodigiously improved young man" hardly strikes one as in itself unequivocal testimony to this effect. On his very journey to Cambridge, however, he won a less ambiguous acknowledgment of his powers; for Dr. Gretton, afterwards Dean of Hereford, who travelled down with father and son on the stage-coach, asked permission to examine the youth, with a view to ascertaining whether Trinity or Trinity Hall were his proper destination, and on the strength of Copley's "manifest powers" earnestly recommended the choice of the former college. The advice of the amateur examiner was justified by the event. The future chancellor's academical career was brilliant. In May, 1794, he came out as second wrangler, although, according to his biographer, "he had only nine months previously taken up seriously the study of mathematics,"—meaning, of course, "resumed" the study, since his mathematical gifts had already been remarkably displayed at school; and to the second wranglership he added the not seldom associated honour of First Smith's Prizeman. In the same month he was admitted a member of Lincoln's Inn, and the following year he obtained a fellowship at his college, and the further appointment of travelling bachelor with a grant of 100*l.* a year for three years—a stipend of which he availed himself to pay a visit to the country of his birth, though not of his father's origin or allegiance, the United States. Here, besides his academical duties of observation and report, he was engaged in an attempt to recover a small property belonging to the elder Copley in Boston, but of course forfeited by him upon quitting the country on the outbreak of the War of Independence—a claim which his son, after some negotiation, compromised.

In the letters of the young "travelling bachelor," whether addressed to his family in the mother-tongue or in Latin to the vice-chancellor of his university, there is nothing particularly striking, and one would be disposed to say, if it could be said graciously, that his biographer's excerpts from these might with advantage have been curtailed. To tell the honest truth, indeed, the chapters recording the ante-professional life of the future chancellor are—doubtless from the fault of the subject rather than the narrator—just a little dull. After all, there is no reason why the early manhood of a distinguished lawyer and politician should not be uninteresting, though there are reasons, perhaps, for not lingering over it too long. As it is, the only passage which lends any piquancy to the inevitably insipid portion of the volume is that which describes Copley's travels in company with the French *philosophe* Volney.

"Volney had gone to the United States in 1795, and there he contrived to get into a quarrel with the government, by whom he was suspected, without reason, of having crossed the Atlantic to arrange for the handing over of Louisiana to the Directory. He proved to be anything but a satisfactory travelling companion. The roads and the rivers were bad, the journeys had mostly to be performed on horseback, and they involved fatigue and sometimes even peril. Volney was nearly forty years old and far from strong. He could not get on without his chocolate and the other comforts essential to the enjoyment of a town-bred epicure, and, as Baillie Jarvie in Rob Roy's country, was perpetually hankering after 'the comforts of the Saut Market,' so the moans of the revolutionary philosopher were incessant over the fatigues of the road and the absence of the luxuries of Parisian life."

The philosopher who has omitted to add the practice of the stoic to his own peculiar tenets is a familiar object of satire; but one may venture perhaps to demur to the reasoning implied in the remark that Volney's "ludicrous impatience of hardship and discomfort" was "little calculated to inspire Copley with respect for his opinions as to the great forces by which society

is moved and moulded." Sir Theodore Martin would hesitate, we may suspect, to face his major premiss in cold blood. "No peevish traveller can form sound opinions as to the great forces by which society is moved and moulded" is a proposition which does not commend itself to instant assent or even to ready comprehension.

In the year 1797 Copley returned to England, and after taking his M.A. degree at Cambridge, entered the chambers of Mr. Tidd, to be initiated by him in what he calls the "logical science" of the special pleader. Nor need we doubt that, as with many other great lawyers before and since—as, for instance, with him, *qui summâ industriâ, summo acumine, leges Angliæ ad absurdum reduxit*—the mind of the future judge owed much of its keen judicial faculty to the subtle exertations of the student in this "logical science." Few finer gymnasia of the intellect have ever indeed been invented than the old system of special pleading. The same remark, however, applies to the game of chess, and its excellence as a method of mental training was hardly a justification for treating plaintiffs and defendants as pawns in the game. After a year's study in Mr. Tidd's chambers, Copley commenced practice, according to the practice of the time, as a pleader "below the bar," and, supported principally by his fellowship, prepared himself to enter upon the usual weary years of wandering in that desert of brieflessness which divides most forensic aspirants from the Canaan of success. Six such years passed before even a glimmer of the Promised Land was visible. Copley was now thirty-one; his business as a special pleader was not sufficient to maintain him, and his fellowship, unless he took orders and went into the Church, was about to expire. "So gloomy were his prospects," writes Sir Theodore Martin with unconscious satire, "that at one time he entertained serious thoughts of taking that step;" and he was only dissuaded by the entreaties

of his father from making a choice which another distinguished man, who found himself some twenty years later in a similar position, actually made. For

"What Copley, the future chancellor, meditated, Connop Thirlwall, the future bishop, did. When Copley was canvassing Cambridge in 1826, he was introduced to Thirlwall, who was then in residence there. Thirlwall, he was told, had lost heart about his prospects at the bar, and was thinking of forsaking it and going into the Church. Copley showed him how near he had himself been to taking that step and what good reason he had to be thankful that he had not followed up his intention. Thirlwall decided the other way—how well and wisely was soon shown."

Both, no doubt, decided rightly; though the particular part supposed to be played by the Divine Summoner is in these two transactions not easy to trace. Copley's "call"—unlike Thirlwall's—was attended with the payment of fees, and for these he was indebted to the friendly assistance of Mr. Greene, an American merchant, who had married his eldest sister, and who at the request of his father advanced, with truly brotherly promptitude, the sum of 1,000*l.* to enable the young lawyer to make his start in life. The struggle for the next five or six years was an uphill one, Copley making his way steadily indeed, but very slowly, into a respectable practice. During all this time his industry seems to have been unwearied and his patience inexhaustible. An observer of him in those days thus describes him:—

"Like Romilly, Copley was destined to remain a spectator rather than an actor for many weary years before attracting public notice, and I well remember him in the old court of Common Pleas, always occupying the same seat at the extremity of the second circle of the bar without paper or book before him, but looking intently, I had almost said savagely (for his look at this time bore somewhat the appearance of an eagle's) at the bench before him, watching even the least movement of a witness or other party in the cause, or treasuring up the development of the legal arguments brought forward by the eminent men who then formed the inner circle of the bar of learned serjeants."

We know, from what he has since

told us, that while thus sitting, "without paper or book before him," he was cultivating that power of mentally digesting evidence which enabled him when a judge to dispense with notes, and instead of bewildering a jury by lengthy readings from a note-book, to lay before them a summarised conspectus of all the material facts deposed to by the witnesses in a case.

At last, in the year 1812, he was able to take at the flood that tide which leads to fortune. He was retained at Nottingham by one of the leading Luddites indicted for frame-breaking, and achieved his first success in a manner characteristic of the then condition of our law by breaking down the indictment on the objection that a firm which manufactured silk lace and cotton lace were mis-described as "proprietors of a silk and cotton lace manufactory." The objection was held fatal—for how, asked triumphant technicality, could the Crown prosecutors prove that they did not mean to describe the Messrs. Nunn as manufacturers, not of two distinct fabrics, but of a single mixture of silk and cotton? Frame-breaking was a hanging matter, and in a hanging matter a man ought, in common humanity, to be acquitted on a question of hyphens. Acquitted the prisoner accordingly was, and Copley, carried back to his hotel on the shoulders of the mob, became the hero of the hour. In the following year, having now obtained a name and good position at the bar, he was raised to the dignity of the *coif*, and from that moment his advance was rapid. The important case of *Boville and Moore* was the means of displaying his extraordinary grasp of the complicated mechanical points of a patent case. In 1817 he was retained, at the special instance of Sir Charles Wetherell, for the defence of Dr. Watson, Thistlewood and others in the case of the Spa Fields riots; and in the following year, after having been retained by the Government, in pursuance of the oppressive policy of

the time, to prevent his services being secured by Brandreth and his associates on their trial for high treason, he received a message from Lord Liverpool, through a common friend, asking whether he would like to come into Parliament. The offer was, after brief consideration, accepted, and Copley was, through the influence of Sir Leonard Holmes, returned for Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight.

And here perhaps is the most convenient place to say a word about the much disputed question of Lord Lyndhurst's early political opinions. It is a point upon which Sir Theodore Martin will appear to most non-partisan readers not only to dwell too much, but, in his anxiety to rebut Lord Campbell's imputations, to attempt too much also. One may take exception, to begin with, to the biographer's comment upon Lord Liverpool's advances. "They were made," he observes, "without condition or stipulation of any kind, and this doubtless because it was perfectly well understood that the general tenor of Copley's political views was by no means likely to throw him into the ranks of the Opposition." Surely this is too large an inference from the Prime Minister's act. Surely it proved no more than that Copley was not at the time identified with the Parliamentary Opposition. As long as "the tenor of his political views" was not known to be Whig or Radical, there was no reason why Lord Liverpool should not approach him with the offer of a seat in Parliament. Such an offer indeed was obviously a convenient way of ascertaining what actually was the tenor of a lawyer's political views, and in all probability it was designed to serve that very purpose in this particular instance. It certainly found Copley in a position perfectly independent of all party ties. So far as regards outward allegiance to either of the two great political connections, he might truly have described himself as *nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*; and so far therefore

as the technical offence of "ratting" is concerned, there can be no foundation whatever in pronouncing his acquittal. But when Sir Theodore Martin goes on to contend as he does with unnecessary earnestness that at no time of his life could Copley's opinions have been plausibly stigmatised as those of a "Jacobin," or even justly described as those of "a Whig and something more," he attempts to prove not only more than the probabilities admit, but more than the subject [of the biography] appears ever to have asserted. It is surely significant that on each occasion, and there were several, when the charge of political inconsistency was brought against Lord Lyndhurst, he confined his defence to a disclaimer of having been guilty of disloyalty to any *party*. In replying in 1835 to Lord Lansdowne who had accused him of having been "a Whig and something more," he says: "I never belonged to any political party till I came into Parliament. I never belonged to any political society." Nay, more, he even expressly declines to extend this denial to the expression of *opinions*. In his subsequent answer to Lord Denman's imputation against him of having changed his opinions, he said: "If my noble and learned friend is speaking of a period of twenty years past, I can only say I am unable to call to my recollection the particular opinions which I might have then entertained, or expressed with reference to political measures, but I can assert that I never belonged to any party or political society." The plea of *non mi ricordo* as to his "particular opinions" of 1815, only two years before he entered Parliament, is somewhat singular, and Lord Denman naturally seized upon it for remark. After expressing astonishment at Lord Lyndhurst's pleading forgetfulness "with reference to opinions entertained when he was of the mature age of thirty," he continues:—

"Up to the period when he came into Parliament the universal impression of those who

lived on terms of close intimacy with my noble and learned friend was, that his opinions were (not with reference to any one particular measure on any one occasion) generally and unequivocally what would now be called Liberal. These opinions were not uttered merely in the presence of those who were intimate with him, or in the course of private conversation, but they were avowed rather as if my noble and learned friend felt a pride in entertaining and avowing them."

This is curiously circumstantial; and when we further find that Lord Lyndhurst restricted his reply to a collateral question, namely, whether he owed his "advancement" to "those who professed Liberal opinions," and said no more on the main point than that "up to the time of his entering Parliament he was engaged in his profession, and had no object out of it" Sir Theodore Martin must surely see that his task is hopeless. Of course we need not interpret quite literally such a phrase as "up to the period when he came into Parliament." Copley may, perhaps, have been converted from his "something more than Whig" views some considerable time before 1817, but that he held and expressed such views for some years after entering the legal profession, the evidence of repute is too strong to allow us to doubt. Sir Theodore Martin will hardly contend that there is any improbability in Copley's having talked Jacobinism in his university days, just as did Coleridge, born in the same year as himself, and entered the year after him at Cambridge. The very sentence indeed in one of his letters from America which his biographer quotes rather oddly as evidence to the contrary, goes to show as much. "*I have become a fierce aristocrat,*" he writes. "This is the country to cure your Jacobins." The date of this is 1796, the year in which the disillusionising process began with Coleridge; but is it not quite conceivable that, as Copley took the complaint in a less violent form than the poet, so the process of recovery might have been proportionately more gradual? The probability on the whole appears to

be that Copley had been in the habit at least of *talking* like "a Whig and something more" among his familiar associates at the bar, but that he had *not* taken active part in any political movements, or affiliated himself to any political society, and hence that it was equally open to his opponents, using the word in a different sense from his, to denounce him as an apostate, and to himself to reply that he was not.

But whatever the moral nature of the transaction by which Copley was brought into Parliament, there can be no question of the political and professional advantages of the arrangement. The Tory government secured the services of a most powerful and accomplished debater; to the new recruit was opened the path to sure and speedy high political office. After little more than a year of parliamentary life, in the course of which a dissolution occurred, and Copley changed his constituency of Yarmouth for that of Ashburton, he was appointed chief justice of Chester, and a few months afterwards Solicitor-General. The work of a law-officer in 1819 was no sinecure, for it was a year in which the always fierce party passions of that age received their keenest stimulus in the discussion of questions of constitutional law. At the opening of the session, Copley had to speak in the long and animated debate raised on the "Peterloo Massacre," in an amendment to the address; and before the end of the year he was engaged along with his colleagues on what we doubt not was the uncongenial task of passing the Six Acts through Parliament. Sir Theodore Martin here pauses to rebut Lord Campbell's statement that these enactments were "carried through the House of Commons by Copley," and points out that all he did was—in discharge of a duty thrown upon him by the unexpected indisposition of his colleague, Sir Robert Gifford—to introduce the Seditious Meetings Prevention Bill, the first brought forward, and to explain in general terms the scope of the series to which it

belonged. The point is surely one of infinitesimal importance, but it seems clear that however slight a part may have been played by Copley in the debates on the Acts, he must, as law-officer, have taken a considerable share in their preparation, and incurred proportionate responsibility for their provisions. In the discussion upon another of the Six, the "Blasphemous Libels Bill," the Solicitor-General was again attacked on the score of his former political opinions. He defended himself in his usual fashion, by declaring that he had never "belonged to a political society or been in any way connected with politics;" but the following passage shows the way in which Copley's parliamentary out-set was regarded by the Whigs of that day:—

"Lord John Russell, in the preface to the sixth volume of his *Life of Moore*, tells a good story of a *mot* of Sir James Mackintosh's upon this occasion. 'I remember,' he says, 'sitting by Mackintosh, when a great lawyer disclaiming from the treasury bench all participation in the opinions of the Liberal party, said, "I could see nothing to tempt me in the views of the gentlemen opposite." 'For "views" read "prospects,"' whispered Mackintosh to me.'"

Sir Theodore Martin puts this by as a "passing joke," and so no doubt it was. But even passing jokes require a point, and it is clear that if Copley had been commonly believed to dislike the "views" as well as the "prospects" of the Whigs, the joke would have been pointless.

The trial of the Cato Street conspirators in the following year, involved too much of a foregone conclusion to afford any great scope for the display of Copley's forensic power; but more important work of the kind was preparing for him in the prosecution of the case against Queen Caroline. Sir Theodore Martin tells again, and tells well, the tale of this famous trial, and fully maintains his hero's claim to a foremost place in what he rightly calls that "battle of giants." The extracts which he gives from Copley's reply upon the whole case are sufficient

to mark that speech as not unworthy of its, in one sense, great occasion. And over and above its purely oratorical merit, in which it could only hold its own by its studious avoidance of rivalry with the brilliant rhetoric of Brougham, it unquestionably deserves the highest praise for tone and temper. Whatever the errors of George IV.'s unfortunate consort, the character and antecedents of her royal accuser necessarily made the task of the Crown counsel an invidious, if not a positively odious one, and no such duty could have been discharged with greater dignity and propriety of feeling—with more, in short, of the true spirit of the gentleman—than it was in this instance by the Solicitor-General.

Copley's career during the closing years of Lord Liverpool's administration was on the whole one of uneventful prosperity. Its uneventfulness is no doubt creditable to him, for those were days when an Attorney-General (he succeeded Gifford in January, 1824) had more power and more temptation to "make history" by the method of *ex-officio* informations than he has in these days. Oppressive enactments however do not necessarily find oppressive administrators, and in the exercise of his official quasi-censorship over the press, the Attorney-General displayed a wise moderation to which Lord Brougham many years after did eloquent justice in an after-dinner speech to the Newspaper Press Benevolent Association. Copley's, in fact, was one of those easy, good-natured, slightly *insouciant* temperaments with which power and prosperity well agree. He was not only too kindly, but one may suspect that he was not sufficiently in earnest in his politics to have the stuff in him of which persecutors are made. There was indeed a vein of light, semi-cynical indifferentism in his nature which Sir Theodore Martin's portrait, in its somewhat over-strained seriousness, appears hardly to reproduce. When Lord Campbell says that

Copley, though his eloquence was "wonderfully clear and forcible, could not make the tender chords of the heart vibrate, having nothing in unison with them in his own bosom," that of course is only "pretty Johnny's way" of putting it. Copley no doubt had more depth of feeling than he showed on the surface; but his contempt for such appeals to the emotional as what he once called the "wife-and-ten-children face of Parke," was sometimes more than the mere repugnance of a man of strong but carefully restrained emotions for their exaggerated display. It belonged to that less serious side of his character which Sir Theodore Martin does indeed notice in the following passage:—

"It was the same disregard of the small conventions and hypocrisies of the barrister's creed which made him disregard the staid airs and the sober garb of the Inns of Court, show his handsome person in a dress turned out by a fashionable tailor, and drive about the streets of London in a small cabriolet with a tiger behind him. Lord Eldon, we may believe, was not the only lawyer who was shocked by what must, to people accustomed to accept traditional usages as sacred, have seemed an outrage upon decorum. It is told of the chancellor that when he asked his son what people would have said of him if he had driven about in this way when he was Solicitor-General, the son, who by no means shared his father's horror, made this sensible reply—'I will tell you, father, what they would have said, "There goes the greatest lawyer and the worst whip in all England."' Known as Copley was to be as conscientious as he was able in doing his best for his clients, his indulgence in the dress and ways of the class to which socially he belonged never cost him a brief."

That Copley was a man distinguished for his social qualities and courted in the best London society, and that his wife's beauty and the admiration which she attracted from "many leading men in the political world," formed "another reason for his finding his way into the intimacy of the highest circles"—such facts as these are indeed referred to by Sir Theodore Martin, but one would never imagine from his narrative that there had ever been anything in the contemporary estimate of Lord Lynd-

hurst, as a "man of society," to justify such criticisms as were for instance passed by the late Mr. Bagehot upon his life.

Of the two chief political passages in Copley's career after his elevation to the woolsack in 1827—his share in the Catholic Relief legislation, and the part played by him in opposition to the Reform Bill, his biographer gives a very full and interesting account. As regards the former of these subjects, there would seem to be no *prima facie* reason why Lyndhurst should have found any more difficulty in justifying an honest and patriotic change of policy under pressure of impending civil war, than was experienced by Wellington or Peel. Yet one cannot compare the surrender of the soldier with that of the lawyer without feeling that the advantage in apparent sincerity is all on the side of the former. The duke appealed frankly to political necessity, and did not profess to have changed his opinions as to the abstract inexpediency of admitting the Catholic claims. The chancellor of course relied in the main on the same argument as his chief; but, advocate-like, he must needs have two strings to his bow. He owned that he had "formerly over-rated the dangers likely to result from concession." And then follows the passage in which occurred his well-known reply to the interruption of Lord Eldon:—

"'I contend,' he said, 'that a Protestant government has existed in this country from the period of Elizabeth down to that of William III.; and it is worthy of remark that during a century of that time Roman Catholics sat in Parliament and held offices under the Crown. . . . It is proved by the speech of Colonel Birch, who, in the course of his argument in the House of Commons in the time of Charles II., said: "Will you at one step turn out of both Houses of Parliament so many members?" evidently alluding to the Roman Catholics. I state this as one out of many facts—facts that never were disputed—to show that the Roman Catholics sat in Parliament under our Protestant Government.'

"Lord Eldon. Did the noble and learned lord know this last year?

"The Lord Chancellor. I did not; but I

have since been prosecuting my studies. I have advanced in knowledge, and, in my opinion, even the noble and learned lord might improve himself in the same way."

Effective as this may have been for debating purposes, it merely amounts to parrying a charge of disingenuousness by an admission of rather discreditable levity.

His attitude on the Reform question is open to no such criticism. His apprehensions as to the result of the measure appear to have been thoroughly genuine, and though the course he took was very damaging to his opponents, and at one time dangerous to the public peace, it could not expose him to just censure on any personal grounds. No doubt it may have been temporarily irritating to the Whigs of those angrily exciting days to find their most active and powerful opponent in a Lord Chief Baron, who owed his office to the generosity and public spirit of a Whig Ministry; but none of the better sort among them would, we may be sure, have regretted in his calmer moments that Lyndhurst declined to treat his appointment as something which neither the giver nor the receiver intended it to be at the time it was made—a bribe, namely, to purchase the silence of a dangerous political adversary. Nor can it be said that during the Grey and Melbourne administrations the Chief Baron made any factious use of his reserved liberty. His opposition to the Local Courts Bill was that of a lawyer and not of a politician; and perverse as it seems to us who from the standpoint of to-day retrospectively measure the immense gain which has resulted to the oppressed and needy from the cheapening of the law, there was no doubt much in the character of the measure as introduced in 1833 to startle all the Conservative instincts of the legal profession. In 1834 came the dismissal of the Melbourne Ministry, the summons of Sir Robert Peel from Italy to his majesty's counsels, and the provisional offer of the Chancellorship to Lord Lyndhurst

by the Duke of Wellington pending the return of the new premier to England. It is, as Sir Theodore Martin says, to the credit of Copley's party loyalty that he did not hesitate to resign the lucrative judicial office which he held, for so precarious a seat as the woolsack at that juncture appeared, and as in the event it proved, to be. The general election which followed was, as is well known, fatal to the hopes of the Tories. The short-lived ministry of Peel was defeated and resigned in April 1835, and Lyndhurst was condemned to judicial inaction from which he did not emerge till six years later, when in 1841 he became Chancellor for the third and last time, and remaining in office until the fall of the administration in 1846.

The close of his last chancellorship brings Lord Lyndhurst to the threshold of our generation, and his career onward to his death, at the great age of ninety-one, was passed under the eyes of men now only middle-aged. His position during the last fifteen years of his life was unique, full of the dignity of years, of the respect due to high public honours, and of the admiration attaching to remarkable powers astonishingly prolonged. His annual speeches in review of each session at its close were events in the parliamentary history of the year. The prognostics of his final oration have suffered from the perversity of subsequent events, but it would have been a noteworthy feat of memory, of reasoning, and of arrangement in a man of any age, and for a nonagenarian it was marvellous. There was scarcely any need for Sir Theodore Martin to exaggerate, as to some of us he will seem to have exaggerated, the public spirit, patriotism, and high political conscientiousness of the subject of his volume. He might have been content to claim for Lord Lyndhurst that place in his country's annals which will always be reserved for any statesman of abilities so commanding, and who, like him, has been no unworthy actor in great national events.

CAMP LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES.

ON a summer's evening a few years ago, in the wild country known to Americans as the "Frontier," a youth of seventeen was wearily wending his way homeward after a long day of herding sheep on the prairies. He presented a decidedly forlorn appearance. Two years before, when at home in England, he was accustomed to call himself a "gentleman." But now we see only a sunburnt face very much begrimed with dust and perspiration, and a lean, bent figure, clad in a faded blue flannel shirt, coarse brown canvas trousers—so stained and discoloured by grease and dirt as to be almost black—clumsy, ill-fitting shoes, much the worse for wear, and an old felt hat that only by great exercise of imagination could one fancy had ever been white. Stretching out in front of him is the flock—some 1,500 in number—of all sizes and ages; from the long-legged wethers at the head, to the aggravating little two-months-old lambs loitering behind, which give endless trouble to the inexperienced, by their absurd practice of pretending to be too tired to move another step, until in desperation the herder leaves them to the tender mercies of wolf and mountain lion (puma), upon which, after one or two pettish "baas," they rejoin the flock. Our friend, however, is much too old a hand to take the least notice of these small members of his flock. He strolls languidly along, tired and thirsty, after his fifteen hours' tramp under a burning sun, with nothing to eat since breakfast—at 4.30 A.M.—and nothing to drink since two in the afternoon, and it is now nearly eight. Not that he thinks of complaining of that—it is the custom of the country; and as the same thing has occurred every day for the last two months he is

used to it by this time—or ought to be. Something does nevertheless trouble his mind, and as this lonely life begets the curious habit of audible soliloquy we can gather the substance of his grievance from the following ejaculations:—

"Well, I guess the dug-out (herder's hut) ought to be finished to-day; if so, I shall be sent into camp to-morrow. What a blessing that will be! it does one good to think of it. No more chores—when you come in at night dead beat—cutting wood, drawing water, and washing up the dishes, till your back nearly breaks, and it is half-past ten o'clock before you can get to bed. And then, if the sheep are not out before sun-up the next morning—that is to say, half-past four—isn't there a pretty row?

"In camp—ah! let's see—to begin with, I sha'n't have a single chore worth mentioning, for the water is close to the cabin, plenty of drift-wood handy—only to be picked up—and not a soul to cook or do for but myself. Won't it be fine? You bet your life it will!"

With these comforting reflections and hopes for future happiness our herder whistles briskly to the sheep, and goes home to his supper and inevitable "chores" with a lighter heart than he had done for many a long day.

As this is simply a sketch of the life in camp anticipated with so much glee, we will pass over the events of the next twenty-four hours, merely saying that our friend's hopes were fulfilled; and we will rejoin him the following day as he is escorting his sheep homeward again—this time to "camp." Before, however, his experiences therein are related, perhaps it will give my readers a better idea of

the life if I describe first of all his surroundings.

To begin with, the camp is utterly isolated from the rest of mankind. The "home-ranche," three miles to the eastward, is the only habitation within reach. North, south, and west stretch the rolling prairies, broken only by the mesas—*i.e.* tablelands—the rocky sides of which give shelter to the wolves, bears, and pumas that are still to be found in the wilder parts of the Western territories.

The camp itself is what is called a "dug-out"—that is a small hut partly built above ground with logs chinked with mud, and partly dug out of a hill—hence its name—which was from 50 to 100 feet in height, supposed by the settlers to have been raised by Indians or Mexicans to indicate the presence of water. This "dug-out" is six feet square in size, with a flat board roof covered with earth, piled thickly in the centre, and thinned down towards the edges to allow the water to run off. At one corner of the roof a hole had been made, through which an old stove-pipe was pushed, and called by courtesy a chimney. Underneath this contrivance was an open fire-place; there was no pretence of a grate of any sort; the draught must be kept up by a scientific arrangement of the fuel, the learning to contrive which is more productive of profanity than anything else I know, but is absolutely necessary in camp.

The furniture of this mansion consists of a three-legged stool—originally intended for milking purposes—and two blankets. The first a large double one, standing for bedstead, mattress and sheets—and the second a single one, which answers for the counterpane. The pillow is composed of the sleeper's coat, waistcoat and—if the night is very warm and the sheep are quiet—trousers. Peeping from under the pillow is a large revolver, the herder's companion, philosopher and friend—never far from his hand by day or night. In

what sorry plight would the Western man be without his beloved six-shooter. In that lonely life, you may strip him of everything, may take even his horse, but leave him his revolver.

Next in order come the utensils. These are nine in number. 1. A shallow round tin dish, about eighteen inches in diameter, used at different times for washing clothes, face, hands, and dishes; also for kneading and making up the bread. 2. A three-legged iron pot, called also—like the chimney, by courtesy—a "bake-oven"; therein the bread is baked, coffee roasted and meat boiled. 3. A long-handled tin spoon. 4. A frying pan. 5. A coffee pot. 6. A tin plate. 7. Ditto cup. 8. A fork, which, by the by, has a detestable habit of eloping with the spoon, and never being at hand when wanted, its duties being performed by 9—the all-useful, indispensable "butcher-knife," which completes our list.

The provisions are as follows. A side of bacon, *salted, not cured*, a sack of flour, ditto of green coffee, a bag of black Mexican beans, a tin of soda—to be used instead of yeast—a barrel of mutton soaked in brine—to vary the monotony of the bacon—and a few onions.

These, reader, are the conditions under which the romantic "camp life," so often sighed after by English youth, is begun. Let us go on and see what delights, or otherwise, await our enterprising friend—delights that live in the comfortable home left in dear old England—which even yet is scarcely spoken of without a tender lowering of the voice, as if it were something sacred—and the rough, but social times at the home-ranche, are alike unable to afford him.

Arrived at camp with the sheep, our herder—whom I will call Jack Halliday—proceeds to prepare and demolish his supper, which strangely enough seems to want a relish that the one eaten only twenty-four hours before certainly possessed. It is a curious

thing, for the food is certainly the same, and he is quite as hungry. But there the feeling is. There is some consolation, though, in the exceedingly small amount of trouble required to wash his solitary plate, cup, &c., with water drawn from a pool close by, and heated in the "bake-oven." After that is over he sits down outside his dwelling, leisurely puffing his pipe, and enjoying the peace and quietness of his isolated home. Gradually, imperceptibly, this feeling changes. The silence becomes oppressive; and finally giving himself a sort of shake Jack jumps up and walks quickly towards the sheep, quietly feeding some 200 yards away. He gently and carefully urges them on to the side of the hill out of which the house is cut, and making a circuit to leave them undisturbed he returns to the hut. After moving restlessly about for a little while, one by one the sheep lie down, one by one the lambs, baaing for their mothers, subside, and at last, beyond an occasional sneeze or grunt, a dead silence reigns over the surrounding creation.

The bedding of the sheep accomplished, Jack makes up his own bed, and, lying down, thinks, as a matter of course, that he will at once drop off to sleep, as he has always done before. But the expected slumber will not come. The uneasy, uncomfortable, miserable feeling that, unconsciously to himself, has been steadily increasing ever since he arrived at camp, begins to get almost unbearable.

Suddenly his shepherd-dog, "Skip," lying at the door of the cabin, leaps up and flies out into the night barking loudly. Halliday seizes his loaded revolver, and going outside listens intently. The barking gets fainter and fainter. Skip is evidently chasing away some intruder, probably a coyote.

A wolf! Strange that that word makes his heart beat, and his fingers mechanically tighten round the lock of the pistol; for he knows these prairie-wolves are arrant cowards and will

attack nothing more formidable than a sheep. What causes this nervous dread even of a coyote? It is because, for the first time, a night must be spent alone, away on the prairies, far from any human being. All sorts of fears that had been smiled at before take full possession of him now. He finds himself trembling all over at—what? There's nothing to be afraid of.

"Ah, what's that? That black thing standing about twenty yards off—is it a bear? What can it be? Perhaps a mountain lion (puma) that knows I am alone." Jack raises his pistol to fire, when there is a rush of soft feet, a loud ringing bark from the returning dog, and the apparition—a great black Texan cow—gallops off as fast as its legs can carry it, kicking up much dust in the operation and protesting loudly all the way.

After a hearty laugh at himself and an affectionate caressing of the faithful dog, Jack again lies down, this time determined to sleep come what may. But it is not to be. Just as he is dozing off the dog barks a second time, but does not, as before, rush boldly out. There is another sound too that comes nearer and nearer, until it is directly overhead—the dull thunderous tramp of affrighted sheep. The young herder leaps out of bed in a twinkling, and issues forth, pistol in hand as before. The night is pitch dark, and he can distinguish nothing; but the sheep-bells are ringing furiously, proving that the animals are rushing wildly from some unseen enemy. The dog, curiously enough, after a few undecided nervous howls, subsides into silence. From these signs Jack knows at once that there must be a "mountain lion" about; an animal which, if left alone, will do terrible havoc among the flock; one puma having been known to cut the throats of thirty sheep in a night.

Jack instantly fires his pistol into the air, the report of which will probably scare the animal for a time. But it has spoiled his night's rest, and will do so for many a night to come.

This is, in fact, one of the greatest provocations that he has to endure. On every dark night this puma will be prowling around; and nothing but the greatest vigilance can keep him from inflicting fatal damage on the unfortunate sheep.

These animals never come except on the dark nights, when you cannot see a yard before you, and of course are quite noiseless in their movements. Moreover, it is a very dangerous business to attack them unless you are certain of killing at the first shot, because, if wounded, they have no hesitation in flying at a man; and, in consequence of their activity and tenacity of life, they are considered very nearly as formidable antagonists as the grizzly bear.

However, this continual disturbance, night after night, makes Jack desperate; and a desperate man, especially when young, will risk much. After trying many ways he at length hits upon one that seems to promise almost certain success. It involves the loss of a sheep, to be sure. But what will that matter, if he can only destroy the mountain lion?

The next day he shoots a young wether, and, dragging it to the door of the hut, he skins and dresses it. He then scoops out a little hollow, just in front of the door of the hut, which he manages to fill with the blood of the defunct sheep. The carcase he hangs inside, and as soon as it becomes dark he extinguishes his fire, unmuzzles and ties up the dog, and beds the sheep very close to camp. He then places himself at the door, with one hand on the lock, ready to jump out and fire the moment he hears the puma outside lapping up the blood placed ready for it.

Slowly and wearily the time drags on. At first visions of a life and death struggle with a wounded puma keep the young herder in a painful state of anxiety. Every time a sheep sneezes he holds his breath in suspense, thinking the animal is coming. But hour after hour goes by, and still

the sheep remain quiet, still the dog sleeps on. Finally Jack finds himself getting drowsier and drowsier. Once, twice, his head drops, and he brings himself up with a jerk, the second time nearly letting go his revolver. Just as he is going off for the third time he is roused by the ominous, unmistakable rush of terrified sheep, and the dog starts up with a smothered growl. Now comes a fresh anxiety. Will the lion prefer a live sheep, even with the trouble of catching it, to a problematical dead one? Jack gets horribly anxious and curses his own thoughtlessness in an emphatic and earnest manner. But he cannot bear to give up this chance until the last moment. He listens intently; the stamping of the scared sheep gets fainter, and the tinkling of the bells sounds terribly far away.

Jack is just about to throw open the door and rush after them, when his attention is drawn to the behaviour of his dog. Her smothered growl has changed to a long-drawn whine that expresses helpless terror, if any sound from a dog ever did so. He hesitates, with his hand on the lock of the door. Possibly the puma *has* scented the dead sheep and is close around, after all.

"Hist! What is that? Something brushing past the door? Yes, there it is again! No mistake about it, it must be the lion." Trembling with excitement, he slowly and cautiously turns the handle. Lap, lap—it is licking up the blood. Now for it! Throwing the door wide open with one hand, he fires in the direction of the enemy with the other. There is a hiss like that of a gigantic cat, and—dead silence.

With a quick impulse of self-preservation Jack shuts himself into the hut again, though with small chance of warding off the danger in that way, for the creature could batter the slight framework of wood in with a blow of its paw. When will it come? Could he have killed it at the first shot? He must have hit it, the distance was so short. For a minute or

two Jack remains quiet, listening; but soon the suspense becomes intolerable. He looses and unmuzzles the dog, which, to his surprise, trots quite comfortably up to the door, wishing to be let out again. Jack throws it open, standing ready for the onslaught of the wounded animal. But none comes. Skip walks out, snuffing about uneasily, it is true, but otherwise showing no particular agitation. Jack begins now to have a dim suspicion that he has made a fool of himself; that the mountain lion has a charmed life, and that "his last chance" has failed.

There is nothing to be done but to comfort himself with the idea, however, that the animal has been thoroughly scared and perhaps wounded; anyhow will not pester him again. At any rate it will cause no more annoyance to-night; so, after hunting up the sheep, who have composed themselves to rest some three hundreds yards off, and looking for the carcass of a dead or dying puma all the way, our herder at last turns in.

His calculations do not, however, turn out correct. With a pertinacity truly diabolical this puma still prowls about on every dark night, and drives poor Jack into a state between calousness and despair. But all things come to an end in time, and after three weeks of this work he has his revenge. All day, before the night in question, the air has been fearfully oppressive, and by sundown heavy thunder-clouds begin to gather, and by the time supper is over and the sheep are bedded down it is pretty evident that there is going to be a terrible storm.

Everything is perfectly still; the darkness can be almost felt. Suddenly the sky is lit up by a brilliant flash of lightning that lasts for nearly half a minute. Casting his eye in the direction of the sheep, Jack sees something that makes him dive into the house and buckle on his pistol, in spite of the great drops of rain that are beginning to fall. Only fifty yards

from the sheep is the veritable mountain lion, seen now for the first time. If only a flash as bright as the last will come before the rain pours down! The sheep have also seen their enemy, and come crowding up towards camp, baaing as if for protection, collecting, in their terror, about the man and dog, and even taking refuge in the dug-out. Another minute goes by; with his pistol held in both hands, to insure a certain aim, the young herder waits for the second flash of lightning. It comes. Twenty yards away now, standing erect and looking—Jack afterwards declared—"as big as a hippopotamus," is the puma.

"Crack" went the revolver, and simultaneously with the report down comes the rain in torrents, and all further sound is drowned by the terrific peal of thunder following the lightning. Jack leaps back into the hut, and kicking out the intruding sheep locks himself in, waiting until the storm subsides and feeling instinctively that this time he has not missed his mark.

The rain, however, comes down in a steady pour that promises to continue all night, so Jack rolls himself in his blankets and leaves all further research till morning.

At daylight he turns out, expecting to find that the sheep had taken their departure to happier lands, as they usually do when they are left to their own devices and it is particularly necessary for them to remain at home. This time, however, his fears are not realised—they having merely adjourned to the lee side of the hill.

Next he investigates the place where he fondly hopes he had slain his troublesome enemy the night before. There is no puma, that is quite certain; but on approaching the spot there are unmistakable signs of an animal having struggled in great agony. The grass is torn up by the roots in many places, and in three little hollows there are three little pools of blood. Evidently the puma had been hard hit; but how it

contrived to take itself off and creep away to its den—probably at least a mile away—are problems not destined to be solved. For weeks afterwards Jack hunts in every possible and impossible direction for the body, but never discovers it. However, the game is played out. From that time forth he is not again annoyed by mountain lions.

For a week or two after the adventures just described, Jack Halliday lived a peaceful, though lonely and dreary life. The irrational blind sort of terror experienced the first night in camp soon died away, but in its place came a dull, callous recklessness, bred by the unvarying monotony and utter loneliness of the life. Oh for some human companion! How gladly would he do any drudgery, any overwork, if he could but live with his fellow-creatures again! But there was no help for it. Some one must take the sheep into camp, and why not he? All those who called themselves "western men" had done it before him. Once a week his employer rode down, bringing provisions and any letter or papers from home. These, together with his Bible, hymn-book, and Randall's *Sheep Husbandry* were all the literature with which to pass the weary time. Novels were not allowed, nor, in fact, continued reading of any kind, as it might take his attention off the sheep.

So day after day went by, and this hard indifference grew steadily upon him; he had become more and more careless of exposing himself to an attack from the mountain lion, and had he seen it would have fired instantly, though, even if it were mortally wounded, there would be small chance of his escaping with his life.

Even the rough, careless observation of his employer—rough and careless because he had lived this life for months at a time, and had forgotten the effect of his first few weeks in camp—noticed a change; a grim compression of the lips and sullen lowering of the eyebrows not seen

before. But these were satisfactory signs to the experienced ranchman, who knew what qualities most required fostering in the embryo "western-man." "The boy's getting considerable toned down," he soliloquised as he rode home. "Not much left of the tender foot now; he has a lot more 'get-up' to him than he had before he went into camp. There's jest one more thing he's got to know about, which I'd half a mind to tell him of, only they can't be around yet. And if he stands that all right, why he'll *dow*."

The "one more thing" that was to complete Jack's education occurred about a month after his first arrival in camp.

The sun had just set, and the young herder had kindled his fire and put the coffee-pot on to boil. According to custom, when he reached this stage in his cooking he went outside and climbed to the brow of the hill behind to see how the sheep—left about half a mile off—were getting on; whether they were dutifully turning their heads towards camp, or perversely going another way. This evening he had hardly made sure that they were coming in the right direction when, sweeping the horizon carelessly with his eye, he saw two men on horseback riding at full gallop and striking straight for camp.

Jack instantly descended to the house, and buckling on his loaded revolver, and placing the coffee-pot at a safe distance from the fire, he strolled out to meet the new comers, now rapidly approaching.

The strangers, to judge from their personal appearance, were "cow-boys," i.e. men employed to drive and handle the wild Texan and half-bred cattle that roam the western prairies. They wore the usual dress of their profession—broad-brimmed grey hats, blue flannel shirts, buckskin riding trousers, with a fringe running down the sides—Indian fashion—and long boots.

Two peculiarities were noticeable about these men—firstly, their horses

were without saddles; and secondly, they were continually looking behind them as if expecting pursuit of some kind. They did not speak a word until they had pulled up close to Jack, when one, apparently the elder of the two—with a red face set in lines of iron, especially about the mouth, but somewhat redeemed by a kindly pair of blue eyes—rolled off his horse, and after shaking Halliday's hand for a moment or two in silence, to get breath after his hard gallop, said—

"Say, stranger, can you put us up to-night at yer camp? We're both dead-beat, and I don't b'lieve our horses can git another step."

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "if you don't mind bacon and beans. But what's the matter, boys? you look kind of wild, your ponies' bare backs too, and——"

"You bet we've not been skinning along at this rate for nothing, cap'n. But wait till we've put the horses out, and had a bit of supper, and I'll tell yer all about it. The brutes won't be 'round for the next hour or two, Jim, will they?" he added, addressing his companion, a quiet, taciturn-looking lad of nineteen, who, replying with a shake of the head, and a curt—"I guess not," moved towards the hut.

The two strangers then, without further ceremony, borrowing a picket rope from Jack, put their horses out to feed, and followed him into the cabin. The younger man, Jim, flung himself on the ground without a word, but the other man, taking hold of the frying-pan, began to help Jack to prepare the supper.

No further conversation passed between the young herder and his strange guests, except a question or two concerning the whereabouts of the food or utensils. Soon a substantial meal was prepared, and the three sat down to devour it with butcher-knives and fingers. After he had demolished the best part of a panful of beans, several slices of bread and bacon and drunk some deep draughts of coffee, the elder stranger, who was addressed by his

companion as "Luke," raised his head, and, without further preface, began his story in these words—

"You would like to know, cap'n, what me and Jim here were loping along in such a cussed hurry for, eh? Well, young man, don't get more scared than you can help, but I guess by the time the moon rises, at ten o'clock to-night, there may be something like one hundred Indians around this 'ere dug-out."

"Indians!" exclaimed Jack. "Good God! what do you mean?"

"What I say, I *guess*," replied Luke, drily, helping himself to the last slice of bacon. "The facts is these. Me and two other boys, Jim here, and another, Tom Lakin, were hunting up some beef steers, supposed to be in this locality somewhere, belonging to our boss, old man Williams—I don't know whether you're acquainted with him. Well, we had been foolin' round all day, and were watering our horses at the Chicareeka river, about ten miles from here, when all of a sudden we heard a yell, and before we could pull out our six-shooters, much less use 'em, we were surrounded by about fifty Ute and Apache Indians, and roped like so many calves. Well, it was a cheerful look-out, I tell *you*. The devils had their war-paint on, and yew know how much mercy cow-boys have to expect from Indians then. However, we were the first whites they had got hold of, and they were in such an almighty hurry to begin the torturing, that they stripped and tied up poor Tom Lakin at once, and left Jim and me pretty much to our own devices, crowdin' round Tom, enjoying his agony, like—like the devils that they are. Devils, did I say? By the Lord! a thoroughbred devil would be ashamed to do the things that a Ute Indian delights in.

"However, as I was saying, the skunks left Jim and me to ourselves, and pretty soon I wriggled one hand loose and got at my knife, which they had not even stripped me of in their cussed hurry for the fun to begin;

and in about two minutes we 'had found our ponies and *left*. We struck direct east towards the settlements, and your camp's the first place we came across."

"Do you think they will follow you?" said Jack anxiously.

"Follow us?" replied Luke, with a scornful laugh. "Didn't I tell you they'd be all around this camp by ten o'clock to-night? Why, they are scooting along on our tracks this minute, I expect."

This was an extremely pleasant prospect. Three men with one revolver between them and three knives, against a band of Indians, armed—as they always are nowadays—with repeating rifles. The terrible significance of this fact prevented Jack from speaking for a moment. His visitor saw his alarm, and said, reassuringly—

"If we keep a look-out and fire the six-shooter in their direction when we hear them getting too close, I guess we shall be all right. Remember, Indians ain't going to take chances any more than anybody else; and, for all they know, we may have a dozen rifles here instead of a solitary pistol; and unless they are put to it, they never attack a ranche that has an armed man in it, *on the alert*. Why, boy, don't you know that they come around this country pretty near every Fall; but only once in every five years or so is there a raid, and you have too many old Indian fighters about here for them to be at all likely to try that little game in this locality. Still, they'll soon find that you're by yourself, and you must keep a lively look-out, nights, or you'll be waking up some fine morning with your scalp missing. You never can tell when they will come or when they won't. Take it for certain that they are allers around, and you're pretty safe—barrin' accidents! Now you jest turn in with Jim there; I'll keep watch and wake you when I hear them coming."

With these rough but kindly meant words, garnished with a plentiful

supply of oaths, which I do not, for obvious reasons, introduce, the cowboy lit his pipe with a cinder, and, folding his arms, tilted his head back in a good position for listening, sitting as stolid and motionless as an Egyptian mummy. Jack, not feeling much inclined for repose after this piece of good tidings, tried to get some more conversation out of him, but in vain; the only reply was a grunt and the gruff advice that he (Jack) had better sleep while he could, for he would not be likely to get much for the next week or two; which advice the boy, not being able to gainsay, at last followed; soothed, in spite of himself, by the cool and easy indifference of the grim western-man.

Luke sat in the same position for two hours, occasionally yawning and stretching his limbs, but his eyes never relaxing from the fixed vacant stare, that a man unacquainted with western ways would have taken to express hopeless imbecility, but which, in reality, meant that all his faculties were concentrated in intent listening.

Suddenly he bent forward, the vacant stare giving way to a keen, watchful look as he nodded his head as if satisfied, and muttered some inaudible words to himself, a sarcastic smile gathering over his face, which grew until it found vent in a low chuckle of complacency. After waiting a minute or two he touched the leg of his companion, Jim, who noiselessly rolled over and sat up. Another minute passed, then Luke raised his finger in a meaning manner, and Jim bent his head forward in the same listening attitude. He nodded silently in acquiescence, and then said, laconically, pointing to Jack—

"Wake him?"

"No, not for a spell," replied Luke. "They're some way off yet."

Ten minutes more passed by, the two cow-boys sitting like statues. Then Luke shook Jack's shoulder gently, to rouse him. Jack gave a violent start, felt for his pistol, and didn't find it, and jumped hastily up.

"Gently man, gently," growled Luke in a low voice.

"Have they come?" whispered Jack.

"Listen," was the reply.

Jack did so. At first he heard nothing. Then from afar off on the prairie came the weird howl of a coyote.

"Did you hear it?" said Luke.

"Hear what?"

"The call of the Indian scout."

"No, I heard a coyote howl."

"A *coyote*, eh?" said Luke, sarcastically. "I guess you'd think the animal that made that noise a queer sort of coyote. Coyote be hanged, man! Listen again."

The boy did so, and again heard the cry of a wolf, or so well imitated that his unpractised ear could not tell the difference. But he noticed that the second bark came from an almost opposite direction to the first, and sounded as if it were a little nearer. Then followed another long silence, more trying to Jack Halliday's nerves than anything he had gone through before in his life; he attempted to speak to Luke once, but the cow-boy stopped him with an impatient gesture. Just as it was getting insupportable, and Jack was about to break it at all costs, the melancholy "woo-oo" of the night-owl was heard, not more than a few hundred yards off, exactly in front of the cabin-door. As the sound died away Jack heard another—a very different one—the sharp "click" of a pistol being cocked, and, turning quickly round, he saw Luke carefully examining his (Jack's) missing revolver; another minute or two passed, when with a startling distinctness, that sent a thrill of horror through the boy's frame, came the answering signal "woo-oo-ooo."

He kept his eyes fixed upon the two cow-boys, who, in spite of the nearness of the danger, preserved a calm, deadly sort of coolness, seen in men, the circumstances of whose every-day existence in this world are so precarious and so little worth having, that they look with indifference—not to say

complacency—at the chance of being transported to another. Luke, noticing the young herder's agonised look of inquiry, said quietly—

"We'll let 'em get a bit closer first. I might put a hole through one of the brutes then."

Another period of silence passed, and Luke crept out of the cabin, panther-like, on hands and knees.

A second more, and the loud report of the pistol rang out on the still night. Another and another followed. The other two men crouched near the door, knife in hand, listening for an answer from the Indians. But Luke reappeared immediately and reloaded the revolver, cursing his ill luck at having hit no one. He then stepped outside again and listened intently, with his ear close to the ground. Apparently satisfying himself that the Indians had abandoned the attack, he quieted the startled sheep, and, coming briskly back into the cabin, said, with a sigh of relief—

"Well, boys, I guess that foolery's over for to-night. There won't be any more of 'em scootin' round for the next twenty-four hours anyhow, so we can jest naterally turn in, and sleep like over-worked niggers. Let's have a share of that Californy blanket, will you, cap'n?" turning to Jack. "I'm not goin' to keep awake any longer for all the Indians from here to the Gulf of Mexico. Goodnight."

So saying, the young man spread Jack's blanket so as to make room for them both, and in two minutes was sound asleep. Needless to say that Jack found it impossible to follow this good example. He tossed and turned, grew hot and cold alternately, and fancied every minute that he could hear again the ominous signals of the Indian scouts. At last the night came to an end and the bright morning sun seemed to carry away the weight of apprehension that had oppressed our herder so heavily only a few hours before. The three men rolled out of bed, Jack to prepare breakfast, and the other two to see after their horses—staked

out close to camp the night before. Luke soon returned, and at once took charge of the cooking department, frying slices of bacon and baking bread with the dexterity of an old hand. Jim, meanwhile, herded the sheep until the preparations were concluded, when he was recalled to camp by a stentorian "Texan yell" from his comrade.

Breakfast over, Jack's visitors brought up their horses and prepared to depart. Jim, the man of few words, merely gave Jack's hand a hard grip, and mounting his pony, with a simple "Adios," struck off at a brisk walk towards the nearest frontier town. Luke, however, stepped up, and laying his hand on Jack's shoulder gave him this parting advice—

"Well, lad, I am afraid you'll have a tough time of it; those red devils will come to have a peep at you mor'n once; on moonlight nights you will never be certain that they ain't around. You keep that six-shooter of yours handy, and pop off when coyotes and owls begins to git troublesome. But mind this, Jack," he said in conclusion, fixing his eyes upon the boy's face and speaking with that slow, distinct, drawling delivery used by the western man when he wishes particularly to press something upon your attention, "mind this, I say, if those 'ere Ute Indians should crowd you some fine night, through you, by bad luck, oversleeping yourself, mind you are not taken alive. Do you hear? *Mind you're not taken alive.* Have your butcher-knife in bed with you *always*. Keep it close, with the pint in this *dir-rection*"—pointing to his breast—"and when the first red-skin sticks his nose inside that door, drive it straight in, up to the hilt, that's all. It will come to the same thing in the end, and probably save you a three hours' wriggle over a slow fire. Well, take care of yourself; see you again some day. Adios!"

With these cheering farewell words the cow-boy threw himself on his

horse, and giving the bridle a shake, galloped after his retreating companion. Jack turned after the flock, his newly-recovered spirits considerably damped by Luke Remington's warning. But being of a buoyant disposition his fears soon vanished, and, as he traversed the familiar paths, the terrors of the past night seemed like a dream. However, evening came again, and by sundown the memory of the Indians began to recur vividly, and made him correspondingly uncomfortable. Supper was over, the ashes of the nocturnal pipe knocked out, and the darkness and silence were again supreme.

As yet, however, he felt nothing worse than a rather unpleasant twinge of the dumb sort of misery experienced on the first night in camp. Luke had assured him that there was nothing to fear from the Indians until the moon rose. That would not be for at least three hours, so Jack rolled himself in his blankets and tried to compose himself to sleep. He did not expect to be able to do so, for those ominous words, "never be taken alive," kept eternally ringing in his ears, as if spoken only a few minutes before. But the loss of sleep the night before had its effect. And, notwithstanding his fears, a great drowsiness crept upon him, and he was soon as fast asleep as a dormouse. Some three or four hours passed, the silence only broken by the heavy breathing of the sleeper. Suddenly Jack gave a violent start, and in a moment was wide awake. Why was it? He was unconscious of any cause for this agitation. He could see nothing, hear nothing. "Stay—what is that? Woo-oo-ooo. The prairie owl signal! O God! the Indians have come. But wait a minute; after all it may be really the bird." With a cold perspiration of terror breaking out all over him Jack held his breath, listening for the answering call.

An hour seemed to pass—in reality a few seconds—and the young herder was just drawing a deep breath of

relief, when cruelly distinct and clear, from an opposite direction, a reply came. For the first and last time in his life the boy realised what the expression "nearly dying with fright" meant. He could not move hand or foot; he seemed to hear his merciless foes creeping steadily from every direction towards the hut; he gasped convulsively for the breath that would not come. Every detail of the horrible tortures practised by the Indians upon their unfortunate captives—summarised roughly by Luke as "a three hours' wriggle over a slow fire"—came back with terrible vividness to his memory. If he could only have strength to kill himself! Where was the knife? He contrived to move his right hand feebly about, endeavouring to lay hold of it. At last the back of his hand struck against something hard and smooth. The knife? No; the handle of his revolver. His fingers mechanically closed round it, and with the touch of the familiar weapon returned the sense of life and power—numbed for the time by the terror caused by the proximity of a deadly yet unseen enemy.

With a defiant, desperate cry he leapt from his bed, and rushing outside fired his pistol right and left. Every shot seemed to add to his excitement. He emptied the pistol, reloaded it, and fired in every direction. By this time the reaction, after the paralysing fright, was so strong that he might well have been taken by any one for a madman. He stamped, foamed at the mouth, and shrieked defiance at the Indians, who, discovering again that the garrison was dangerously on the watch, were probably creeping away as silently as they had come. But to Jack's overwrought fancy they were still crouching around, just waiting until he was off his guard to steal in, scalp, and torture him to death.

However, getting no answer to his challenge, and his fevered blood beginning to cool a little, Jack at last returned to his cabin. But he never

closed his eyes again that night. Hour after hour he sat watching, with clenched teeth and distended eyes, starting at every sound, and half expecting, against his cooler judgment, that the Indians would come after all.

Morning at last appeared, and, to his great surprise, he found himself alive and unscalped. But—though after a good breakfast and a stretching five-mile race after the sheep his courage returned—he did not feel, this time, that the ugly experience of the preceding nine hours was a dream. What was most surprising, however, was, that he had lost all fear of the Indians, coming again. When he thought of the darkness and silence, the weird ghostly signals drawing nearer and nearer, instead of the shiver of apprehension experienced before, there came a hard callous feeling that seemed to say "Let them do their worst, I don't care."

As day after day went by, and every night, when he lay down to sleep, he was never sure of waking alive the next morning, youthful enthusiasm and the pleasure in life, for its own sake, died away. He was never molested by Indians, it was true, nor did he ever see them, but time after time he had to face the idea that alone and helpless he was surrounded by treacherous foes. Let him once oversleep himself, and there would be nothing for it but suicide, or torture and a lingering death.

After a few months of camp-life he returned again to the ranche, and, rough as it was, it seemed almost heavenly after camp. Jack Halliday was, in fact, never alone for any length of time in camp again, and the chances of life brought him back to England in two years from that time. But though he is now settled in the "old country," with small chance of ever trying western life again, the impression stamped on his character by the experiences I have here described is too deep ever to be quite effaced.

IN ALSACE-LORRAINE.¹

II.

Nothing strikes the sojourner in Alsace-Lorraine more forcibly than the outspokenness of its inhabitants regarding Prussian rule. Young and old, rich and poor, wise and simple alike unburden themselves to their chance-made English acquaintance with a candour that is at the same time amusing and pathetic. For the most part no heed whatever is paid to possible German listeners. At the ordinaries of country hotels, by the shop door, in the railway carriage Alsatians will pour out their hearts, especially the women, who, as two pretty sisters assured us, are not interfered with, be their conversation of the most treasonable kind. We travelled with these two charming girls from Barr to Rothau, and they corroborated what we had already heard at Barr and other places. The Prussian inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine—for the most part Government officials—are completely shut off from all social intercourse with the French population, the latter, of course, still forming the vast majority. Thus at Barr, a town consisting of over six thousand inhabitants, only a score or two are Prussians, who are employed in the railway and postal service, the police, the survey of forests, &c. The position of these officials is far from agreeable, although, on the other hand, there is compensation in the shape of higher pay, and much more material comfort, even luxury, than are to be had in the Fatherland. Alsace-Lorraine, especially by comparison with Prussia, may be called a land of Goshen, overflowing with milk and honey. The vine ripens on

these warm hill-sides and rocky terraces, the plain produces abundant variety of fruit and vegetables, the streams abound with trout and the forests with game. No wonder, therefore, that whilst thousands of patriotic Alsatians have already quitted the country, thousands of Prussians are ready to fill their places. But the Alsatian exodus is far from finished. There can indeed be little doubt that it is only now beginning in real earnest. At first, as was only natural, the inhabitants could not realise the annexation. They refused to believe that the Prussian occupation was final, so, for the most part, stayed on, hoping against hope. But the time of illusion is past. French parents of children born since the war must now or very speedily decide whether their sons are to become Prussian or French citizens. After the age of sixteen a lad's fate is no longer in their hands; he must don the uniform so odious in French eyes, and renounce the cherished *patrie* and *tricolor* for ever.

This enforced military service, necessitated perhaps by the new order of things, is the bitterest drop in the cup of the Alsatians. Only the poorest, and those who are too much hampered by circumstances to evade it, resign themselves to the enrolment of their sons in the German army. For this reason well-to-do parents, and even many in the humbler ranks of life, are quitting the country in much larger numbers than is taken account of, whilst all who can possibly afford it send their young sons across the frontier for the purpose of giving them a French education. The prohibition of French in the public schools and colleges is

¹ I follow French usage in designating under the head of Alsace-Lorraine that part of French territory annexed by Prussia in 1870-1.

another grievous condition of annexation. Alsatians of all ranks are therefore under the necessity of providing private masters for their children, unless they would let them grow up in ignorance of their mother tongue. And here a word of explanation may be necessary. Let no strangers in Alsace take it for granted that because a great part of the rural population speak a *patois* made up of bad German and equally bad French, they are any more German at heart for all that. Some of the most patriotic French inhabitants of Alsace can only express themselves in this dialect, a fact that should not surprise us, seeing the amalgamation of races that has been going on for many generations.

It must be admitted that, physically speaking, the result is satisfactory. In Alsace-Lorraine no one can help being struck with the fine appearance of the people. The men are tall, handsome, and well made, the women graceful and often exceedingly lovely, French piquancy and symmetrical proportions combined with Teutonic fairness of complexion, blonde hair, and blue eyes. I will now continue my journey from Barr to Strasburg by way of the Ban de la Roche, Oberlin's country. A railway connects Barr with Rothau, a very pleasant halting-place in the midst of sweet pastoral scenery. It is another of those resorts in Alsace whither holiday folks flock from Strasburg and other towns during the long vacation, in quest of health, recreation, and society.

Rothau is a very prosperous little town, with large factories, handsome châteaux of mill-owners, and trim little cottages, having flowers in all the windows and a trellised vine in every garden. Pomegranates and oleanders are in full bloom here and there, and the general aspect is bright and cheerful. At Rothau are several *blanchisseries* or laundries, on a large scale, employing many hands, besides dye-works and saw-mills. Through the town runs the little

river Bruche, and the whole district, known as the Ban de la Roche a hundred years ago, one of the dreariest regions in France, is now all smiling fertility. The principal building in Rothau is its handsome Protestant church—for here we are among Protestants, although of a less zealous temper than their forefathers, the fervid Anabaptists. I attended morning service, and although a very eloquent preacher from Paris officiated, the audience was small, and the general impression that of coldness and want of animation.

From the sweet, fragrant valley of Rothau a road winds amid green hills and by the tumbling river to the little old-world village of Foudai, where Oberlin lies buried. The tiny church and shady churchyard lie above the village, and a more out-of-the-way spot than Foudai itself can hardly be imagined. Yet many a pious pilgrim finds it out and comes hither to pay a tribute to the memory of "Papa Oberlin," as he was artlessly called by the country folk. This is the inscription at the head of the plain stone slab marking his resting-place; and it is very suggestive of the relation between the pastor and his flock. Oberlin's career of sixty years among the primitive people of the Ban de la Roche was rather that of a missionary among an uncivilised race than of a country priest among his parishioners. How Oberlin toiled, and how he induced others to toil, in order to raise the material as well as moral and spiritual conditions of his charge, is known to all. Nor does it require any lively fancy to picture what this region must have been like before Oberlin and his fellow-workers made the wilderness to blossom as the rose. The soil is rocky and barren, the hill-sides whitened with mountain streams, the more fertile spots isolated and difficult of access. An elaborate system of irrigation has now clothed the valleys with rich pastures, the river turns a dozen wheels, and every available inch of soil has been turned to account.

The cottages with orchards and flower-gardens are trim and comfortable. The place is a veritable little Arcadia. No less so is Waldersbach, which was Oberlin's home. The little river winding amid hayfields and fruit-trees leads us thither from Foudai in half an hour. It is Sunday afternoon, and a fête-day. Young and old in Sunday garb are keeping holiday, the lads and lasses waltzing, the children enjoying swings and peep-shows. No acerbity has lingered among these descendants of the austere parishioners of Oberlin. Here, as at Foudai, the entire population is Protestant. The church and parsonage lie at the back of the village, and we were warmly welcomed by the pastor and his wife, a great-great-granddaughter of Oberlin. Their six pretty children were playing in the garden with two young girls in the costume of Alsace, forming a pleasant domestic picture. Our hosts showed us many relics of Oberlin, the handsome cabinets and presses of carved oak, in which were stored the family wardrobe and other treasures, and in the study the table on which he habitually wrote. This is a charming upper room with wide views over the green hills and sunny, peaceful valley.

We were offered hospitality for days, nay, weeks, if we chose to stay, and even the use of Oberlin's study to sit and write in! A summer might be pleasantly spent here, with quiet mornings in this cheerful chamber, full of pious memories, and in the afternoon long rambles with the children over the peaceful hills. From Foudai, too, you may climb the wild rocky plateau known as the Champs de Feu—no spot in the Vosges chain more interesting from a geological point of view.

After much pleasant talk we took leave of our kind hosts, not going away, however, without visiting the church. A tablet with medallion portrait of Oberlin bears the touching inscription that for fifty-nine years he was "the father of this parish." Then

we drove back as we had come, stopping at Foudai to rest the horse and drink tea. We were served in a cool little parlour opening on to a garden, and so tempting looked the tiny inn that we regretted we could not stay there a week. A pleasant pastoral country, the Ban de la Roche, rather than romantic or picturesque, but close at hand is the lofty Donon, which may be climbed from Rothau or Foudai, and there are many other excursions within reach.

Here, for the present, the romance of Alsace travel ends, and all is prose of a somewhat painful kind. The first object that attracts attention on reaching Strasburg is the new railway station, of which we had already heard so much. This handsome structure, erected by the Prussian Government at an enormous cost, was only recently opened, and so great was the soreness of feeling excited by certain allegorical bas-reliefs decorating the façade that for many days after the opening of the station police officers in plain clothes carefully watched the crowd of spectators, to carry off the more seditious to prison. To say the least of it, these mural decorations are not in the best of taste, and at any rate it would have been better to withhold them for the present. The two small bas-reliefs in question bear respectively the inscription, "*Im alten, und im neuen Reich*" ("In the old and new Empire"), improved by a stander-by, to the great relish of others, thus, "*Im alten, reich, im neuen, arm*" ("In the old, rich, in the new, poor"). They give a somewhat ideal representation of the surrender of Strasburg to the German Emperor. But the bombardment of their city, the destruction of public monuments, and the loss of life and property thereby occasioned, are as yet fresh in the memories of the inhabitants, and they needed no such reminder of the new state of things. Their better feelings towards Germany have been bombarded out of them, as an Alsacienne wittily observed to the Duchess of Baden after the surrender. The duchess, daughter to the Em-

peror William, made the round of the hospitals, and not a single Alsatian soldier but turned his face to the wall, whereupon she expressed her astonishment at not finding a better sentiment. Nor can the lover of art help drawing a painful contrast between the Strasburg of the old and the new *régime*. There is very little to see at Strasburg except the cathedral now. The Library, with its 300,000 volumes and 1,500 manuscripts — the priceless *Hortus Deliciarum* of the twelfth century, richly illuminated and ornamented with miniatures invaluable to the student of men and manners of the Middle Ages, the missal of Louis XII., bearing his arms, the *Recueil de Prières* of the eighth century—all these were completely destroyed by the ruthless Prussian bombardment. The Museum, rich in *chefs d'œuvre* of the French school, both of sculpture and painting, the handsome Protestant church, the theatre, the Palais de Justice, all shared the same fate, not to speak of buildings of lesser importance, including four hundred private dwellings, and of the fifteen hundred civilians, men, women, and children, killed and wounded by the shells. The fine church of St. Thomas suffered greatly. Nor was the cathedral spared, and it would doubtless have perished altogether too but for the enforced surrender of the heroic city.

Strasburg is said to contain a much larger German element than any other city of Alsace-Lorraine, but the most casual observer soon finds out how it stands with the bulk of the people. The first thing that attracted our notice in a shop window was a coloured illustration representing the funeral procession of Gambetta, as it wound slowly past the veiled statue of Strasburg on the Place de la Concorde. These displays of patriotic feeling are forbidden, but they come to the fore all the same. Here, as elsewhere, the clinging to the old country is pathetically—sometimes comically—apparent. A rough peasant girl, employed as

chamber-maid in the hotel at which we stayed, amused me not a little by her tirades against the Prussians, spoken in a language that was neither German nor French, but a mixture of both—the delectable tongue of Alsace.

Strasburg is now a vast camp, with that perpetual noisy military parade so wearisome in Berlin and other German cities, and, as I have said, there is very little to see there now. It is a relief to get to Mulhouse, the comparatively quiet and thoroughly French city of Mulhouse, in spite of all attempts to make it German. But for the imperial eagle placed over public offices and the sprinkling of Prussian helmets and Prussian physiognomies, we could hardly suppose ourselves outside the French border. The shops are French. French is the language of the better classes, and French and Jews make up the bulk of the population. The Jews from time immemorial have swarmed in Alsace, where I am sorry to say they seem to be little liked.

This thoroughly French appearance of Mulhouse, to be accounted for moreover by an intensely patriotic clinging to the mother country, naturally occasions great vexation to the German authorities. It is perhaps hardly to be wondered at that undignified provocations and reprisals should be the consequence. Thus the law forbids the putting up of French signboards or names over shop doors in any but the German language. This is evaded by withholding all else except the surname of the individual, which is of course the same in both languages.

A good deal of unnecessary irritation is again caused at post-offices and railway stations, by the persistent usage of German, with which many inhabitants of Mulhouse are unfamiliar. "Speak German, and you will be promptly and courteously attended to," whispered an Alsatian friend to me when I went to the post-office with a good many packets to despatch, and true enough the stranger who wishes to get on comfortably in Mulhouse must address all government officials

in German. "Now that you have the honour to be German, I wonder you do not learn the language," said a German lady to an Alsacienne of my acquaintance. "*Madame*," replied the Frenchwoman, "*voilà une raison de moins.*" Again, when the theatre is hired by a German company, not a single French spectator patronises it; on the contrary, when a French troupe gives a representation, every part of the building is occupied.

One instance more of the small annoyances to which the French residents of Mulhouse are subject, a trifling one, yet sufficient to irritate. Eight months after the annexation, orders were sent round to the pastors and clergy generally to offer up prayers for the Emperor William every Sunday. The order was obeyed, for refusal would have been assuredly followed by dismissal, but the prayer is ungraciously performed. The French pastors invoke the blessing of Heaven on "*l'Empereur qui nous gouverne.*" The pastors who perform the service in German, pray not for "our Emperor," as is the apparently loyal fashion in the Fatherland, but for "the Emperor." These things are trifling grievances, but on the other hand the Prussians have theirs also. Not even the officials of highest rank are received into any kind of society whatever. Mulhouse possesses a charming zoological garden, free to subscribers only, who have to be balloted for. Not a single Prussian has ever been able to obtain access to this garden.

Even the very poorest contrive to show their intense patriotism. It is the rule of the German government to give twenty-five marks to any poor woman giving birth to twins. The wife of a French workman during my sojourn at Mulhouse had three sons at a birth, but though in very poor circumstances, refused to claim the donation. "My sons shall never be Prussians," she said, "and that gift would make them so."

The real thorn in the flesh of the annexed Alsatians, is, however, as I

have before pointed out, military service, and the enforced German education. All who have read Alphonse Daudet's charming little story, *La dernière leçon de Français*, will be able to realise the painfulness of the truth, somewhat rudely brought home to French parents. Their children must henceforth receive a German education, or none at all, for this is what the law amounts to in the great majority of cases. Rich people, of course, and those who are only well-to-do, can send their sons to the Lycée, opened at Belfort since the annexation, but the rest have to submit, or, by dint of great sacrifice, obtain private French teaching. And, whilst even Alsatians are quite ready to render justice to the forbearance and tact often showed by officials, an inquisitorial and prying system is pursued, as vexatious to the patriotic as enforced vaccination to the Peculiar People or school attendance to the poor. One lady was visited at seven o'clock in the morning by the functionary charged with the unpleasant mission of finding out how and where her boy was educated. "Tell those who sent you," said the indignant mother, "that my son shall never belong to you. We will give up our home, our prospects, everything; but our children shall never be Prussians." True enough, the family have since emigrated. No one who does not live in Alsace among Alsatians can realise the intense clinging to France found among the people, nor the sacrifices made to retain their nationality. And it is well the true state of feeling throughout the annexed territory should be known outside its limits. With a considerable knowledge of French life and character I confess I went to Mulhouse little prepared to find there a ferment of feeling which years have not sufficed to calm down.

"*Nous ne sommes pas heureux à Mulhouse,*" were almost the first words addressed to me by that veteran patriot and true philanthropist, Jean Dollfus.

And how can it be otherwise? M.

Dollfus, as well as other representatives of the French subjects of Prussia in the Reichstag, has protested against the annexation of Alsace in vain. They have pointed out the heavy cost to the German empire of these provinces, in consequence of the vast military force required to maintain them, the undying bitterness aroused, the moral, intellectual, and material interests at stake. But naturally to no purpose, and M. Dollfus now remains silent or abstains from appearing in the Prussian chamber at all. I use the word intellectual advisedly, for, amongst other instances in point, I was assured that the book trade in Mulhouse had greatly declined since the annexation. The student class has diminished, many reading people have gone, and those who remain feel too uncertain about the future to accumulate libraries. Moreover, the ordeal that all have gone through has depressed intellectual as well as social life. Mulhouse has been too much saddened to recover herself as yet, although eminently a literary place, and a sociable one in the old happy French days. The balls, soirées, and réunions, that formerly made Mulhouse one of the friendliest as well as the busiest towns in the world, have almost ceased. People take their pleasures very soberly.

It is hardly possible to write of Mulhouse without consecrating a page or two to M. Jean Dollfus, a name already familiar to most English readers. The career of such a man forms part of contemporary history, and for sixty years, the great cotton-printer of Mulhouse, the indefatigable philanthropist, — the fellow-worker with Cobden, Arles-Dufour, and others in the cause of free trade — and the ardent patriot, has been before the world.

Last year was celebrated with a splendour that would be ridiculed in a novel, the diamond wedding (after sixty years of wedlock) of the head of the numerous house of Dollfus, the Silver and the Golden having been already kept in due form.

Mulhouse may well be proud of such a *fête* for it was unique, and the first gala-day since the annexation. When M. Dollfus looked out of his window in the morning, he found the familiar street transformed as if by magic into a bright green avenue abundantly adorned with flowers. The change had been effected in the night by means of young fir trees transplanted from the forest. The day was kept as a general holiday. From an early hour the improvised avenue was thronged with visitors of all ranks bearing cards, letters of congratulation, or flowers. The great Dollfus works were closed, and the five thousand workmen with their wives, children, and superannuated parents not only feasted but enriched. After the banquet every man, woman, and child received a present in money, the oldest and those who had remained longest in the employ of M. Dollfus, being presented with forty francs. But the crowning sight of the day was the board spread for the Dollfus family and the gathering of the clan, as it may indeed be called. There was the head of the house, firm as a rock still, in spite of his eighty-two years; beside him the partner of sixty of those years, his devoted wife; next according to age, their numerous sons and daughters, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law; duly following came the grandsons and granddaughters, then the great grandsons and great granddaughters, and lastly, the babies of their fifth generation, all accompanied by their nurses in the picturesque costume of Alsace and Lorraine. This patriarchal assemblage numbered between one and two hundred guests. On the table were represented, in the artistic confectionery for which Mulhouse is famous, some of the leading events of M. Dollfus's busy life. Here in sugar was a model of the achievement which will ever do honour to the name of Jean Dollfus, namely, the *cités ouvrières*, and what was no less of a triumph of the confectioner's skill, a group representing the romantic ride of M. and

Madame Dollfus on camels towards the Algerian Sahara when visiting the African colony some twenty years ago.

This patriarchal festival is said to have cost M. Dollfus half a million of francs, a bagatelle in a career devoted to giving! The bare conception of what this man has bestowed takes one's breath away! Not that he is alone; never was a city more prolific of generous men than Mulhouse, but Jean Dollfus, "Le Père Jean," as he is called, stands at the head. He has received with one hand to bestow with the other, and not only on behalf of the national, intellectual, and spiritual wants of his own workmen and his own community—the Dollfus family are Protestant—but he has indiscriminately benefited Protestant, Catholic, Jew; founding schools, hospitals, libraries, refuges, churches, for all.

We see at a glance after what fashion the great manufacturers set to work here to solve the problem before them. The life of ease and the life of toil are seen side by side, and all the brighter influences of the one brought to bear on the other. The tall factory chimneys are unsightly here as elsewhere, and nothing can be uglier than the steam tramways, noisily running through the streets. But close to the factories and workshops are the cheerful villas and gardens of their owners, whilst near at hand the workmen's dwellings offer an exterior equally attractive. These *cités ouvrières* form indeed a suburb in themselves, and a very pleasant suburb too. Many middle class families in England might be glad to own such a home, a semi-detached cottage or villa standing in a pretty garden with flowers and trees and plots of turf. Some of the cottages are models of trimness and taste, others of course are less well-kept, a few have a neglected appearance. The general aspect, however, is one of thrift and prosperity, and it must be borne in mind that each dwelling and plot of ground are the property of the owner, gradually acquired by

him out of his earnings, thanks to the initiative of M. Dollfus and his fellow-workers. "It is by such means as these that we have combated Socialism," said M. Dollfus to me; and the gradual transformation of the workman into an owner of property, is but one of the numerous efforts made at Mulhouse to lighten, in so far as is practicable, the burden of toil.

These pleasant avenues are very animated on Sundays, especially when a universal christening of babies is going on. The workmen at Mulhouse are paid once a fortnight, in some cases monthly, and it is usually after pay-day that such celebrations occur. We saw one Sunday afternoon quite a procession of carriages returning from the church to the *cité ouvrière*, for upon these occasions nobody goes on foot. There were certainly a dozen christening parties, all well dressed, and the babies in the finest white muslin and embroidery. A very large proportion of the artisans here are Catholics, and as one instance among others of the liberality prevailing here, I mention that one of the latest donations of M. Dollfus is the piece of ground, close to the *cité ouvrière*, on which now stands the new, florid Catholic church.

There are free libraries for all, and a very handsome museum has been opened within the last few years, containing some fine modern French pictures, all gifts of the Dollfuses, Engels, and Koechlin, to their native town. The museum, like everything else at Mulhouse, is as French as French can be, no German element visible anywhere. Conspicuous among the pictures are portraits of Thiers and Gambetta, and a fine subject of De Neuville, representing one of those desperate battle-scenes of 1870-71 that still have such a painful hold on the minds of French people. It was withheld for some time, and has only been recently exhibited. The bombardment of Strasburg is also a popular subject in Mulhouse.

I have mentioned the flower-gardens of the city proper, but the real pleasure-ground of both rich and poor lies outside the suburbs, and a charming one it is, and full of animation on Sundays. This is the Tannenwald, a fine bit of forest on high ground above the vineyards and suburban gardens of the richer citizens. A garden is a necessity of existence here, and all who are without one in the town hire or purchase a plot of suburban ground. Here is also the beautiful subscription garden I have before alluded to, with fine views over the Rhine valley and the Black Forest.

Nor is Mulhouse without its excursions. Colmar and the romantic site of Notre Dame des Trois Epis may be visited in a day. Then there is Thann, with its perfect Gothic church, a veritable cathedral in miniature, and the charming, prosperous valley of Wesserling. From Thann the ascent of the Ballon d'Alsace may be made, but the place itself must on no account be missed. No more exquisite church in the world, and most beautifully is it placed amid sloping green hills! It may be said to consist of nave and apse only. There are but two lateral chapels, evidently of a later period than the rest of the building. The interior of the church is of great beauty, and no less so the façade and side porch, both very richly decorated. One's first feeling is of amazement to find such a church in such a place;

but this dingy, sleepy little town was once of some importance and still does a good deal of trade. There is a very large Jewish community here, as in many other towns of Alsace. Whether they deserve their unpopularity is a painful question not lightly to be taken up.

Leisurely travellers bound homeward from Mulhouse will do well to diverge from the direct Paris line and join it at Dijon, by way of Belfort—the heroic city of Belfort, with its colossal lion, hewn out of the solid rock—the little Protestant town of Montbéliard, and Besançon. Belfort is worth seeing, and the “Territoire de Belfort” is to all intents and purposes a new department, formed from that portion of the Haut Rhin saved to France after the war of 1870-1. The “Territoire de Belfort” comprises upwards of sixty thousand hectares, and a population, chiefly industrial, of nearly seventy thousand inhabitants, spread over many communes and hamlets. There is a picturesque and romantic bit of country between Montbéliard and Besançon, well worth seeing, if only from the railway windows. But the tourist who wants to make no friendly calls on the way, whose chief aim is to get over the ground quickly, must avoid the detour by all means, as the trains are slow and the stoppages many.

E.

THE LITERATURE OF INTROSPECTION.—TWO RECENT JOURNALS.

"For the rest," wrote Maurice de Guérin, at a moment of utter discouragement, when the poetic faculty within him seemed to be ebbing away, leaving nothing behind it, "for the rest, what does it matter whether what we call imagination, poetry, leaves me or stays with me? Whether it goes or comes, the course of my destiny is the same; and whether I have divined it or not from below, I shall none the less one day behold what is reserved for me. Ought I not rather, forgetting all these anxieties, to apply myself to extending the range of my positive knowledge, ought I not to prefer the least luminous thread of certain truth to the vague glimmerings in which I am too often lost? The man who apprehends any mathematical certainty whatever, is more advanced in the understanding of the true than the finest imagination. He has acquired an inviolable possession in the domain of the intelligence, in which he may dwell to all eternity, whereas the poet is hunted from exile to exile, and will never have any settled home."

This doubt of Maurice de Guérin's implies a conflict which is perpetually repeating itself in natures like his, and which is but an echo of one of the greatest controversies of humanity. How prone has the world always been, how ready is it still to find new arguments as the old fail, whereby to exalt knowledge at the expense of feeling, science at the expense of poetry! And yet so contradictory have been the common opinions and the ultimate action of mankind on the point that the whole course of human development has been one long testimony to the importance and influence of poetry, broadly conceived, upon life. The share of the poets, that is to say of the men of exceptional insight and

fervour, in the education of feeling, and thereby in the gradual transformation of human action, has been long ago admitted, and has taken rank as a commonplace. There are few of us who will not grant with Sidney if we are challenged that "as virtue is the most excellent resting-place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so poetry, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move towards it, in the most excellent work is the most excellent workman." Society, with all her easy contempt for sentiment, has never failed to gather up and treasure in her bosom the great utterances of human emotion, and has shown herself at least as careful of the spiritual experience of an Augustine or a Dante as of any of the discoveries of science.

Still, although in different shapes, this doubt of Maurice de Guérin as to the value of the poetical gift is constantly reasserting itself in opinion, as the forms of poetical expression become more various and complex. The poetical temperament implies two things, sensitiveness to impressions, and a capacity for self-study. But the ordinary man is naturally distrustful of both. His inner conviction, justified in some sort by the whole course of experience, is that to be extremely sensitive to impressions tends to make a man their slave, and that introspection weakens all the springs of action. At bottom we all feel that it is well not to look too closely into existence. To act is the difficult matter. Those who like the great poets of the world can either maintain around us "the infinite illusion" which makes action easier, or stir in us the primal sources of feeling which keep human nature sweet, are welcome and necessary. But what shall we say of the thinkers and dreamers, who, without any supreme magic of expression, or any defi-

nite message, make it their whole aim either to unravel the tangle of their own spirit, or to catch and fix in words a few more of those floating and impalpable impressions made upon the mind by the visible world? If their work tends to general edification, if it falls in with current systems and helps to beautify and subtilise existing prejudices, it may win an easy toleration as one more aid to the optimistic beliefs which the ordinary man loves to see prevail. But supposing it has no tendency to edification outside those few minds which are independent of popular philosophies, supposing its content is one of doubt, its tone one of depression, supposing the whole aim of the producers has been merely to find new modes of expressing feeling, new images in which to embody the subtlest and most fleeting aspects of the visible world? Where, it is often asked, shall we find a less useful and less dignified mode of human activity? Are not these men at least of a poetical race which may be safely and profitably banished from the Republic of thought?

So it comes about that many of us have to justify our favourite books, and find a reason, if we can, for the love which is in us. Will not our justification take some such line as the following? The effects of experience on consciousness,—it is in the study of these that all philosophy consists. But the mass of mankind get little from philosophy proper, of which the methods are scientific and its subject the broad averages and normal states of consciousness. Our chief lessons are learnt from the visible spectacle of how experience affects those sensitive impressionable souls between whom and nature the barriers of the flesh are exceptionally light and frail; from the pleasures and pains of genius; from all those striking instances of sensibility, those raised states of consciousness, contact with which develops a corresponding passion in the beholder. With every age we have seen the capacities and resources of human feeling becoming

wider and more complex. Associations between experience and consciousness, which were once thought to be permanent and necessary, are seen to be merely provisional, and beneath them other and stronger links come into view. And in the study of these successive modifications of the mind mankind has been growing more and more desperately interested. The more light, we have come to feel, is thrown upon the evolution of human thought, the vaster becomes our future, the clearer our present.

Such a belief naturally adds enormously to the importance of the whole literature of feeling. It makes us value not only the men who, like Wordsworth, make emotion a means of education, who are inspired by the didactic passion, and endeavour to apply the energy of their feeling to the common needs of life, but also the men like Senancour, whose whole aim is but to feel and to express, and much of whose work may flout our most cherished beliefs. In an age of dissolving creeds and systems it is more and more important to gather up every deep and genuine impression made by life and nature upon the human mind: As the old things pass away and the old paths are deserted, each voice which relates for us with accents of truth and inwardness some passage of intimate human experience becomes of more and more value. Certain forces, at any rate in the form hitherto known to us, can no longer be counted upon for rousing or consoling human hearts. But the world is as much in need of emotion and consolation as ever. There is nothing for it but to turn to those who to the sense of struggle and the susceptibility to impressions add the artist's power of expression. "You who feel vividly what others feel dully, you who can make vocal what is dumb in others, be our guides through the *selva oscura* of experience; give us not so much knowledge as emotion, quicken in us the accurate sense of human need, and reveal to us those

glimpses of ideal beauty which are the sustenance of life." Such is practically the demand made upon all who possess the poetical temperament whether they write in poetry or prose, and the want revealed in it explains the hold upon human sympathy of the literature of feeling in all its forms.

It is true indeed, and one of the strangenesses of fate, that these heightened states of consciousness, when the mind becomes, as it were, both visible to itself, and able to reflect with extraordinary vividness and brilliancy the world outside it, bring with them too often a Nemesis on the individual. The man tormented and bewildered by Nature's hardest problems may often ignore, and destroy himself by ignoring, some of those answers to the commoner puzzles of life and duty which have been wrung from her long ago by human effort and experiment. But the individual passes with all his errors and passions, and his work remains. Let him only have felt more vividly and more variously than the rest of us—he will have added his mite to our knowledge of what man is and may be, he will have rescued one more fragment of the mind from nothingness and silence. The multitude may blame and pass him by, but to the few he will bring added knowledge and new sympathies, and their gratitude should not fail him.

Modern times have witnessed an enormous development of the literature of feeling. With us in Europe the facts of spiritual experience had for many centuries but one language, the language of the great religion which had absorbed into itself all the older philosophical and spiritual enthusiasms of the world. But in the multiplication of sensations and experiences which the West has seen since the Renaissance, the language of religion has not expanded fast enough to meet the new needs of the soul. They have had to find for themselves a fresh and supplementary language, expressing shades and sub-

tleties of relation between man and the great spectacle of the universe, unknown to older generations. To this language, Rousseau, with his sympathy for nature on the one side, and his sensitiveness to the shades of human feeling on the other, made contributions in the last century which have been, as we all know, of far-reaching influence upon our own. But a much higher degree of inwardness has been reached in the modern world than was possible to Rousseau. The study of nature and of human life, growing keener and profounder as the fathomless mystery of both has been brought home more undisguisedly to a wider range of minds, has had its issue in forms of expression through which not only are the great objects of experience more and more plainly apprehended, but the powers of the mind are more and more revealed to itself. The modern poetry of nature is one such form, with its two strains—the strain of hungry yearning—

... "The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite"—

and the strain of spiritual rapture and aspiration, embodying—

"A sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky and in the mind of man."

What we may call the modern literature of despair is another such outlet. One of its chief preachers was the man who may be said to stand at the beginning of the introspective writing of the century. Obermann (Etienne de Senancour) will always remain for us a type of one of the main tendencies of introspective literature. More than this, like that of his great successor in the art of delicate and intimate description, Maurice de Guérin, his work may be taken as illustrative in the highest degree of that divining, penetrating gift which is to our mind the only but the suffi-

cient *raison d'être* of a whole class of books.

The letters of Senancour indeed have never obtained any vogue either in this country or their own. The art of a living English poet has drawn from the harsh utterance of Senancour's personality all that was morally inspiring in it, and has made him, by the associations of beautiful verse, a name at least of pity and veneration to many of us. But the book itself is difficult to read; it is diffuse; we may easily regard a great deal of it as mere posing; and there is in it an insensibility to what the English temperament in particular is accustomed to regard as the commonplaces of civil and domestic duty, which make us at first inclined to deny the right of complaint altogether to a man who has taken the world so perversely. But, after all, it is scarcely worth the trouble of insisting that Obermann would have been a happier and better man if he had put his hand patiently to the wheel of human labour, instead of escaping from labour to reverie, if he had thought better of women, and cherished a nobler ideal of marriage, if he had denied himself a great deal of easy contempt for human customs and human faiths. All this may be true; and yet to the careful observer the book may be none the less justified of itself. Nowhere else can we find so true, so full a picture of a phase of human feeling which had never been expressed before, and has never been expressed since, with the same realism and precision. In that fact lies the importance of Obermann. It is well to recognise that there are certain books whose claim upon us is, first and foremost, that they add one more to the documents which enable us to map out the regions of the mind, and so the better to understand our past and forecast our future.

The letters of Obermann belong to this class. Like the *Confessions* of Rousseau they revealed a generation to itself, inferior as their stuff is to the

stuff of the older book in all that gives a man's thought vogue and influence among his fellows. The aimless, restless melancholy "inherent in the epoch," according to M. du Camp, never found a franker exponent than Obermann. "Of what avail has it been to me that I have left all in search of a freer life? If I have had glimpses of things in harmony with my nature, it has only been in passing, without enjoying them, and with no other effect than to redouble in myself the impatience to possess them. I am not the slave of passion; I am more unhappy still. The vanities of passion do not deceive me—but after all, must not life be filled with something? When an existence is empty, can it satisfy? If the life of the heart is but an agitated nothing, is it not better to leave it for a more tranquil nothing? It seems to me that the intelligence seeks some result; if I could learn in any way what good my life is seeking! I long for something which may veil and hasten the hours. It is impossible that I should always endure to feel them rolling so heavily over me, lonely and slow, without desires, without emotions, without aim."

And yet side by side with all the despair and the cynicism, there emerges the sense of beauty, and even the moral passion which have been the guiding forces of our time. Take this meditation on the slavery of pleasure: "To consecrate to pleasure alone the faculties of life is to give oneself over to eternal death. However fragile may be these powers of mine, I am responsible for them, and they must bear their fruits. Benefits of existence as they are, I will preserve them; I will do them honour. I will not, at least, enfeeble myself within myself till the inevitable moment comes. Oh, profundities of the universe, shall it be in vain that it is given to us to perceive you? The majesty of night alone repeats from age to age, woe to every soul that takes its pleasure in servitude!"

Or this exquisite flower scene, with which the whole strange drama ends: "The violet and the field daisy are rivals. They have the same season, the same simplicity. But the violet enthrals us with each returning spring; the daisy keeps our love from year to year. The violet recalls the purest sentiments of love, as it presents itself to upright hearts. But after all, this love itself, so persuasive and so sweet, is but a beautiful accident of life. It passes, while the peace of nature and the country remains with us to our latest hour. And of all this reposeful joy, the daisy is the patriarchal symbol. If I ever reach old age, and if, one day while still full of thoughts, although no longer desirous of pouring them out upon men, I find beside me a friend who will receive my farewell to earth, let him place my chair upon the grass, and let tranquil daisies be there before me, under the sun, under the vast heaven, so that in leaving the life which passes, I may recover something of the infinite illusion."

This loftier note in *Obermann* leads us naturally to another strain of introspection, with which he has in general very little in common. As we all know, in the midst of a widespread disintegration of positive belief, and of a society penetrated from top to bottom by the new ardours of science, the modern world has witnessed a wonderful resurrection of the religious spirit. The revival of religious intensity, taking "religious" in a broad sense, has been half of what we call the Romantic movement. The mental passion and tumult roused by the disclosure of new horizons and the growth of a thousand new perceptions overflowed, very early in the century, into the old channels of religious life, filling, deepening, or diverting them, as the case might be. And as time has gone on, this particular impulse among the many which have gone to make up one vast movement of the modern mind towards greater actuality and force, both of apprehen-

sion and presentment, has embodied itself in finer and finer shapes. With us, the leaders of Tractarianism and the earlier Broad Churchmen; in France the group of widely-differing men who, thirty years ago, raised the standard of a democratic Catholicism; in Italy Rosmini, have been striking representatives in the field of religion of tendencies visible over all other fields of thought. On the one side we have seen the new developments in the language of feeling becoming immensely helpful to religion; on the other we have been witnesses to a constant anxiety on the part of religion to keep feeling within certain bounds, balanced by an equally constant tendency on the part of feeling to escape from those bounds, and to adopt standards and traditions at variance with those of official and organised belief.

Of this religious revival, taking shape in many minds, rather in a tender idealist exaltation than in definite forms of faith, Maurice de Guérin is, perhaps, the most pathetic and penetrating voice. His work, with all its defects and weaknesses, can hardly be denied a permanent place among the utterances of modern sentiment, if only because it combines and harmonises so many different strains. We may find in it echoes from the despair of *Obermann*, side by side with the Wordsworthian sensitiveness to the spells and effluences of natural things; while beyond, and interpenetrating these two modes of expression, is a third, quite individual, which forms another fresh and important contribution to our knowledge of the inner world in man. How shall we characterise this strange nature, so painfully clairvoyant in certain directions, so dull in others, torn between two passions, the passion for God, and the haunting insatiable passion for an evanescent and finite nature? Maurice de Guérin is like the mortals of his own prose poem "who have picked up in the waters or in the woods, and carried to their lips some fragments of

the pipe broken by the god Pan," and who thenceforward, possessed by a wild and secret passion, live only for Nature and her mysteries. That strange instinct of community with the visible world which appears to us, the more we study it, as the development of a new sense in men, was in him the strongest of all instincts. "As a child," writes his sister, "he was accustomed to spend long hours in gazing at the horizon, or leaning against a tree," listening to those *sounds of nature* which, as a boy of eleven, he tried to embody in a long prose poem. "There is something in Nature," he wrote later on, "whether she smiles and adorns herself in fair weather, or whether she becomes pale, grey, cold, and stormy in autumn and in winter, which moves not only the surface of the soul, but its most secret depths, and rouses a thousand memories which have in appearance no connection with the spectacle before us, but which no doubt maintain a correspondence with the soul of Nature by means of sympathies which are unknown to us." These sympathies which he was thus accustomed to watch and study in himself as mysterious forces in some sort independent of his will, strengthened with his growth till they attained at once a force of being and a subtlety of expression hardly to be matched in the whole range of imaginative literature.

But the tragedy of Guérin's life lay in the fact that whereas throughout half his being he was a child of nature and of poetical contemplation, throughout the other he was a Catholic, formed by an ancestral faith, and ready to carry into the expression of it as much intensity and passion as into the expression of his divining and imaginative gift. And how is it possible that the true Catholic should continue to allow himself that abandonment to the impressions of nature, which to Maurice de Guérin was a necessity of life? To the Catholic the visible world is a mere stage on which is played out the

central scene from the drama of human life, of which the preparatory and concluding scenes belong to the world of eternity. To absorb oneself in nature, therefore, is either to waste upon something passing and ephemeral, sympathies which are exclusively claimed by a different and more lasting order of phenomena, or still worse, it is to run the risk of confounding the Creator with the created, and of losing oneself in a pantheistic mysticism. Maurice de Guérin had no sooner arrived at maturity than the conflict between these two strains in him became almost intolerable. After an exquisite description of a fine Good Friday, when the divine beauty of the spring had brought back to him in all their freshness some of the earliest impressions of his childhood, he breaks off with the remorseful cry, "My God, what is my soul about, to let herself be thus seduced by all these fugitive joys, upon Good Friday, upon a day filled with Thy death and with our redemption!"

And a little later on, when sudden cold has checked the spring and withered not only the flowers, but all the pleasure of the poet, he writes sadly, "I am more depressed than in winter. In days like this, there is revealed to me at the bottom of my heart, in the deepest and most intimate recesses of my being, a sort of strange despair; it is a kind of desolation and darkness far from God. My God, how is it that my rest is troubled by whatever passes in the air, and that the peace of my soul is thus given over to the caprices of the winds!"

For a time the struggle continues, and then the whole man is suddenly penetrated by a new idea, which for the moment supersedes it. Under the influence of sympathy for M. Lamennais, in the struggle which began with *L'Avenir* and culminated in the *Paroles d'un Croyant*, the burden of his creed seems temporarily to fall away from him, and for a moment he asserts himself against the bonds which have been upon him since his birth. "I shall never be anything but an ant

carrying a grain to the construction of the future; but, however small may be my powers they will not the less be inspired by a grand and sacred thought—the thought which drives the century before it, the noblest and the strongest after that of God—the thought of liberty.” Such was the dream of his first months in Paris—a fugitive dream! So fragile and delicate a plant was not made for the keen air of freedom, and very soon upon the momentary exultation descends a cloud of black misgiving. “O truth, dost thou not sometimes appear to me like a luminous phantom behind a cloud? Yet the first wind effaces thee! Wast thou then nothing but an illusion of the eyes of the soul? Reason and faith! When these two words shall make but one the enigma of the world will be solved. Meanwhile how to wait? At the moment I write, the sky is magnificent, nature breathes upon us airs fresh and full of life. The world rolls melodiously onward, and amidst all these harmonies something sad and timid circulates; the mind of man, who is restless in the presence of all this order which he cannot understand.”

And at last, in the antechamber of death, the tender nature wasted with fever of body and mind bows itself once more to the old yoke, and the Church reclaims her son.

Here then we have one more faithful record of a rare and beautiful experience, one more typical story of the inner life of man. But Maurice de Guérin's claim is more than this. It is as the discoverer of new terms in the language of the soul, the lifter of one more corner of the veil that he makes his deepest impression upon us. Take, for instance, the passage in his journal on the death of his friend and adopted sister, Mme. de la Morvonnais, in which his artist's gift of expression had rendered for us the very essence of tender and meditative grief. “I have broken the idea of her terrestrial existence: I have effaced her from the outer world. All is

changed; a whole scene of actual life has withdrawn itself from my heart, and I have beheld entering in its place, the incorruptible images and forms of the unknown world which surrounds us. Why do we spend ourselves on the world of sight? What secret beauties of nature have more power to draw and keep our hearts than those mysterious coasts on which Marie faded from our gaze?

“And yet often in the very formation of this phantom world, grief shaken off for a moment returns and falls upon me in the midst of the most tranquillising visions. I can only escape from it in beginning over again the pilgrimage of memory. The light and silent steps of my imagination take once more the beloved paths; like Paul wandering in his island, I return drawn by an invisible attraction to the place of shipwreck.—Thus am I able to cheat and distract those bitter regrets which no consolation dare approach. I surround them with a murmuring crowd of memories. Grief listens to their mingled voices and considers their features marked by a thousand expressions, till at length his headlong course grows calmer and takes the cadence and gentleness of a gliding stream.”

The special power represented by such writing as this is surely a power struck out in the writer by a peculiar combination of circumstances, of describing those ethereal moods which form the meeting-place between the spirit and nature, and so of becoming a herald of fresh experiences to other minds.

M. de Guérin's work brings us to the threshold of our own time. What parallel can we make to it in England during the last twenty years? The period teems with journals and biographies of one kind or another. But is there anything among them which in time to come will stand for a typical expression, either of feeling wrought to its highest point of divining intensity, or of feeling expressed under such conditions of knowledge and freedom from

prejudice as may enable it to appeal to the world in general and not only to a clique however large? In the precise shape in which we are at present seeking for it, we shall find little or nothing of the kind. The voice of philosophy and argument we know, the voice of poetry and poetical description; but the voice of reverie, the note of delicate and sincere introspection, is almost unknown to us. For our purpose, the most important utterance in the whole period is that of Mill in the *Autobiography*. That deeply interesting book lacks the expansion and the intimacy of tone which would have come naturally to a Frenchman of Mill's calibre; but its very austerity and simplicity give it importance amongst its kind, and there is one passage in it which describes how the young man of twenty-one, isolated by his training from the ordinary sources of emotion, suddenly awakes to the claims of feeling and from what sources he is able to satisfy them, which will probably be long recognised as a landmark in English spiritual history. In that remarkable novel of two seasons ago, *John Inglesant*, there was more of the true power of reverie than has yet appeared among our prose-writers; and its success seems to show that there is after all some future for the literature of reverie in England. But for the most part our books of spiritual experience have been of a quite other type. The *Memorials of a Quiet Life* may be regarded as the representative of them; and it is no disrespect to a book that has given and still gives pleasure to thousands of congenial minds, that beside the penetration and diffusiveness of a content like Maurice de Guérin's, the dominant content of the Hare correspondence has no sort of chance of permanence.

Nor has recent French literature been any better off. France has been spending her strength of late in republishing old memoirs and writing new ones, of a kind most useful and important to the world of letters, but

wholly unconcerned with the peculiar literature we have been discussing. The present year, however, has seen the emergence of two books, one produced among the mountains of eastern France and the other at Geneva, which ask our attention on the same grounds as Rousseau, as Senancour, or Maurice de Guérin. The class to which they belong is so small and its importance so considerable, that we can hardly afford to neglect any contributions to it, however much they may differ in point of literary quality. Nor indeed have there been any symptoms of such neglect in the present case. Both have won an audience, and one at least of them, the *Journal Intime* of the Genevese professor, Henri Frédéric Amiel, has made an impression during the ten months which have elapsed since its publication, which seems to show that in the midst of the physical and material stress of our day, and the weakening of so many of the older stimuli of emotion, numbers of minds are now fully alive to the exceptional interest which attaches to any effective presentation of the modes in which the human spirit is learning to adapt its loving, hoping, and suffering to the altered conditions of modern knowledge.

But it is not with M. Amiel that we are at present concerned. The *Journal Intime* belongs, if we are not mistaken, to the first-rate books of the world. It is a revelation of the modern spirit, equalling any of the great records of intimate experience in the range and quality of mind which it represents and in the distinction and beauty of its style. We propose to give a detailed account of it next month. The other, infinitely less important both in substance and in manner, is yet full of interest to an observer of the sources of modern joys and griefs, and a short review of it may serve as a fitting conclusion to these remarks upon the literature of introspection. The *Journal d'un Solitaire*, by Xavier Thiriat, published apparently somewhere in the Vosges a

few years ago, was brought forward in the French press early in the present year by M. Scherer, whose unfailing literary tact had discerned the merit and place of this record of Vosges peasant life. It represents a year's diary, kept by the paralysed son of a Vosges farmer, and it describes to us how a youth who had lost the use of his limbs when a boy of ten, rises from a condition of despondency and comparative uselessness to one of influence, activity, and inward happiness. Certain parts of it are conventional and insignificant, but the part which remains, though not by any means of a high intellectual quality, has yet an accent of universality, a freedom from the restrictions of country and nationality, which ought to carry it beyond the immediate circle and people of the writer. Our own English journals are almost always wanting in this accent. They have the accent of Anglicanism, of the English parsonage or of Puritan association, each powerful in its turn with Anglicans, or with those living within the recognised circle of English country life, or with English Puritans of different shades. But if you come to put one of them into the hands of somebody widely dissociated from it in place and circumstances, he will get little or nothing from it; it speaks a language only really understood in a particular mental district. In this unpretending French journal, with all its occasional affectation and conventionality, there is something which appeals to the sympathies of everybody possessing a heart and intelligence, whatever may be his inherited relations to life and religion. The story is briefly this:—

Xavier Thiriat, the son of a French peasant in the valley of Cleurie in the Vosges, was born in 1835. He grew up a bright, active little boy, delighting in all exercises both of body and mind, in the long hours which he and his companions spent herding cattle in the Vosges mountains, in the glissades of winter down the long ice-

slopes of the valley as well as in the competition of the village school, and in the reading of a few tattered books, Fénelon's *Télémaque* among them, hidden away in an old cupboard of the farm. One January day, however, he and his companions were going to a catechising class to be held some distance down the valley. They had to cross a canal swollen by winter rain, and bridged by one narrow plank. Xavier passed first, but the little girl next to him, missed her footing and fell into the water, overturning the plank in her fall. Xavier sprang into the water, caught the child, helped her to scramble out, put back the plank, and still clinging to it, waist-deep in the ice-cold water, helped the other children to cross. Then all hurried on to school in dread of a scolding from the priest. They arrived late, and Xavier, shivering with cold, had to sit near the door during the lesson, and afterwards to walk home through a bitter air, which froze his wet clothes upon him. For two days he felt no consequence beyond a certain *malaise*; then began excruciating pains in the limbs, and for nearly a month the child's shrieks were almost incessant night and day. This state of active suffering and confinement to bed continued in a rather less acute form for about a year, and at the end of that time, it was evident from the distorted and useless limbs, that the boy would henceforth never be anything but a paralytic invalid.

Much kindness was shown to him in his trouble. The schoolmaster of the village came to him out of school hours and taught him for nothing, and as it became evident that no sort of active employment would ever be possible to him, he learnt how to sew and embroider, and thus to while away the long hours. But it was in the store of old books from which as a child he had pillaged *Télémaque* that he found his best consolation. They consisted of an *Ancient Geography*, and *An Abridgment of all the Sciences*, a *History of Morocco*,

Young's *Night Thoughts* (of course in a French translation), the *Lives of the Saints* in twelve volumes, the *Book of Tobit*, the *Synodal Statutes of the Diocese of Toul*, and the *Psalms*. From these materials the boy built for himself a house of the mind in which he could dwell with some content and resignation. It was the *Abridgment of all the Sciences* which especially fascinated him, and which induced him at the age of fifteen to begin regular meteorological observations, and to communicate them month by month to the local paper. Thenceforward his life was no longer empty. Some light manual labour enabled him to earn his living without burdening his family, and for the rest his hours were filled up with the pursuit of such science as was within his reach, and in summer by long meditations out of doors and in the sunshine, long self-abandonments to the delights of flowers, colours and sounds to which he became more and more sensitive as years went on.

As he grew into manhood, however, the limitations of his condition made themselves for a time more painfully felt than ever. He was of an impressionable, expansive disposition, and it seemed hard to him at the age of twenty, as it must have seemed hard to many another in similar circumstances, that none of the commonest joys of life could ever be his,—no work in sun and air, no country merrymaking, no courting or taking in marriage. When he was about eighteen or nineteen, a young girl from a neighbouring farm took some friendly notice of him, and the youth, whose reading had gradually extended itself to books like Gilbert, Millevoye and Lamartine, threw himself into the friendship with romantic zeal, and for a time made it the centre of his thoughts. But naturally a maiden with prudent parents was not long allowed to concern herself with a hopeless cripple, and Lilie was forbidden to meet and talk to young Thiriat as she had been accustomed to do. This little incident, in all respects natural

and inevitable, brought Xavier's discontents to the surface, and for the next few years his habitual condition seems to have been one of struggle with his lot, and of incapacity to find in it any lasting source of contentment. Scientific study, however, still remained to him, and he appears to have clung to it in his blackest times as the only possible barrier between him and utter despondency. And gradually the clouds lifted, and he passed into a state of more or less habitual serenity and patience with life, the causes of which we shall presently try to describe.

At some time or other of this period he seems to have begun to keep a diary, and the published journal takes us through the year 1860, when he attained the age of twenty-five, and to which he seems afterwards to have looked back as the critical year of his life. To the daily records of the journal he must have added for publication passages describing the principal incidents in his earlier career, so that the little book is really a complete picture of his development up to the moment when he appears to have gathered about him, from different sources, a sufficient stock of happiness wherewith to shelter and sweeten his future life. Whence was this happiness drawn? From the most simple and obvious sources, representing, however, in their measure the chief human felicities. From nature and poetry in the first place: "For me, I have never sought out the joys of my life; they have come, so to speak, to find me. They have grown and flowered under my feet like the field daisies, though I have not always perceived them at first sight. Often indeed I have overlooked them: it was not always allowed me to see clearly through my tears. I have known them in the few journeys that I have made since my childhood. . . . I have known them in my walks, along the hedges, fields, and pastures of the hill above my home; in observing the flowers, the mosses, the birds; in those poetical reveries or rather ravishments

in which voices, colours, and perfumes blended themselves for me into a heavenly harmony; in the hours spent with my favourite poets under the shadow of the beech-trees, when the chaffinch piped on the highest branch, and gusts of cool wind shook the leaves; while the butterflies—'sons of the Virgin' as we were taught to call them in childhood—floated softly in the air or between the branches of the trees, and all the story of the poet—I saw it under my eyes in Nature."

From science and books in the second place. Nothing can be more naïve or more sincere than the excitement and enthusiasm he shows about his various scientific studies. "This morning," he writes in May, "I have gathered some plants in bloom round my retreat, and I have busied myself with classifying them. Each day will bring me fresh flowers now and new species. The immense book of Nature is open under my eyes, and it shall be my principal study. In my hermitage, surrounded with flowers and birds, there is no more place for melancholy. To-day I feel a charm I had almost ceased to feel." Later on a kind uncle bestowed a donkey on the cripple, and with this welcome animal harnessed to a tiny wooden cart the poor recluse is able, for the first time for fifteen years, to move freely about the neighbourhood. One of the first uses that he makes of this new power of movement is to plan a history of his native valley: "My wish has always been to write a paper on the history of my valley. For a long time past I have been questioning the older men, and taking notes on all occasions upon the antiquity of the country populations, their history, manners, superstitions, legends, popular beliefs, etc. Now it is a book that I dare to plan, a book of some length, which may be a picture both of the past and of the present, and I shall consult for it the archives of our commune and of the communes near. Already the outline of the book grows clear to me. It will take years to

write, but the prospect is delightful to me."

Often indeed, after an evening passed in answering the questions of a group of curious peasants on some of the elementary facts of physical science, he has his moments of discouragement. "This elementary half-knowledge is nowadays to me little more than the measure of my ignorance. I despair of learning more with the few resources I have in this complete isolation from the world, and it seems to me that I shall never be able to disengage my mind from the swaddling clothes which encircle and stifle it." The moment of depression, however, soon passes; a little kindly interest shown in him by a friend, the loan of a book, the arrival of some new plants or insects, above all, the wholesome stir in his life created by the acquisition of the donkey, and by his work as *greffier* or secretary to the commune, always suffice in the long run to restore his cheerfulness and hope in the future, and the crippled youth ends the record of his year with the quiet words, "I know yet very little, but I have courage and I hope." Since then the book on the valley of Cleurie has appeared and gained a public prize. Various other studies on the agriculture and scenery of the neighbourhood have also been published; and to judge from M. Campaux's preface to the journal, not only has Xavier Thiriat improved and developed his own aptitudes, but he has formed round him a circle of people in the same class as himself devoted to the same studies and eager for the same pleasures.

Religion, speaking broadly, seems to have meant much to Thiriat; Catholicism, taken strictly, very little. His infirmity naturally prevented him from sharing much in the religious practice of the neighbourhood, although in the few church ceremonies he was able to attend his impressionable temperament drew constant delight from the "religious singing, the melodies of the organ, the perfumes of incense and of candles." Religious expressions of the

ordinary kind occur in his book, but no temptation to the life of a *dévo*t, so natural to the invalid in Catholic countries, seems to have overtaken him. It is evident that unconsciously to himself his spiritual life was chiefly vitalised by interests and influences of a more universal kind than those belonging to any given system of faith.

Lastly, among the new elements of happiness which made the year 1860 memorable to him, we may reckon the gain of several new friends brought him by scientific studies, and the recognised place in life afforded him by his appointment as *greffier* to the commune. The cry of the first half of the diary is for a friend, first of all; and next, for some useful part in society, which shall make it possible for him to be something else than an object of pity or ridicule to his fellow men. By the end of the year he was able to exclaim with joy, "The future, once so dark, appears to me under the most smiling colours; *I have friends and protectors*. My God! I never should have thought it possible to be so happy." The last day of the old year arrives, and Xavier, looking back over his journal, sees in it the record of a state of transition from "a first youth," tormented with dreams and regrets, mad, extravagant and despairing, to a "second youth ripened by study and friendship." And he passes the threshold of the new in a glow of feeling and aspiration. "For me, as for all, the future remains obscure, uncertain, unknown; but a tide of hope has come flooding into my heart, and I shall enter the gate of the opening year with gaiety and contentment."

There are other notes than these we have tried to reproduce, in this little journal. A short description of it may very easily convey a false impression that the book is sometimes virtuous overmuch, that is to say, virtuous for effect. The pictures of common life, however, interspersed in it, the lively pieces of dialogue and shrewd

descriptions of peasant character, show a sense of humour which, when the journal is read as a whole, tend to remove this impression, and to make one forget the evident leaven in it of Lamartine and Bernardin de St. Pierre. But it is not so much what Xavier Thiriat has to tell us about life or Nature that is important or interesting; it is the personality itself, its modes of thinking and feeling, its means of happiness under unfavourable conditions that are worth studying. For us who are so apt to alarm and terrify ourselves as to the future sources of enthusiasm, and therefore of action, in man, the book adds one more to the facts that console and point us forward. Science, nature, poetry, human kindness, bound together and encompassed, all of them, by some spiritual hope, however vague and large—in these, it seems to say to us, lie the motive powers of the future, powers which will but strengthen as others decay.

George Sand, in discussing Obermann and the kindred literature of her own day, saw in it signs of a probable indefinite multiplication of "moral maladies." The comment which a modern observer is inclined to make upon her prophecy is that it divined only half the truth. The forces of human nature tend, after all, perpetually to the same level. If old joys are passing away, new joys, which are perhaps but the old new born, are rising into life. If the human spirit is more conscious than ever before of its own limitations and of the iron pressure of its physical environment, it is also, paradox as it may seem, more conscious of its own greatness, more deeply thrilled by the nobility and beauty interwoven with the universe. Such is the deepest meaning of modern poetry, such is the main impression left upon us with increasing force by almost all the attempts of the modern spirit to throw light upon itself.

THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE rest of this day passed over Walter like a dream in a fever. Through a kind of hot mist full of strange reflections, all painful, terrible, lurid with confusion and suffering, he saw the people and things about him—his mother questioning him with anxious words, with still more anxious eyes; his servants looking at him wondering, compassionate; and now and then something would be said, which caught his ear and thereafter continued to return to him from time to time, like a straw cast into a whirlpool and boiling up as the bubbles went and came—something about seeing a doctor, something about sending for Mr. Cameron, with occasionally an imploring entreaty, "Oh, my boy! what ails you? what is the matter?" from Mrs. Methven. These were the words that came back to his ears in a kind of refrain. He answered, too, somehow, he was aware, that there was nothing the matter with him, that he wanted no doctor, no counsellor, in a voice which seemed to come from any point of the compass rather than from his own lips. It was not because of the breach which had so rapidly followed the transport of his complete union with Oona. That, too, had become secondary, a detail scarcely important in the presence of the vague tempest which was raging within him, and which he felt must come to some outburst more terrible than anything he had yet known when he was left to himself. He had come to shore, under the guidance of Hamish, distracted, yet scarcely unhappy, feeling that at the end, whatever misunderstanding there might be, he was assured of Oona, her companionship, her help, and, what

was greatest of all, her love. She had not hesitated to let him see that he had that; and with that must not all obstacles, however miserable, disappear at the last?

But when he landed, the misery that fell upon him was very different from this. He became conscious at once that it was the beginning of the last struggle, a conflict which might end in—he knew not what: death, downfall, flight, even shame, for aught he knew. The impulse was strong upon him to speed away to the hillside and deliver himself over to the chances of this battle, which had a fierce attraction for him on one hand, while on the other it filled him with a mad terror which reason could not subdue. So strong was this impulse that he hurried past the gate of Auchnasheen and took the path that led up to the moors, with a sense of flying from, yet flying to, his spiritual enemies. He was met there by the gamekeeper, who began to talk to him about the game, and the expediency of inviting "twa-three" gentlemen to shoot the coverts down by Linnheden, an interruption which seemed to his preoccupied soul too trivial, too miserable to be borne with. He turned from the astonished speaker in the midst of his explanations, and rushed back with the impatience which was part of his character, exaggerated into a sort of mad intolerance of any interruption. Not there, not there: he began to remember the wild and mad contest which last year had gone on upon those hills, and with an instantaneous change of plan retraced his steps to the house, and burst into his mother's presence, so pale, so wild, with eyes almost mad in their fire, looking out from the curves of his eyelids like those of a maniac. Her

terror was great. She came up to him and laid her hands upon him, and cried out, What was it? what was it? And then it was that the active frenzy that had possessed him seemed to sink into the maze of that feverish confusion which was less violent, less terrible, more like the operations of nature. He was not aware that he looked at her piteously, and said, "I want to stay with you, mother"—childlike words, which penetrated with a misery that was almost sweet to Mrs. Methven's very heart. She put her arms round him, drawing down his head upon her bosom, kissing his forehead with trembling lips, holding him fast, as when he was a child and came to her for consolation. He was scarcely aware of all this, and yet it soothed him. The excitement of his brain was calmed. That uneasy haze of fever which confuses everything, the half-delirium of the senses through which the mind looks as through a mist, uneasy, yet with visions that are not all miserable, was a sort of paradise in comparison with the frenzy of a conflict in which every expedient of torture was exercised upon him. He was grateful for the relief. That he did not know what he said or what she said, but heard the answering voices far off, like something unreal, was nothing. There was a kind of safety in that society: the enemy could not show himself there: he had to stand off baffled and wait—ah, wait! that was certain. He had not flown—not Oona, not the mother, could save the victim altogether. They protected him for the moment, they held the foe at arm's length: but that could not be always. Sooner or later the last struggle must come.

Walter remained within doors all day. It was contrary to his habits, and this of itself added to the alarm of all about him; but it was not inconsistent with the capricious impatient constitution of his mind, always ready to turn upon itself at a moment's notice, and do that which no one expected. During every

hour of this long day he had to resist the strong impulse which was upon him—more than an impulse, a tearing and rending of his spirit, sometimes rising into sudden energy almost inconceivable, to go out and meet his enemy. But he held his ground so far with a dumb obstinacy which also was part of his character, and which was strengthened by the sensation of comparative exemption so long as he had the protection of others around him, and specially of his mother's presence. It was with reluctance that he saw her go out of the room even for a moment; and his eager look of inquiry when she left him, his attempts to retain her, his strained gaze towards the door till she returned, gave Mrs. Methven a sort of anguish of pleasure, if those contradictory words can be put together. To feel that she was something, much to him, could not but warm her heart; but great also was the misery of knowing that something must indeed be very far wrong with Walter to make him thus, after so many years of independence, cling to his mother.

"It is like a fever coming on," she said to Symington, with whom alone she could take any counsel. "He is ill, very ill, I am sure of it. The doctor must be sent for. Have you ever seen him like this before?"

"My lady," said old Symington, "them that have the Methvens to deal with have need of much gumption. Have I seen him like that before? Oh, yes, I have seen him like that before. It is just their hour and the power o' darkness. Let him be for two-three days——"

"But in two or three days the fever may have taken sure hold of him. It may be losing precious time: it may get—fatal force——"

"There is no fears of his life," said old Symington; "there is enough fear of other things."

"Of what? Oh, for God's sake! tell me; don't leave me in ignorance!" the mother cried.

"But that's just what I cannot do,"

Symington said. "By the same token that I ken nothing mysel'."

While this conversation was going on, Walter, through his fever, saw them conspiring, plotting, talking about him as he would have divined and resented in other moods, but knew vaguely now in his mist of being that they meant him no harm, but good.

And thus the day went on. He prolonged it as long as he could, keeping his mother with him till long after the hour when the household was usually at rest. But, however late, the moment came at last when he could detain her no longer. She, terrified, ignorant, fearing a dangerous illness, was still more reluctant to leave him, if possible, than he was to let her go, and would have sat up all night watching him had she ventured to make such a proposal. But at last Walter summoned up all his courage with a desperate effort, an effort of despair which restored him to himself and made a clear spot amid all the mist and confusion of the day.

"Mother," he said, as he lighted her candle, "you have been very good to me to-day! Oh I know you have always been good—and I always ungrateful; but I am not ungrateful now."

"Oh, Walter! what does that word mean between you and me? If I could but do anything. It breaks my heart to see you like this."

"Yes, mother," he said; "and it may break my heart. I don't know what may come of it—if I can stand, or if I must fall. Go and pray for me, mother."

"Yes, my dearest—yes, my own boy! as I have done every day, almost every hour, since ever you were born."

"And so will Oona," he said. He made no response of affection to this brief record of a life devoted to him, which Mrs. Methven uttered with eyes full of tears and every line of her countenance quivering with emotion. He was abstracted into a world beyond all such expressions and responses, on

the verge of an ordeal too terrible for him, more terrible than any he had yet sustained—like a man about to face fearful odds, and counting up what aids he could depend upon. "And so will Oona," he repeated to himself, aloud but unawares. Then he looked up at his mother with a sad glimmer of a smile and kissed her, and said, "That should help me:" and without waiting for her to go first, walked out of the room, like a blind man, feeling with his hand before him, and not seeing where he went.

For already there had begun within him that clanging of the pulses, that mounting of every faculty of the nerves and blood to his head, the seat of thought, which throbbed as though it would burst, and to his heart, which thundered and laboured and filled his ears with billows of sound. All his forces, half quiescent in the feverish pause of the day, were suddenly roused to action, ranging themselves to meet the last, the decisive, the most terrible assault of all. He went into his room and closed the door upon all mortal succour. The room was large and heavily furnished in the clumsy fashion of the last generation—heavy curtains, huge articles of furniture looming dark in the partial light, a gloomy expanse of space, dim mirrors glimmering here and there, the windows closely shut up and shrouded, every communication of the blessed air without, or such succour of light as might linger in the heavens, excluded. The old castle, with its ruined battlements, seemed a more fit scene for spiritual conflict than the dull comfort of this gloomy chamber, shut in from all human communication. But Walter made no attempt to throw open the closed windows. No help from without could avail him, and he had no thought or time to spare for any exertion. He put his candle on the table and sat down to await what should befall.

The night passed like other nights to most men, even to the greater

number of the inhabitants in this house. Mrs. Methven after a while, worn out, and capable of nothing that could help him, dozed and slept, half dressed, murmuring familiar prayers in her sleep, ready to start up at the faintest call. But there came no call. Two or three times in the night there was a faint stir, and once old Symington, who was also on the alert, and whose room was near that of his master, saw Lord Erradeen come out of his chamber with a candle in his hand, the light of which showed his countenance all ghastly and furrowed as with the action of years, and go down stairs. The old man, watching from the gallery above, saw his master go to the door, which he opened, admitting a blast of night wind which seemed to bring in the darkness as well as cold. Symington waited trembling to hear it clang behind the unfortunate young man. Where was he going to in the middle of the night? But after a few minutes the door, instead of clanging, closed softly, and Walter came back. It might be that this happened more than once while the slow hours crept on, for the watcher, hearing more than there was to hear, thought that there were steps about the house, and vague sounds of voices. But this was all vanity and superstition. No one came in, with none, save with his own thoughts, did Walter speak. Had his enemy entered boldly, and even with maddening words maintained a personal conflict, the sufferer would have been less harshly treated. Once, as Symington had seen, he was so broken down by the conflict that he was on the eve of a shameful flight which would have been ruin. When he came down stairs with his candle in the dead of the night and opened the great hall door he had all but thrown down his arms and consented that nothing remained for him but to escape while he could, as long as he could, to break all ties and abandon all succour, and only flee, flee from the intolerable moment. He had said to himself that

he could bear it no longer, that he must escape any how, at any cost, leaving love and honour, and duty and every higher thought: for what could help him?—nothing—nothing—in earth or heaven!

That which touched him to the quick was not any menace, it was not the horror of the struggles through which he had already passed; it was the maddening derision with which his impulses were represented to him as the last expedients of a refined selfishness. When his tormentor in the morning had bidden him with a smile, "Be good!" as the height of policy, it had seemed to Walter that the point of the intolerable was reached, and that life itself under such an interpretation became insupportable, a miserable jest, a mockery hateful to God and man; but there was yet a lower depth, a more hateful derision still. Love! what was his love? a way of securing help, a means of obtaining, under pretences of the finest sentiment, some one who would supremely help him, stand by him always, protect him with the presence of a nature purer than his own. Nothing was said to the unhappy young man. It was in the course of his own thoughts that this suggestion arose, like a light of hell illuminating all the dark corners of his being. Had he ever said to Oona that he loved her? Did he love her? Was it for any motive but his own safety that he sought her? Katie he had sought for her wealth, for the increase of importance she could bring, for the relief from torture she could secure to him. And Oona, Oona whom he loved! Was it for love he fled to her? Oh, no, but for safety! All was miserable, all was self, all was for his own interest, to save *him*, to emancipate him, to make life possible for him. He had started to his feet when this intolerable consciousness (for was it not true?) took possession of him. It was true. She was sweet and fair, and good and lovely, a creature like the angels; but he, miserable, had thought

only in that her company was safety—that she could deliver him. He sent forth a cry of anguish which at the same time sounded like the laughter of despair, and seemed to shake the house; and took up his candle, and opened his door and hurried forth—to escape, where he did not know, how he did not know, nor care—to escape from the ridicule of this life, the horror of this travestie and parody of everything good and fair. Heaven and earth! to seek goodness because it was the most profitable of all things; to seek love because it was safety; to profane everything dear and sacred to his own advantage! Can a man know this, and recognise it, with all the masks and pretences torn off, and yet consent to live, and better himself by the last desecration of all! He went down with hurried steps through the silence of his house, that silence through which was rising the prayers of the mother in whose love too he had taken refuge when in despair, whom he had bidden to go and pray, for his advantage, solely for him, that he might steal from God a help he did not deserve, by means of her cries and tears. “And so will Oona,” he had said. Oh, mockery of everything sacred!—all for him, for his self-interest, who deserved nothing, who made use of all.

He opened the door, and stood bare-headed, solitary, on the edge of the quiet, lonely night: behind him life and hope, and torture and misery—before him the void, the blank into which the wretched may escape and lose—if not themselves, that inalienable heritage of woe—yet their power to harm those who love them. He loved nobody, it seemed, but for himself—prized nothing but for himself; held love, honour, goodness, purity, only as safeguards for his miserable life. Let it go then, that wretched contemner of all good—disappear into the blackness of darkness, where God nor man should be disturbed by its exactions more!

The night was wild with a raving

wind that dashed the tree-tops against the sky, and swept the clouds before it in flying masses; no moon, no light, gloom impenetrable below, a pale glimpse of heaven above, swept by black billows of tumultuous cloud; somewhere in the great gloom the loch, all invisible, waited for the steps that might stumble upon its margin, the profound world of darkness closed over every secret that might be cast into it. He stood on the threshold in a momentary pause, forlorn, alone, loosing his hold of all that he had clung to, to save him. Why should he be saved who was unworthy? Why trouble earth or heaven? The passion and the struggle died out of Walter's soul; a profound sadness took possession of him; he felt his heart turn trembling within him, now that even the instinct of self-preservation which had driven him to her feet failed him—to Oona whom he loved. God bless her! not for him would be that sweet companionship: and yet of all things the world contained, was not that the best? Two that should be one. All that was external died away. He forgot for the first time since it had been revealed to him, that he had an enemy, a tyrant waiting for his submission. His heart turned to the love which he had thought he dishonoured, without even recollecting that cursed suggestion. It seemed to him now, that he was giving it up for Oona's sake, and that only now all its beauty, its sweetness, was clear to him. Oh, the pity of it! to see all this, so lovely, so fair, and yet have to resign it! What was everything else in comparison with that? But for her sake, for her dear sake!

How dark it was, impenetrable, closing like a door upon the mortal eyes which had in themselves no power to penetrate that gloom. He stepped across the threshold of life, and stood outside, in the dark. He turned his eyes—for once more, for the last time, in the great calm of renunciation, his heart in a hush of supreme anguish, without conflict or struggle—to where

she was, separated from him only by silent space and atmosphere, soon to be separated by more perfect barriers; hoping nothing, asking nothing, save only to turn his head that way—not even to see where she was, hidden in the night: so small a satisfaction, so little consolation! yet something before the reign of nothingness began.

All dark; but no—half way between heaven and earth, what was that, shining steady through the gloom? Not a star; it was too warm, too large, too near; the light in Oona's window shining in the middle of the night when all was asleep around. Then she was not asleep, though everything else was, but watching—and if watching, then for him. The little light, which was but a candle in a window, suddenly, brilliantly lighted up the whole heavens and earth to Walter. Watching, and for him; praying for him, not because of any appeal of his, but out of her own heart, and because she so willed it—out of the prodigality, the generous, unmeasured love which it was her choice to give him—not forced, but freely, because she so pleased. He stood for a moment with awe in his heart, arrested, not able to make another step, pale with the revolution, the revelation, the change of all things. His own dark thoughts died away; he stood astonished, perceiving for the first time what it was. To have become part of him had brought no joy to Oona, but it was done, and never could be undone; and to be part of her, what was that to Walter? He had said it without knowing what it meant, without any real sense of the great thing he said. Now it fell upon him in a great wonder, full of awe. He was hers, he was *her*, not himself henceforward, but a portion of another: and that other portion of him standing for him at the gates of heaven. His whole being fell into silence, overawed. He stepped back out of the night and closed softly the great door, and returned to his room, in which everything was stilled by a spell before which all evil things fly—the apprehen-

sion of that love which is unmerited, unextorted, unalterable. When he reached his room, and had closed the door, Walter, with trembling hands undid the window, and flung it open to the night, which was no more night or darkness, but part of the everlasting day, so tempered that feeble eyes might perceive those lights which hide themselves in the sunshine. What was it he saw? Up in the heavens, where the clouds swept over them, stars shining, undisturbed, though hidden by moments as the masses of earthly vapour rolled across the sky; near him stealing out of his mother's window a slender ray of light that never wavered; further off, held up as in the very hand of love, the little lamp of Oona. The young man was silent in a great awe; his heart stirring softly in him, hushed, like the heart of a child. For him! unworthy! for him who had never sought the love of God, who had profaned the love of women: down, down on his knees—down to the dust hiding his face in gratitude unutterable. He ceased to think of what it was he had been struggling and contending for; he forgot his enemy, his danger, himself altogether, and overawed, sank at the feet of love, which alone can save.

CHAPTER XLIV.

LORD ERRADEEN was found next morning lying on his bed full dressed sleeping like a child. A man in his evening dress in the clear air of morning is at all times a curious spectacle, and suggestive of many uncomfortable thoughts: but there was about Walter as he lay there fast asleep an extreme youthfulness not characteristic of his appearance on ordinary occasions, which made the curious and anxious spectator who bent over him, think instinctively of a child who had cried itself to sleep, and a convalescent recovering from a long illness. Symington did not know which his young master resembled the most. The old man stood and looked

at him, with great and almost tender compassion. One of the windows stood wide open admitting the air and sunshine. But it had evidently been open all night, and must have chilled the sleeper through and through. Symington had come with all his usual paraphernalia to wake Lord Erradeen. But as he looked at him the water came into his eyes. Instead of calling him he covered him carefully with a warm covering, softly closed the window, and left all his usual morning preparations untouched. This done, he went down stairs to the breakfast-room where Mrs. Methven, too anxious to rest, was already waiting for her son. Symington closed the door behind him, and came up to the table which was spread for breakfast.

"My lady," he said, "my lord will no be veesible for some time. I found him sleeping like a bairn, and I had not the heart to disturb him. No doubt he's had a bad night: but if I'm any judge of the human countenance he will wake another man."

"Oh, my poor boy! You did well to let him rest, Symington. I will go up and sit by him—"

"If ye will take my advice, my lady, ye will just take a little breakfast; a good cup of tea, and one of our fine fresh eggs, or a bit of trout from the loch; or I could find ye a bonnie bit of the breast of a bird."

"I can eat nothing," she said, "when my son is in trouble."

"Oh, canny, canny, my lady. I am but a servant, but I am one that takes a great interest. He's in no trouble at this present moment; he's just sleeping like a baby, maybe a wee bit worn out, but not a line o' care in his face; just sleepin'—sleepin' like a little bairn. It will do you mair harm than him if I may mak' so bold as to speak. A cup of tea, my lady, just a cup of this fine tea, if nothing else—it will do ye good. And I'll answer for him," said Symington. "I'm well acquaint with all the ways of them," the old servant added, "if I might venture, madam, to offer a word of

advice, it would be this, just to let him bee."

A year ago Mrs. Methven would have considered this an extraordinary liberty for a servant to take, and perhaps would have resented the advice: but at that time she did not know Symington, nor was she involved in the mysterious circumstances of this strange life. She received it with a meekness which was not characteristic, and took the cup of tea which he poured out for her, with a lump of sugar too much, by way of consolation, and a liberal supply of cream, almost with humility. "If he is not better when he comes down stairs, I think I must send for the doctor, Symington."

"I would not, my lady, if I were you. I would just watch over him, but let him bee. I would wait for two-three days and just put up with everything. The Methvens are no just a race like other folk. Ye require great judgment to deal with the Methvens. Ye have not been brought up to it, my lady, like me."

All this Mrs. Methven received very meekly, and only gratified herself with a cup of tea which was palatable to her, after Symington having done everything he could for her comfort, had withdrawn. She was very much subdued by the new circumstances in which she found herself, and felt very lonely and cast away, as in a strange land where everything was unknown. She sat for a long time by herself, trying to calm her thoughts by what Symington had said. She consented that he knew a great deal more than she did, even of her son in his new position, and had come to put a sort of implicit faith in him as in an oracle. But how hard it was to sit still, or to content herself with looking out upon that unfamiliar prospect, when her heart was longing to be by her son's bedside! Better to "let him be!"—alas, she knew very well and had known for long that it was better to "let him be." But what was there so hard to do as that was? The shrub-

beries that surrounded the window allowed a glimpse at one side of the loch, cold, but gleaming in the morning sunshine. It made her shiver, yet it was beautiful ; and as with the landscape, so it was with her position here. To be with Walter, ready to be of use to him, whatever happened, that was well ; but all was cold, and solitary, and unknown. Poor mother ! She had loved, and cherished, and cared for him all the days of his life, and a year since he had scarcely seen Oona ; yet it was Oona's love, and not his mother's, which had made him understand what love was. Strange injustice ! yet the injustice of nature, against which it is vain to rebel. This, however, Mrs. Methven did not know.

When Walter left his betrothed, between whom and himself so strange and sudden a breach had come in the solitude of the isle, Oona's heart was rent by many bitter thoughts, which, however, she dared not give herself time either to examine or indulge. The day which had passed so miserably to Walter went over her in that self-repression which is one of the powers of women, in her mother's cheerful society, and amid all the little occupations of her ordinary life. Unless she had been prepared, as she was not, to open everything to Mrs. Forrester, this was her only alternative. She smiled, and talked, even ate against her will, that her mother might not take fright and search into the cause : so that it was not till she had retired into the refuge of her own room that she was at liberty to throw herself down in all the abandon of solitude and weep out the tears which made her brow heavy, and think out the thoughts with which her mind was charged almost to bursting. Her candle had burned almost all the night long—long after the moment in which the sight of it had held Walter back, and saved him from the flight which would have ended only in death.

The conflict in Oona's mind was longer, if not so violent. There are some people in whose hands it is safe

to leave one's case, however appearances may be against one—and Oona was one of these. With an effort she was able to dismiss herself from the consideration, and with that entire sympathy which may mistake the facts but never the intention, to enter into the mind of her lover. There was much that she could not understand, and did not attempt to fathom, and the process was not one of those that bring happiness, as when a woman, half-adoring, follows in her own exalted imagination the high career of the hero whom she loves. Walter was no hero, and Oona no simple worshipper to be beguiled into that deification. She had to account to herself for the wanderings, the contradictions, the downfalls, of a man of whom she could not think, as had been the first impulse of pain, that any woman would satisfy him, that Katie or Oona, it did not matter which : but who it was yet true had offered himself to Katie first, had given himself to vice (which made her shudder) first of all, and had been roaming wildly through life without purpose or hope. In all the absolutism of youth to know this, and yet to recognise that the soul within may not be corrupt, and that there may be still an agony of longing for the true even in the midst of the false, is difficult indeed. She achieved it, but it was not a happy effort. Bit by bit it became clearer to her ; had she known the character of the interview with Katie which gave her grievous pain even when she reasoned it out and said to herself that she understood it, the task would have been a little less hard : but it was hard and very bitter, by moments almost more than she could bear. As she sat by the dying fire, with her light shining so steadily, like a little Pharos of love and steadfastness, her mind went through many faintings and moments of darkness. To have to perceive and acknowledge that you have given your heart and

joined your life to that of a man who is no hero, one in whom you cannot always trust that his impulses will be right, is a discovery which is often made in after life, but by degrees, and so gently, so imperceptibly, that love suffers but little shock. But to make this discovery at the very outset is far more terrible than any other obstacle that can stand in the way. Oona was compelled to face it from the first moment almost of a union which she felt in herself no possibility of breaking. She had given herself, and she could not withdraw the gift, any more than she could withdraw from him the love which, long before, she had been betrayed, she knew not how, into bestowing upon him unasked, undesired, to her own pain and shame.

As she sat all through the night and felt the cold steal through her, into her very heart, and the desolation of the darkness gain upon her while she pondered, she was aware that this love was stronger than death, and that to abandon him was no more possible to her than if she had been his wife for years. The girl had come suddenly, without warning, without any fault of hers, out of her innocence and lightheartedness, into the midst of the most terrible problem of life. To love yet not approve, to know that the being who is part of you is not like you, has tendencies which are hateful to you, and a hundred inclinations which the subtlest casuistry of love cannot justify—what terrible fate is this, that a woman should fall into it unawares and be unable to free herself? Oona did not think of freeing herself at all. It did not occur to her as a possibility. How she was to bear his burden which was hers, how she was to reconcile herself to his being as it was, and help the good in him to development, and struggle with him against the evil, that was her problem. Love is often tested in song and story by the ordeal of a horrible accusation brought against the innocent,

whom those who love him, knowing his nature, stand by through all disgrace, certain that he cannot be guilty, and maintaining his cause in the face of all seeming proof. How light, how easy, what an elementary lesson of affection! But to have no such confidence, to take up the defence of the sinner who offends no one so much as yourself, to know that the accusations are true—that is the ordeal by fire, which the foolish believe to be abolished in our mild and easy days. Oona saw it before her, realised it, and made up her mind to it solemnly during that night of awe and pain. This was her portion in the world: not simple life and happiness, chequered only with shadows pure, if terrible, death, and misfortune such as may befall the righteous—but miseries far other, far different, to which misfortune and death are but easy experiments in the way of suffering. This was to be her lot.

And yet love is so sweet! She slept towards morning, as Walter did, and when she woke, woke to a sense of happiness so exquisite and tender that her soul was astonished and asked why, in an outburst of gratitude and praise to God. And it was not till afterwards that the burden and all the darkness came back to her. But that moment perhaps was worth the pain of the other—one of those compensations, invisible to men, with which God still comforts His saints. She rose from her bed and came back to life with a face full of new gravity and thoughtfulness, yet lit up with smiles. Even Mrs. Forrester, who had seen nothing and suspected nothing on the previous night except that Oona had perhaps taken a chill, felt, though she scarcely understood, a something in her face which was beyond the ordinary level of life. She remarked to Mysie, after breakfast, that she was much relieved to see that Miss Oona's cold was to have no bad result. "For I think she is looking just bonnier than usual this

morning—if it is not my partiality : like a spring morning,” Mrs. Forrester said.

“Eh mem, and mair than that,” said Mysie. “God bless her! She is looking as I have seen her look the Sabbath of the Sacrament; for she’s no like the like of us, just hardened baith to good and evil, but a’ in a tremble for sorrow and joy, when the Occasion comes round.”

“I hope we are not hardened,” said Mrs. Forrester; “but I know what you mean, Mysie, though you cannot perhaps express it like an educated person; and I was afraid that she was taking one of her bad colds, and that we should be obliged to put off our visit to Mrs. Methven—which would have been a great pity, for I had promised to Lord Erradeen.”

“Do ye not think, mem,” said Mysie, “that yon young lord he is very much taken up with—the isle and those that are on it?”

“Hoots,” said Mrs. Forrester, with a smile, “with you and me, Mysie, do you think? But that might be after all, for I would not wonder but he felt more at home with the like of us, that have had so much to do with boys and young men, and all the ways of them. And you know I have always said he was like Mr. Rob, which has warmed my heart to him from the very first day.”

Perhaps the mother was, no more than Mysie, inclined to think that she and her old maid won the young lord’s attention to the isle: but a woman who is a girl’s mother, however simple she may be, has certain innocent wiles in this particular. Lord Erradeen would be a great match for any other young lady on the loch, no doubt: but for Oona what prince was good enough? They both thought so, yet not without a little flutter of their hearts at the new idea which began to dawn.

It was once more a perfectly serene and beautiful day, a day that was like Oona’s face, adapted to that “Sabbath of the Sacrament” which is so great

a festival in rural Scotland, and brings all the distant dwellers out of the glens and villages. About noon, when the sun was at its height, and the last leaves on the trees seemed to reflect in their red and yellow, and return a dazzling response to his shining, Hamish, busy about his fishing tackle on the beach, perceived a boat with a solitary rower, slowly rounding the leafy corners, making a circuit of the isle. Hamish was in no doubt as to who it was. His brow, which for the last twenty-four hours had been full of furrows, gradually began to melt out of those deep-drawn lines, his shaggy eyebrows smoothed out, his mouth began to soften at the corners. There was much that was mysterious in the whole matter, and Hamish had not been able to account to himself for the change in the young pair who had stepped out of his boat on to the isle in an ecstasy of happiness, and had returned sombre, under the shadow of some sudden estrangement which he could not understand. Neither could he understand why it was that the young lord hovered about without attempting to land at the isle. This was so unlike the usual custom of lovers, that Hamish could not but feel there was something “out of the ordinary” in the proceeding. But his perplexity on this subject did not diminish his satisfaction in perceiving that the young lord was perfectly capable of managing his boat, and that no trace of the excitement of the previous day was visible in its regular motion, impelled now and then by a single stroke, floating on the sunny surface of the water within sight of the red roofs and white windows of the house, and kept in its course out of the way of all rocks and projecting corners by a skill which could not, Hamish felt sure, be possessed by a disordered brain. This solaced him beyond telling, for though he had not said a word to any one, not even to Mysie, it had lain heavily upon his heart that Miss Oona might be about to link her life

to that of a daft man. She that was good enough for any king! and what were the Erradeens to make so muckle work about, but just a mad race that nobody could understand. The late lord had been one that could not hold an oar to save his life, nor yet yon Underwood-man that was his chosen crony. But this lad was different! Oh! there was no doubt that there was a great difference; just one easy touch and he was clear of the stanes yonder, that made so little show under the water—and then there was that shallow where he would get aground if he didna mind; but again a touch and that difficulty too was cleared. It was so well done that the heart of Hamish melted altogether into softness, and then he began to take pity upon this modest lover. He put his hands to his mouth and gave forth a mild roar which was not more than a whisper in kind intention.

"The leddies are at home, and will ye no land, my lord?" Hamish cried.

Lord Erradean shook his head, and sent his boat soft gliding into a little bay under the overhanging trees.

"Hamish," he said, "you can tell me. Are they coming to-day to Auchnasheen?"

"At half-past two, my lord," breathed Hamish through his curved hands, "they'll be taking the water; and it's just Miss Oona herself that has given me my orders: and as I was saying they could not have a bonnier day."

It seemed to Hamish that the young lord said "Thank God!" which was perhaps too much for the occasion, and just a thocht profane in the circumstances; but a lord that is in love, no doubt there will be much forgiven to him so long as he has a true heart. The sunshine caught Hamish as he stood watching the boat which floated along the shining surface of the water like something beatified, an emblem of divine ease, and pleasure, and calm—and made his face shine too like the loch, and his red shirt glow. His good heart glowed too with humble and generous joy; they were going

to be happy then, the Two—no that he was good enough for Miss Oona; but who was good enough for Miss Oona? The faithful fellow drew his rough hand across his eyes. He who had rowed her about the loch since she was a child, and attended every coming and going—he knew it would be a sair loss, a loss never to be made up. But then so long as she was pleased!

At half-past two they started, punctual as Mrs. Forrester always was. Every event of this day was so important that it was remembered after how exact they were to the minute, and in what a glory of sunshine Loch Houran lay as they pushed out, Mysie standing on the beach to watch them, and lending a hand herself to launch the boat. Mrs. Forrester was well wrapped in her fur cloak with a white "cloud" about her head and shoulders, which she declared was not at all necessary in the sunshine. "It is just a June day come astray," she said, nodding and smiling to Mysie on the beach: who thought once more of the Sacrament-day with its subdued glory and awe, and all the pacifying influences that dwelt in it. And Oona turned back to make a little friendly sign with hand and head to Mysie, as the first stroke of the oars carried the boat away.

How sweet her face was; how tender her smile and bright! More sorrowful than mirthful, like one who has been thinking of life and death—but full of celestial and tender cheer, and a subdued happiness. Mysie stood long looking after them, and listening to their voices which came soft and musical over the water. She could not have told why the tears came to her eyes. Something was about to happen, which would be joyful yet would be sad. "None of us will stand in her way," said Mysie to herself, unconscious of any possibility, that she the faithful servant of the house might be supposed to have no say in the matter; "oh, not one of us! but what will the isle be with Miss Oona away!"

CHAPTER XLV.

MRS. METHVEN had time to recover from the agitation and trouble of the morning before her visitors' arrival. Walter's aspect had so much changed when he appeared that her fears were calmed, though not dispelled. He was very pale, and had an air of exhaustion, to which his softened manners and evident endeavour to please her gave an almost pathetic aspect. Her heart was touched, as it is easy to touch the heart of a mother. She had watched him go out in his boat with a faint awakening of that pleasure with which in ordinary circumstances a woman in the retirement of age sees her children go out to their pleasure. It gave her a satisfaction full of relief, and a sense of escape from evils which she had feared, without knowing what she feared, to watch the lessening speck of the boat, and to feel that her son was finding consolation in natural and uncontaminated pleasures, in the pure air and sky and sunshine of the morning. When he came back he was a little less pale, though still strangely subdued and softened. He told her that she was about to receive a visit from his nearest neighbours—"the young lady," he added, after a pause, "who brought you across the loch."

"Miss Forrester—and her mother, no doubt. I shall be glad to see them, Walter."

"I hope so, mother—for there is no way in which you can do me so much good."

"You mean—this is the lady of whom you spoke to me—" Her countenance fell a little, for what he had said to her was not reassuring; he had spoken of one who would bring money with her, but who was not the best.

"No, mother; I never told you what I did yesterday. I asked that—lady of whom I spoke—to give me her money and her lands to add to mine, and she would not. She was

very right. I approved of her with all my heart."

"Walter! my dear, you have been so—well—and so—like yourself this morning. Do not fall into this wild way of speaking again."

"No," he said, "if all goes well—never again if all goes well;" and with this strange speech he left her not knowing what to think. She endeavoured to recall to her memory the face of the young stranger who had come to her aid on her arrival, but all the circumstances had been so strange, and the loch itself had given such a sensation of alarm and trouble to the traveller, that everything was dim like the twilight in her recollection. A soft voice, with the unfamiliar accent of the north, a courteous and pleasant frankness of accost, a strange sense of thus encountering, half unseen, some one who was no stranger, nor unimportant in her life—these were the impressions she had brought out of the meeting. In all things this poor lady was like a stranger suddenly introduced into a world unknown to her, where great matters, concerning her happiness and very existence, were hanging upon mysterious decisions of others, unknown, and but to be guessed at faintly through a mode of speaking strange to her, and amidst allusions which conveyed no meaning to her mind. Thus she sat wondering, waiting for the coming of—she could scarcely tell whom—of some one with whom she could help Walter, yet who was not the lady to whom he had offered himself only yesterday. Could there be any combination more confusing? And when, amid all this mystery, as she sat with her heart full of tremulous questions and fears, there came suddenly into this darkling, uncomprehended world of hers the soft and smiling certainty of Mrs. Forrester, kind and simple, and full of innocent affectations, with her little airs of an old beauty, and her amiable confidence in everybody's knowledge and interest, Mrs. Methven had nearly

laughed aloud & with keen sense of mingled disappointment and relief. The sweet gravity of Oona behind was but a second impression. The first was of this simple, easy flood of kind and courteous commonplace.

"We are all very glad upon the loch to hear that Lord Erradeen has got his mother with him," said this guileless woman, "for everything is the better of a lady in the house. Oh, yes, you will say, that is just a woman's opinion, making the most of her own side: but you know very well it is true. We have not seen half so much of Lord Erradeen as we would have liked—for in my circumstances we have so little in our power. No gentleman in the house; and what can two ladies do to entertain a young man, unless he will be content with his tea in the afternoon? and that is little to ask a gentleman to.

"Your daughter was most kind to me when I arrived," said Mrs. Methven. "I should have felt very lonely without her help."

"That was nothing. It was just a pleasure to Oona, who is on the loch from morning to night," said Mrs. Forrester. "It was a great chance for her to be of use. We have little happening here, and the news was a little excitement for us all. You see, though I have boys of my own, they are all of them away—what would they do here?—one in Canada, and one in New Zealand, and three, as I need not say, in India—that is where all our boys go—and doing very well, which is just all that heart can desire. It has been a pleasure from the beginning that Lord Erra-

de so much of my Rob, with his regiment in provinces, and a very big officer, though perhaps that should say so. is different, but I have great likeness. And deen, I hope you will have soon, as long as it lasts, to the isle."

Mrs. Methven made a little civil speech about taking the first opportunity, but added, "I have seen nothing yet—not even this old castle of which I have heard so much."

"It is looking beautiful this afternoon, and I have not been there myself, I may say, for years," said Mrs. Forrester. "What would you say, as it is so fine, to trust yourself to Hamish, who is just the most careful man with a boat on all the loch, and take a turn as far as Kinloch Houran with Oona and me?"

The suggestion was thrown out very lightly, with that desire to do something for the pleasure of the stranger, which was always so strong in Mrs. Forrester's breast. She would have liked to supplement it with a proposal to "come home by the isle" and take a cup of tea: but refrained for the moment with great self-denial. It was caught at eagerly by Walter, who had not known how to introduce his mother to the sight of the mystic place which had so much to do with his recent history, and in a very short time they were all afloat—Mrs. Methven, half-pleased half-disappointed to find all graver thoughts and alarms turned into the simplicity of a party of pleasure, so natural, so easy. The loch was radiant with that glory of the afternoon which is not like the glory of the morning, a dazzling world of light, the sunbeams falling lower every moment, melting into the water, which showed all its ripples like molten gold. The old tower lay red in the light, the few green leaves that still fluttered on the ends of the branches, standing out against the darker background, and the glory of the western illumination besetting every dark corner of the broken walls as if to take them by joyful assault and triumph over every idea of gloom. Nothing could have been more peaceful than the appearance of the group. The two elder ladies so suddenly brought together sat in the stern of the boat, carrying on their tranquil conversation. Mrs.

Forrester was entirely at her ease thinking of nothing: though to Mrs. Methven after the fears and excitements of the past night this sudden lapse into the natural and ordinary was half-delightful, half-exasperating, wholly unreal, and like a dream. Oona, who had scarcely spoken at all, and who was glad to be left to her own thoughts, sat by her mother's side, with the eyes of the other mother often upon her, yet taking no part in the talk; while Walter, perched behind Hamish at the other end of the boat, felt this strange pause of all sensation to be something providential, something beyond all his power of arranging, the preface to he knew not what—but at least not to any cutting off or separation from Oona. She had met his eyes with a soft look of pardon: she had given him her hand without hesitation. The look, which all had observed, had for him the meaning which no one else knew. It meant no ecstasy of happy love, but a deeper, stronger certainty than any such excitement of the moment. "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." It was God who said that, and not a woman: but it was reflected in Oona's face. She was not thinking, as so many happy and proud and gentle souls have thought, of the happiness that love

late lord's time, when I had the permission to bring over Willie and Charley, who were just joining their regiments. They are never fond of letting strangers in, the Lords Erradeen. Oh I may say that before you, Lord Erradeen, for you are just new blood, and I am hoping will have new laws. I see very little change. If you will come this way, Mrs. Methven, it is here you will get the best view. Yon is the tower upon which the light is seen, the light, ye will have heard, that calls every new lord: oh and that comes many a time when there is no new lord. You need not bid me whisht, Oona! No doubt there will be some explanation of it: but it is a thing that all the world knows."

Mrs. Methven laughed, more at her ease than she had yet been, and said—

"Walter, what a terrible omission: you have never told me of this."

Walter did not laugh. His face, on the contrary, assumed the look of gloom and displeasure which she knew so well.

"If you will come with me," he said to Mrs. Forrester, "I will show you my rooms. Old Macalister is more gracious than usual. You see he has opened the door."

"Oh I will go with great pleasure, Lord Erradeen, for I have never to see a do, and lering as to your place. y glad a very s been ong as —near e, it is on. I d never like a in my it your fortune, ay there.

Dear me, it will be very interesting to see the rooms, we that never knew there were any habitable rooms. Where is Oona? Oh never take the trouble, Lord Erradeen, your mother is waiting, and Oona, that knows every step of the castle, she will soon find her way."

This was how it was that Oona found herself alone. Walter cast behind him an anxious look, but he could not desert the elder ladies, and Oona was glad to be left behind. Her mind had altogether recovered its calm; but she had much to think of, and his presence disturbed her, with that influence of personal contact which interferes with thought. She knew the old castle, if not every step of it, as her mother said, yet enough to make it perfectly safe for her. Old Macalister had gone first to lead the way, to open doors and windows, that the ladies might see everything: and save for Hamish in his boat on the beach, there was nobody within sight or call. The shadow of the old house shut out the sunshine from the little platform in front of the door; but at the further side, where the trees grew among the broken masses of the ruin, the sun from the west entered freely. Oona went slowly, full of thought, up to the battlements, and looked out upon the familiar landscape, full of light and freshness, and all the natural sounds of the golden afternoon—the lapping of the water upon the rocks, the rustle of the wind in the trees, the far-off murmurs of life, voices cheerful, yet inarticulate from the village, distant sounds of horses and wheels on the unseen road, the bark of a dog, all the easy, honest utterance, unthought of, like simple breathing, of common life. For a moment the voice of her own thoughts was hushed within her, replaced by this soft combination of friendly noises. It pleased her better to stand here with the soft air about her, than with all the agitation of human influences to accompany the others. Yet human influence is more strong than the hold of nature: and by and by she

turned unconsciously from the landscape to the house, the one dark solid mass of habitable walls, repelling the sunshine, while the tower, with its blunted outline above, and all the fantastic breaches and openings in the ruin below gave full play to every level ray. The loch, all golden with the sunset, the shadows of the trees, the breath and utterance of distant life, gave nothing but refreshment and soothing: but the walls that were the work of men, and that for hundreds of years had gathered sombre memories about them, had an attraction more absorbing. A little beyond where she was standing, was the spot from which Miss Milnathort had fallen. Oona had heard the story vaguely all her life, and she had heard from Walter the meaning of it, only the other day. Perhaps it was the sound of a little crumbling and precipitation of dust and fragments from the further wall that brought it so suddenly to her memory; but the circumstances in which she herself was, were enough to bring those of the other woman who had been as herself, before her with all the vividness of reality. As young as herself, and more happy, the promised bride of another Walter, everything before her as before Oona, love and life, the best that providence can give, more happy than she, nothing to disturb the gladness of her betrothal; and in a moment all over, all ended, and pain and helplessness, and the shadow of death substituted for her happiness and hope!

Oona paused, and thought of that tragedy with a great awe stealing over her, and pity which was intense in her realisation of a story, in every point save the catastrophe, so like her own—penetrating her very soul. She asked herself which of the two it was who had suffered most—the faithful woman who lived to tell her own story, and to smile with celestial patience through her death in life, or the man who had struggled in vain, who had fallen under the hand of fate, and obeyed the power of outward cir-

cumstances, and been vanquished, and departed from the higher meaning of his youth? Oona thought with a generous sympathetic throbbing of her heart, of the one, but with a deeper pang of the other; he who had not failed at all so far as any one knew, who had lived and been happy as people say. She leant against the wall, and asked herself if anything should befall her, such as befell Miss Milnathort, whether her Walter would do the same. Would he accept his defeat as the other had done, and throw down his arms and yield? She said no in her heart, but faltered, and remembered Katie. Yet no! That had been before, not after their hearts had met, and he had known what was in hers. No, he might be beaten down to the dust; he might rush out into the world, and plunge into the madness of life, or he might plunge more deeply, more darkly into the madness of despairing, and die. But he would not yield; he would not throw down his arms and accept the will of the Other. Faulty as he was, and stained and prone to evil, this was what he would never do.

It was strange that all this time she had scarcely asked herself who and what this other was who had so long kept a mysterious and miserable control over the family of Erradeen. Though the very beginning of her knowledge of Walter had plunged her into the midst of that mystery, she had not dwelt upon it nor even tried to follow it. There was no scepticism about the supernatural in her mind; rather she was so natural that she accepted a being who stood before her according to his semblance, and required no explanations. She had seen and spoken with a man who inspired Walter with a profound and unreasonable terror. Oona, looking at him with eyes of unalarmed and unsuspecting purity and all the kind and fearless freedom which belonged to her house, had neither hated him nor feared. She believed that there was in him something from

which the others shrank, some power of giving pain and suggesting evil which justified their fear. But she did not share it. She was not afraid. There was not in her mind any alarm at the thought of encountering in her own person this enemy, of whom she knew scarcely anything more than that he was the enemy of Walter's race, the being of whom there was many a whisper about the loch, and the tradition of whose existence had come down from generation to generation. Could she but meet him, take that upon her own shoulders and spare Walter! She said to herself that, God protecting her, there was no power on earth that could harm, and that she would not be afraid. She would look him in the face, she would hear all that he could say, and refuse, refuse, for herself and all the house that was henceforward to be hers, her consent to his sway. If there was in Walter's mind the weakness of previous defeat, the susceptibility to temptation, which takes strength from the mind and confidence, there was in her no such flaw of nature.

“Up and spake she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign,
‘And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A stainless hand is mine.’”

In the crowd of her thoughts—which were all mingled great and small, solemn and trifling, as all human thoughts are in high flood—this ballad floated with the rest through Oona's mind, with an aptness which gave her a momentary amusement, yet helped to increase her visionary exaltation. When this high excitement flagged a little it was with the thought that thus to act for Walter was impossible, was not what was required of her. It was he who must fight though he was weak, not she who felt herself so strong. But then, her hand in his, the whole force of her nature thrown into his, holding him up, breathing courage into his ear, into his soul! Oona's heart rose once more, she felt

herself like one inspired. That was the woman's part, a harder part than if all the brunt of the fight had rested upon herself. But where was the wizard, where the black art, where tempter or demon, that could overcome a man thus supported and held up by love behind him, the joint resistance of the two who were one?

While all these thoughts were passing through her mind, she had gone on, a few steps at a time, without thinking or perceiving where she went—till in the high flood and fervour of her spirit, suddenly looking up, she found herself on the grey edge of the wall, on the last ledge where any footing was possible, beyond the spot from which her predecessor had fallen. The sickening sensation with which she felt the crumbling masonry move beneath her foot, brought her to herself, and in a moment she realised the danger of her position. Another second and all her hopes and possibilities might have been over for ever. With a sudden recoil upon herself, Oona set her back against the edge of the parapet that remained, and endeavoured to command and combat the sudden terror that seized hold upon her. She cast a keen look round her to find out if there was any way of safety, and called out for help, and upon Walter! Walter! though she felt it was vain. The wind was against her, and caught her voice, carrying it as if in mockery down the loch, from whence it returned only in a vague and distant echo: and she perceived that the hope of any one hearing and reaching her was futile indeed. Above her, on a range of ruin always considered inaccessible, there seemed to Oona a line of masonry solid enough to give her footing, though it had never been attempted before; but necessity cannot wait for precedents. She was young and active and used to exercise, and her nerves were steadied by the strain of actual danger. She made a spring from her insecure standing, feeling the ruin give way

under her foot with the impulse, and with the giddiness of a venture which was almost desperate, flung herself upon the higher level. When she had got there, it seemed to her incredible that she could have done it, and what was to be her next step she knew not, for the ledge on which she stood was very narrow, and there was nothing to hold by in case her head or courage should fail.

Everything below and around was shapeless ruin, not to be trusted, all honeycombed with hollow places thinly covered over with the remains of fallen roofs and drifted earth and treacherous vegetation. Only in one direction was there any appearance of solidity, and that was above her, towards the tower which still stood firmly, the crown of the building, though no one had climbed up to its mysterious heights within the memory of man. Round it was a stone balcony or platform, which was the spot upon which the mysterious light, so familiar to her, was periodically visible. Oona's heart beat as she saw herself within reach of this spot. She had watched it so often from the safe and peaceful isle, with that thrill of awe and wonder, and half-terror, which gave an additional pleasure to her own complete and perfect safety. She made a few steps forward, and, putting out her hand with a quiver of all her nerves, took hold upon the cold roughness of the lower ledge. The touch steadied her, yet woke an agitation in her frame, the stir of strong excitement; for death lay below her, and her only refuge was in the very home of mystery, a spot untrodden of men. For the next few minutes she made her way instinctively without thought, holding by every projection which presented itself, feeling that there was no other hope or possibility before her. But when Oona found herself standing safe within the balustrade, close upon the wall of the tower, and had drawn breath and recovered a little from the exhaustion and strain

—when her mind got again the upper hand and disentangled itself from the agitation of the body, the hurry and whirl of all her thoughts were beyond description. She paused as upon the threshold of a new world. What might be about to happen to her? not to perish like the other, which seemed so likely a few minutes ago, but perhaps as tragic a fate; perhaps the doom of all who tried to help the Methvens was awaiting her here.

There is something in every extreme which disposes the capricious human soul to a revolt and recoil. Oona carried on her self discussion: but now she spoke aloud, to sustain herself in her utter isolation. She laughed to herself, nature forcing its way through awe and alarm. "Doom," she said to herself, "there is no doom. That would mean that God was no longer over all. What He wills let that be done." This calmed her nerves and imagination. She did not stop to say any prayer for her own safety. A certain scorn of safety, as of fear, and all the vulgar infidelities of superstition rose up in her mind. She raised her head high and went on. So long as God is, where is the fear? and there is no doom but what comes out of His hand. And in the meantime everything was solid and safe beneath Oona's feet. The tower stood strong, the pavement of the narrow platform which surrounded it was worn by time and weather, but perfectly secure. Here and there a breach in the balustrade showed like fantastic flamboyant work, but a regiment might have marched round it without disturbing a stone.

Oona's excitement was extreme. Her heart beat in her ears like the roaring of a torrent. She went on, raised beyond herself, with a strange conviction that there was some object in her coming, and that this which seemed so accidental was no accident at all, but perhaps—how could she tell?—an ordeal, the first step in that career which she had accepted; perhaps,

Heaven grant it! a substitution, something to be done for Walter to which her heart and strength rose. She put her hand upon the wall, and guided herself by it, feeling a support in the rough and time-worn surface, the stones of which had borne the assault of ages. Daylight was still bright around her, the last rays of the sun dazzling the loch below, lending a glory of reflection to the sky above, and sending up a golden sheen through the air from the blaze upon the water. Round the corner of the tower the wind blew freshly in her face from the hills, reviving and encouraging her. Nature was on her side in all its frankness and reality whatever mystery might be elsewhere.

When she had gone half way round, on the side from which the roofs of Auchnasheen were visible among the trees, Oona suddenly stood still, her heart making, she thought, a pause as well as her feet—then with a bound beginning again in louder and louder pulsation. She had come to a doorway deep set in the wall, like the entrance of a cavern, with one broad much-worn step, and a heavy old door bound and studded with iron. She stood for a moment uncertain, trembling, a sense of the unforeseen and extraordinary flying to her brain with a bewildering pang of sensation—hesitating whether to pass it by, or make sure what was its meaning, yet scarcely hesitating, for by this time she began to feel the force of an impulse which did not seem her own, and which she had no strength to resist. Going up the step, she found that the door was slightly ajar, and pushing it open found herself with another suffocating pause, then bound, of her heart, upon the threshold of a richly furnished room. She was aware of keeping her hold upon the door with a terrifying anticipation of hearing it close upon her, but otherwise seemed to herself to have passed beyond her own control and consciousness, and to be aware only of the

wonderful scene before her. The room was lighted with a mysterious abstract light from an opening in the roof, which showed the rough stone of the walls in great blocks, rudely hewn, contrasting strangely with the heavy curtains with which they were hung round below. The curtains seemed of velvet, with panels of tapestry in mystic designs here and there. The floor was covered with thick and soft carpets. Fine instruments, strange and delicate, stood on stools and tables, some of them slowly revolving, like astronomical models. The curtained walls were hung with portraits, one of which she recognised as that of the last Lord Erradeen. And in the centre of all supported on a table with a lamp burning in front of it, the light of which (she supposed) blown about by the sudden entrance of the air, so flickered upon the face that the features seemed to change and move, was the portrait of Walter. The cry which she would have uttered at this sight died in Oona's throat. She stood speechless, without power to think, gazing, conscious that this discovery was not for nothing, that there was something she must do, but unable to form a thought.

The light fell upon the subdued colours of the hangings and furniture with a mystic paleness, without warmth; but the atmosphere was luxurious and soft, with a faint fragrance in it. Oona held open the door, which seemed in the movement of the air which she had admitted, to struggle with her, but to which she held with a desperate grasp, and gazed spellbound. Was it the flickering of the lamp, or was it possible that the face of the portrait changed, that anguish came into the features, and that the eyes turned and looked at her appealing, full of misery,

as Walter's eyes had looked? It seemed to Oona that her senses began to fail.

There was a movement in the tapestry: and from the other side of the room, some one put it aside and looked at her. She had seen him only in the night and darkness, but there was not another such that she should mistake who it was. Once more her heart stood still: and then there came upon Oona an impulse altogether beyond her understanding, as it was beyond her control.

She heard her own voice rise in the silence. She felt words come to her lips, and was aware that she launched them forth without comprehension, without a pause. What was she saying? Oaths such as she knew not how to say. "Accursed wizard!" Was it she who said it, or were the words in the air. "God confound thee! God destroy thee!" Wrath blazed up in her like a sudden flame. She struck at the delicate machinery within her reach wildly with a sort of frenzy, and catching up something, she knew not what, struck the lamp, not knowing what she did. It fell with a crash, and broke, and the liquid which had supplied it burst forth, and ran blazing in great globules of light over the floor. A wild rush was in the air, whether of his steps towards her, whether of her own hurrying blood she could not tell. "God destroy thee! God curse thee!" Was it she who spoke—looking at that pale awful countenance, launching curses which she did not understand? All of Oona rushed back into the surging brain and beating heart that were possessed by something not herself. "No," she cried in her own conscious voice, "God pardon you whoever you are," and turned, and heard the great door flung behind her, and fled and knew no more.

(To be continued.)

THE BENGAL INDIGO PLANTER AND HIS SYSTEM.

THE system of indigo planting pursued for the most part in India has again and again, at regular intervals, become the subject of anxious solicitude to the Indian Government. As each successive viceroy came into office ; and as regularly as their term of office grew and matured, so was the subject once more relegated to the domain of the past. The recurrence of this feature at length grew to be so expected that it was looked upon as a regular accompaniment of the occasion, and a subject rather of joke than of anxiety to the indigo planter—against whom most of the proposed reforms would have been supposed to operate—until, as the saying went, “the high-pressure steam should blow off.” Whether this “steam” was the residue of home energy remaining in viceroys which the Indian air had not yet sapped, or whether it was the mere transient philanthropy attending accession to power, or the energy of “new brooms sweeping clean,” its evanescent character remained the same. Probably viceroys soon found they had enough on their hands without venturing on hostile ground against strong opposition from a large and influential body of Anglo-Indians more or less interested in indigo. When, therefore, a new viceroy arrived from England, it was the regular thing for the planter to expect him to be “down on indigo,” especially should he be a Liberal, and as regular a thing for the planter himself to temporise by a show of meeting the Government demands, till matters once more settled down into their customary channel. The reforms indicated as necessary were considerable, and embodied a general sweeping improvement in the footing of the native cultivators of indigo employed by the planter, which there-

fore implied correspondingly decreased profits to the latter. Complaints reached the ears of Government from time to time, accompanying law cases between planter and native in the country courts, and appeals from these to the high courts, of hardship and oppression to the native, and of compulsory cultivation of indigo at mere slaveholder’s terms. The native press did not fail to take advantage of these on behalf of their country people, and duly enlarge on the time-worn phrase of each ounce of indigo representing a drop of native blood ; while even the native theatres sometimes dramatised the “cruel indigo planter and his victim, the ryot.” As the result of all this partly, and of growing pressure from the gradual extension of the native press and the progress of enlightenment among the natives in the larger cities, and still more as the result of the extending influence of the law courts, and increasing familiarity of the native cultivator with his rights as a British subject, the planter has from time to time made a virtue of necessity, and himself come forward with concessions more or less beneficial to the native, and remedial of his strained position. Though these were more in keeping with the march of time, and the rates for labour now paid to the native are considerably in excess of the infinitesimal rates paid to them in the earlier days of indigo planting, still they fall far short of what the native claims for a labour supposed to be voluntary ; and still the natives allege the undue influence of the European planter strong enough to make his industry by far the most profitable in the country.

Among the hardships the native complains of are the following :—

Having to write out, under pressure, agreements to cultivate indigo, knowing what refusal meant.

The disproportionate payment for the indigo lands, and for labour expended on these the whole year round, for one crop; while the same labour on the same land would yield three successive crops of their own in the year.

The compulsory cartage of the indigo plant at very low rates during the rainy season, when the roads are often impassable, and their bullocks having frequently to wade knee-deep in water or mud, break down and die, or become disabled for life, without any compensation being given for the loss.

The compulsory labour levied from the leased villages in the shape of coolies, ploughs, &c., for the *zerauts*, or *home cultivation*, which consist of large sheets of indigo land adjoining the factories, aggregating from one to four hundred beeghas (Indian acre), cultivated directly by the factories by means of hired labour and a small staff of servants; this often when all the villager's time is urgently required for his own crops, and the consequent mischief to these; also the very low rates paid for such labour,

The corporal punishment and fines to which they are subjected, and the various ways and means devised to punish them (hereafter explained) when they fail in any way to comply with the factory mandates.

The collection of large portions of the rental, including that for their indigo lands, at stated times during the year, to save the planter interest on borrowed money for his working outlay, while a large surplus always remains to be paid to the native at the close of the year in the shape of his balance indigo account.

The system pursued by the planters in some of the largest indigo districts, on leasing a village (a village implying also the surrounding tract of land) of measuring out whole sheets of the best land in the village, namely, that closest around the houses and usually

reserved for the lucrative opium crop, and of *dispossessing* the tenants of same for the purpose of indigo cultivation on the *home* or *zeraut* system, cultivated directly by the factory and not through the medium of the tenant; the amount thus taken depending on the amount of fine land coveted, and the deficiency thereby caused in the rental being replaced by compulsory cultivation of the waste land or *purti* of the village, which the hereditary village accountant is left to adjust.

The contract between the planter and tenant, which secures one beegha out of every four or five belonging to the tenant for the cultivation of indigo by said tenant, being often exceeded, and an excess of good land taken from one man being made up to him out of the inferior lands of another, or out of the waste lands of the village (usually waste because not worth cultivating), thus causing great heartburnings and confusion in their holdings, besides, owing to the factory supervision, much domestic inconvenience to them from infringement of the freedom and privacy of their families.

About the year 1860 there occurred in Lower Bengal what were termed the "indigo rows," consisting of a resolute stand made by the natives against cultivating indigo longer on the planters' terms, and of the consequent quarrels, litigation, and free fights to which this gave rise. Such a climax, undreamt of by the planters, because unwarranted by any precedent, was alleged by the natives to be the outcome of a long course of unrelaxing rigour and oppression which eventuated in driving them into resistance. Combination proved to be power, and despite the many devices employed to compel their submission, and the free expenditure of the sinews of war by the factories, the natives still held out, and the planters saw their indigo crop running waste with weeds, and threatened ruin staring them in the face. Law suits for

enhancement of rent, for expulsion of them from their holdings, and for damage from breach of contract, as well as criminal charges, and such means of bringing them to reason by making examples of a few, all failed, and the planters found themselves compelled to negotiate to save their factories from becoming valueless in the market. Instead now of the plant being cultivated under "compulsion," and the stringent supervision of the planter, its cultivation in Lower Bengal is left more to the option of the native as a matter of personal profit, and the plant is simply bought from him at the vats at a fixed rate per load. This arrangement the planters declared to be little better than ruin; nevertheless subsequent years have proved even this "ruin" to imply a fairly profitable return.

Meanwhile the planters in Upper Bengal were in great alarm lest the indigo contagion might spread to them, and took every precaution in their power to keep matters smooth till the agitation should blow over. Beyond some vague rumours, nothing definite reached the distant country places unpenetrated by the native press, and distance and difference of language saved the planters in Upper Bengal.

About the year 1867 occurred the terrible famine that devastated whole districts of Upper Bengal; when natives lay crouched in groups within factories and villages during the cold season to keep in by mutual warmth the flickering embers of life; when glazed sightless eyes were everywhere turned slowly towards the passer-by in mute and vain appeal for help; fields and roadsides were strewn with the dead and dying, upon which jackals, vultures, and dogs had begun their feast while the spark of life still lingered; and rabies, from over-gorging, became so terribly prevalent among those scavenger quadrupeds; children were placed out in the fields to die by parents, who, no longer able to feed them, could not bear to witness their

slow death from starvation, and awful meals were reported of parents finding food in the shape of their starved to death or sacrificed offspring. Following this famine year and its terrible mortality, which, coupled with epidemics, occurs at regular intervals like a natural means to counteract the over-crowding population of India, came a succeeding year of comparative plenty to relieve the hunger-stricken condition of the cultivator, and gradually disperse the awful signs of the famine—this unobviated and unalleviated either by the governing or governed Europeans who had made or were making their fortunes out of the country, or by the wealthier class of more apathetic natives. Remembering *how much* the planters had done for them in their distress, greatly induced, as they alleged, by indigo, and finding themselves hardly out of starvation when they had to meet the grinding exactions of indigo cultivation, they began to show symptoms of discontent which gradually grew into indifference to the factory orders, and ended in a determined revolt against indigo cultivation. The note once sounded, the infection spread like wildfire from village to district, and ere the planters were fully aware of it, they found themselves in the midst of a season with their young crop lying unweeded around them, and their orders set at naught. Time passed without concession from either side, and the fate of Lower Bengal seemed in store for the planters, along with the present heavy loss of a whole season's crop. They were resolved, however, to hold out, and trust to the coercive medium of large files of law papers with which they were preparing to overwhelm the native for breach of contract. To their great disappointment they found that these could only be brought into operation at the close of the season, when their crop could be estimated, but would also be lost, and could not be made use of for saving that. They learnt on consultation with eminent counsel

both in Calcutta and England, that their indigo contracts, from being purely one-sided, specifying heavy penalties to the native with no corresponding results to the planter, and mostly in the shape of unregistered documents signed by *proxy* or *mark*, might not stand the ordeal of the higher courts. Meanwhile the planters or factory servants dared hardly show their faces among the villages where lately they had been so omnipotent, or at the risk of contemptuous language or personal violence. While things were at this dead-lock, and more than one specially obnoxious planter was surrounded on the roads and treated to rough language or rougher handling, a circumstance occurred which most unexpectedly turned the tide of fortune in the planter's favour.

In a large factory in a northern district of Behar (Upper Bengal), the manager, contemptuously disregarding the threatening native attitude, or trusting to overawe by a determined front, went out in person to distrain some crops in a village for which he had obtained a warrant from the court on account of arrears of rent. Accompanied only by a European assistant, and a few coolies, he proceeded on foot from the outwork, where the village lay, to the fields a quarter of a mile distant. No sooner had he begun work than the villagers, mostly high caste Brahmins and Rajpoots, poured out of their houses armed with sticks, and, surrounding them, tore the reaping hooks from the hands of the coolies, and by their violent demonstrations made it evident to the planter that the wisest course would be to defer operations for the present. Undeterred by the threatened hostilities, he persisted in maintaining his ground and rights, and while the villagers kept exciting themselves by noisy vociferation and recapitulation of their wrongs, one of them dealt him a blow on the head which stretched him senseless and bleeding on the ground. No sooner did they see what

they had done than fear replaced their wrath, and they fled *en masse* from the fields. The planter was borne to the assistant's bungalow, at the same time that information against the assailants was forwarded to the civil station. Troops of native police, hungering for gain, soon inundated the village, in company with a large body of factory servants, but only to find it deserted of all save by the women and children. The village, a thriving one, was given up to plunder, the women were shamefully treated, pigs thrown down the wells, and ultimately the houses were razed to the ground by the factory men; and where the village and its crops were, there soon appeared a broad sheet of indigo land without trace or sign that ever a house stood there. The planter, beyond a shock to the system, was not seriously injured, and with a change to a bracing hill climate, gradually recovered.

This terrible retaliation was the first thing that began to bring the natives round to a sense of their allegiance to their indigo duties. They did not pause to think how or wherefore this had happened, or trouble themselves with such nice distinctions of an affair which rumour widely exaggerated, and planters took every opportunity of shaping to their own benefit, but merely took the broad view that this pillaged village was the result of opposition to the factory and that what had happened to others might happen to them. In the surrounding villages an immediate change was apparent in the revival of the old deference to the factory dictates, and an expressed willingness to resume indigo work. Village after village far and near tendered their submission, and once more indigo cultivation was resumed on its old footing in all the districts, and on a firmer basis than ever; this too without a single thing being done by the planters either in the way of concession or outlay to effect the change.

While matters were settling down

into their old channel, one seemingly more philanthropic planter suddenly announced his intention of raising the indigo rates on his factory, in the face of the loud and strenuous opposition of his brother planters. An example thus set was a precedent that was bound to be followed, the natives arguing that what one planter could afford so could another, and the planters making a virtue of necessity, and at the same time desirous to appear in good odour with Government, raised their rates accordingly. As it turned out, however, the leader of the movement had really been paying lower than most other factories, owing to the greater length of his measuring rod and consequent increased size of his beegha or acre—one of the mischievous peculiarities of Indian measurements. Each village has its hereditary length of measuring rod. Thus some have the 18 cubit rod (a cubit = 9 inches); some the 9, which had been paid at from Rs. 10 to Rs. 12 per beegha, and so on, lessening by halves and quarters till we have the $6\frac{1}{2}$ rod which had been paid at from Rs. 7 to Rs. 8 per beegha, the payment differing in different districts, and even factories, according to custom, the option of the planter, or the enlightenment of the native; twenty lengths of the rod each way or $20 \times 20 = 400$ being the abstract acre irrespective of its area. It will be found that the area of the 9 cubit rod acre is nearly double that of the $6\frac{1}{2}$ rod acre, and that the difference of payment was not at all in proportion. This may explain the philanthropy of the planter referred to, most of whose villages were up to or over the 9 cubit measurement, for which he had been paying about Rs. 12 per beegha; whereas many other factories who were loudest in their outcry at the innovation had the bulk of their cultivation measured by the 7 and $6\frac{1}{2}$ rod, for which they had, in proportion, been paying much higher. When, therefore, the outcry was raised, this vital point was hardly noticed, or but by a

few whose calculating powers led them further into figures than a mere rough guess, always to their own advantage. As for the natives, though practically they knew the difference well, yet those variations of rate were points far too intricate for them to go minutely into, and a rupee or two, more or less, authoritatively settled the difference. In many cases it was enough to tell them that they were paid as high in certain other factories, and thus they were put off with the shadow instead of the substance. This question of land measurements, by the way, as well as that of weighments, both productive of much worry and loss to the illiterate bulk of the population, seem crying evils meriting the attention of Government far more than some of the loud-sounding reforms which the viceroy of the day takes up rather for his own honour and glory than because they are particularly wanted. The planter referred to, however, took to himself the honour both of a philanthropic movement, and of saving the already saved indigo industry in Behar; while all the planters, warned by the past, had their indigo contracts remodelled, and, by the help of some *moral persuasion* with the natives, all registered.

Meanwhile some glimmerings as to the vanished village reached Government, and a peace-offering had to be made. A victim of course was found in the unfortunate planter whose maltreatment had been the means of saving the indigo system in the district, if not in the whole province of Behar, and to whom the consideration of all the planters was due; but strange to say the first to come down on him, and retaliate evil for the good they had reaped, were his own employers. As if he had been an enemy instead of a benefactor, they gave him his discharge without a rupee of compensation, on the assumed plea that the factory was coming to grief through his management, thereby adding insult to injury. A lawsuit followed involving him in great ex-

pense, and entailing a refund of every ana expended on his hill trip while recruiting from injuries received in their service. Nor did the other planters show him the sympathy and support that might have been expected, but having gained their object, allowed him to pass from their midst unthought of and unthanked.

After indigo cultivation had fairly settled again into its old groove, Government, desirous probably of sifting information received during the late famine, as well as during the recent "indigo rows," sent commissioners into the districts that had been afflicted by famine to examine into the causes of that, and to ascertain in what way it had been influenced by the indigo industry. Of this the planters had due information and were on their guard. Each factory had its staff of peons and numerous Zillah servants all properly posted up to their "duty," and each villager as carefully posted up to his, in regard to giving *suitable* evidence to the commissioner. When therefore this officer arrived, an incognito body-guard of indigo servants were constantly in attendance on him, as a check on too communicative villagers, and to watch and report proceedings, and he met with nothing but glowing accounts of the value of the indigo industry to the very existence of the cultivators. He learnt in the metaphor of the East that the planter was their affectionate "father and mother." Sometimes to vary the monotony and discomforts of tent life the commissioners put up at one or other of the bungalows on their route in answer to the courteous invitations sent them, little guessing at the time the delicate by-play that was going on around them. Indeed sometimes in the midst of an after-breakfast game of billiards with the commissioner, a planter, pleading urgent business, would step into the veranda for a moment to receive a peon's report of his guest's researches during his morning tour, and presently return to finish with him the game.

While the commissioner remained in a district his labours were the favourite theme of dinner-tables, and source of many a laugh and joke. At the same time would be darkly indicated certain native traitors who had suffered their feelings to get the better of them, and had marked themselves out for future consideration. What the result of the investigation was, as far as indigo-planting was concerned, did not appear from any action taken by Government.

The first sustained intervention of the Indian Government for the better footing of the native in indigo-cultivation was on the accession to office of Lord Lytton, known as one of the ablest and most keen-sighted of viceroys into native character that India has ever seen. From a Conservative ruler the planters had been accustomed to apprehend even less interference, and were rather non-plussed to find that, instead of the customary fuss at first dying an untimely death, the demands upon them rather increased than diminished. Fair promises and fairer account-sheets they found were no longer to be accepted instead of actions, and in alarm they held mass meetings, and found themselves compelled for the first time to select from among themselves a secretary on Rs. 1500 a month as a medium of communication between them and Government, and whose whole time was to be devoted to throwing a glamour over the indigo question. They well knew what indifference to the Government demands meant, or leaving Government to deal directly with the native instead of through them. They knew that were Government but to "raise a finger" to the extent of proclaiming indigo a voluntary industry, soon there "would not be a stick of indigo in the districts." A foretaste of this had been given them only a year or two before, when a magistrate, assuming that European and native were equally entitled to the protection of the law, on his own responsibility gave out this

doctrine. In consequence of this, opposition to indigo soon began to appear, and, not a moment too soon, the magistrate was transferred; whether by accident or design was known to those chiefly concerned. At all events the planters reaped the benefit of his removal, and improved the occasion for their own advantage; the result being the gradual subsiding of the threatening symptoms. However prejudicial on the native mind this might be, it only served to strengthen still more the footing of indigo-cultivation, happening, as it did, more than once.

But now, on Lord Lytton's arrival, matters improved a good deal for the native. The moorghi-khana (fowl-house; the horror of Hindoos to whom the fowl is an unclean bird) incarceration became less frequent as a means of persuasion. The back-veranda dispensation, where culprits embraced a pillar, while a cane played an important part in the ceremony, was also recommended to be used cautiously and with greater circumspection. In fact all arguments of a personal nature were understood to be at a discount; and the indirect arguments of eviction, enhancement of rent, criminal charges, and litigation generally, were also reduced to their lowest figure. Every effort was strained to keep things as smooth as possible, and even the customary joke of a cane costing ten or fifteen rupees—the amount of fine on rare occasions—fell rather into disuse. A code of rules was drawn up at the planters' meetings supposed to be binding on all, and any factory flagrantly transgressing these was outcasted by the others and left to stand on its own responsibility; a feeble resource, sooth to say, as the transgressors well knew that whatever action the Government took regarding one could only be by legislation that would equally re-act on all.

About this time Government passed a law for the greater protection of the ryot arising out of continual com-

plaints of the exactions of landlord and planter, and which secured to every tenant a hereditary right to his land so long as he paid rent, and security against arbitrary enhancement of same. This law deprived indigo-planting of one of its chief working elements, and proved a boon of the highest value to the cultivator. By and by, as time passed, and the attention of Government became fully occupied with matters of higher political import in the Afghan crisis, the indigo question was again gradually shelved, and planters settled down once more into their traditional ease and comfort.

In 1875 came another terrible famine, extending over large portions of Bengal, which would have been far more disastrous than the former but for its being so ably grappled with by Government, and for the large supplies of grain and money poured into the distressed districts, which almost obviated any mortality. When the question arose of transport of these food supplies Government accepted the tenders of the planters, and they in turn contracted with the native carters at the usual factory rates. These rates fell so far under the Government contract rate that the difference constituted fortunes to all the planters who were in a position to grasp the occasion, and some were able to retire home at once on what they had earned in the transaction. The natives, for their part, were only too glad to get employment for their idle bullocks that would augment their meagre food supplies, and multitudes of carts poured in at the planters' bidding. The planters at the same time received the thanks of Government for their *assistance* during this famine, and he who made most by the cartage contract received also an honorary title. He was understood to have made from 20,000*l.* to 25,000*l.*, and the others each from 5,000*l.* to 15,000*l.* Some of the proprietors of factories residing at home, hearing of such windfalls coming to those in their

employment without either risk or trouble, coveted a share of such easily won wealth, which they considered more theirs than their managers'. When orders to disburse failed, lawsuits were threatened—successful, in some cases, in effecting a division of gains, but which, in that of the majority, was met by a combination of the managers threatening to *build* within their employers' *dehauth* (that is, to start rival factories within the boundary line of their employers), a counter threat which in most cases won the day. Possibly famine subscribers at home were not aware of the uses to which so large a portion of their money went, but this instance, though somewhat off the subject, may show the difference between the Government idea of payment and that of the planter.

Another valuable institution to "indigo" is the executive, in so far as that relates to the native police. One of the first considerations on acquiring a factory is to see that the thannahdar, or native sub-inspector of the police station within whose division the factory lies, is amicable, and no time is lost in securing by appropriate means this desirable frame of mind. Should a dispute occur in a village between factory and native, about, it may be, forcible seizure of lands for indigo, and a free fight ensue, or a native or two come to grief, the thannahdar knows how to advise them of the danger of going to law with the factory, even should they have a scored back or two to show in evidence. In the event of his making an investigation of the case in the village, he knows how to make his report mediate between the two sides, so as to seem in keeping with truth and yet do as little harm as possible to the factory; while in case he should find it profitable to propitiate both sides, he balances his report as evenly as practicable between the two. The emoluments of the native police may be therefore supposed considerable, salaries, in fact,

forming but a fractional part of these. Indeed, so substantial do they appear, that a few fortunate years sometimes suffice an expert thannahdar to retire in ease, if not luxury, for the rest of his days, should untoward circumstances entail dispensing with his services. A robbery, not unfrequently, is the watchword, not so much for the discovery of the robbers, as for a pecuniary levy from a large area of country under the cloak of the law. The emissaries of justice, in their ominous blue and red, patrol the country in troops, settling first in one village then in another, according as they discover suspicion to lie at the doors of those well able to pay. Heavy disbursements are then necessary to unseat this suspicion, and exempt the suspected from the threatened search of their houses, rough handling, and violation of their privacy. After suspicion is thus arrested, the siege is raised to another door or village, and sometimes the costs of establishing innocence are borne by the whole village. Not a few inquisition scenes of this kind has the writer witnessed, and sometimes successfully arrested by threatening exposure, and thus saved innocent people from the ill-treatment to which they would inevitably have been subjected.

Indigo cultivation is an almost incessant grind to the native all the year round. While the land selected for indigo is generally his best, it returns him but one crop and one payment in the year; whereas his other lands yield him from two to three successive crops in the year, the poorest of which more than equals what he receives for indigo; nor does the labour of the three crops exceed that required for the one indigo crop. Their return from the Government poppy crop reaches from double to four times what they receive for indigo; besides, that the ground admits of two other successive crops in the year. The various plots of a native's "holding" differ in rental

according to quality from Rs. 1, ans. 8, to Rs. 4 or Rs. 5, and rising to Rs. 8 a beegha around towns. The ryot pays rent to the planter for his indigo field equally with the others, and the surplus of his indigo account over the rental of that field represents his net profit. The finer or higher rented his indigo land, the less, therefore, his profit. For instance, a beegha of indigo land is rented at Rs. 4; the ryot receives Rs. 12 as his entire account for a *full* indigo crop from same; deduct rental of Rs. 4, and there remains a net profit to him of Rs. 8. Another indigo field is rented at Rs. 2, yielding an *average* crop paid also by Rs. 12; deduct rent Rs. 2, and a net profit remains of Rs. 10, and an excess over the former field of Rs. 2. In the former case of the finer field is also to be taken into account the ryot's loss of the much heavier crops of his own which the better soil would yield. A peculiar feature of indigo planting occurs out of this mode of payment when the ryot has to pay a *premium* for the privilege of cultivating indigo. Instances of this kind were to be found in the case of indigo lands adjoining towns, and reaching a high rental, as above stated. The rent paid to the planter for some of these fields was Rs. 8; the indigo account was Rs. 7, ans. 8; and the blank countenances of the unfortunate cultivators may be imagined when told they had to pay 8 anas as the price of being permitted to grow indigo, and of a whole year's labour and loss of their fields into the bargain! This beegha of indigo, at the same time, yielded a net profit of from Rs. 40 to Rs. 60 to the planter.

Though even the highest payment for indigo labour is not an unmixed joy to the native, still less is the mode by which he is required to earn it. Corporal punishment and fines are elements in the question he would fain dispense with. He would rather be left to the freedom of his own will and time in extracting the remaining weeds from his indigo field, when he

has to balance his time between that and his own crops on which the support of his family mainly depends. Apart from the personal inconvenience of corporal adjustment, he does not approve of being made a spectacle to his village, on his own domain as it were, while his helpmate's screams of sympathy from her door keep company to his own. Equally hard does he find it to part with Rs. 2 or Rs. 5 fine-money, which he has raised from the money-lender at high usury on security of his future crops, the smaller sum representing a whole month's wage to him, and which he needs so much for the hungry mouths of his family. Nor does he think it a right state of things that even their Pundit, a Brahmin, the expounder of the holy shastras, whom they look up to and reverence, the teacher of their children, and welder of the matrimonial bands, should not be considered beyond fine on account of his indigo lands. Perhaps he hopes for better times, and that the Company Bahadoor may some day pass away, and then the old native *régime* will return, when there will be no indigo, and he a freer, happier man. The royal proclamation and the Utopian hopes it held out to his country people, when the guardianship of their country passed from the Company to the Crown, are far beyond his ken. As a rule, the cultivator knows only of the Company Bahadoor still as it formerly was; and perhaps he is too harassed and absorbed by the carking cares of his life often to have many thoughts beyond the present, or beyond what are enough to carry him through the daily drudgery and toil, unvaried and unlightened, by which he earns his bread. An instance or two of the manner in which business negotiations are managed in India between European and native, often peculiar and characteristic of the country, will conclude.

Within the (arbitrary) boundary of a large factory in Upper Bengal, a considerable landed property, belonging to a Hindu devotee sect, called

Having to write out, under pressure, agreements to cultivate indigo, knowing what refusal meant.

The disproportionate payment for the indigo lands, and for labour expended on these the whole year round, for one crop; while the same labour on the same land would yield three successive crops of their own in the year.

The compulsory cartage of the indigo plant at very low rates during the rainy season, when the roads are often impassable, and their bullocks having frequently to wade knee-deep in water or mud, break down and die, or become disabled for life, without any compensation being given for the loss.

The compulsory labour levied from the leased villages in the shape of coolies, ploughs, &c., for the *zerauts*, or *home cultivation*, which consist of large sheets of indigo land adjoining the factories, aggregating from one to four hundred beeghas (Indian acre), cultivated directly by the factories by means of hired labour and a small staff of servants; this often when all the villager's time is urgently required for his own crops, and the consequent mischief to these; also the very low rates paid for such labour,

The corporal punishment and fines to which they are subjected, and the various ways and means devised to punish them (hereafter explained) when they fail in any way to comply with the factory mandates.

The collection of large portions of the rental, including that for their indigo lands, at stated times during the year, to save the planter interest on borrowed money for his working outlay, while a large surplus always remains to be paid to the native at the close of the year in the shape of his balance indigo account.

The system pursued by the planters in some of the largest indigo districts, on leasing a village (a village implying also the surrounding tract of land) of measuring out whole sheets of the best land in the village, namely, that closest around the houses and usually

reserved for the lucrative opium crop, and of *dispossessing* the tenants of same for the purpose of indigo cultivation on the *home* or *zeraut* system, cultivated directly by the factory and not through the medium of the tenant; the amount thus taken depending on the amount of fine land coveted, and the deficiency thereby caused in the rental being replaced by compulsory cultivation of the waste land or *purti* of the village, which the hereditary village accountant is left to adjust.

The contract between the planter and tenant, which secures one beegha out of every four or five belonging to the tenant for the cultivation of indigo by said tenant, being often exceeded, and an excess of good land taken from one man being made up to him out of the inferior lands of another, or out of the waste lands of the village (usually waste because not worth cultivating), thus causing great heart-burnings and confusion in their holdings, besides, owing to the factory supervision, much domestic inconvenience to them from infringement of the freedom and privacy of their families.

About the year 1860 there occurred in Lower Bengal what were termed the "indigo rows," consisting of a resolute stand made by the natives against cultivating indigo longer on the planters' terms, and of the consequent quarrels, litigation, and free fights to which this gave rise. Such a climax, undreamt of by the planters, because unwarranted by any precedent, was alleged by the natives to be the outcome of a long course of unrelaxing rigour and oppression which eventuated in driving them into resistance. Combination proved to be power, and despite the many devices employed to compel their submission, and the free expenditure of the sinews of war by the factories, the natives still held out, and the planters saw their indigo crop running waste with weeds, and threatened ruin staring them in the face. Law suits for

enhancement of rent, for expulsion of them from their holdings, and for damage from breach of contract, as well as criminal charges, and such means of bringing them to reason by making examples of a few, all failed, and the planters found themselves compelled to negotiate to save their factories from becoming valueless in the market. Instead now of the plant being cultivated under "compulsion," and the stringent supervision of the planter, its cultivation in Lower Bengal is left more to the option of the native as a matter of personal profit, and the plant is simply bought from him at the vats at a fixed rate per load. This arrangement the planters declared to be little better than ruin; nevertheless subsequent years have proved even this "ruin" to imply a fairly profitable return.

Meanwhile the planters in Upper Bengal were in great alarm lest the indigo contagion might spread to them, and took every precaution in their power to keep matters smooth till the agitation should blow over. Beyond some vague rumours, nothing definite reached the distant country places unpenetrated by the native press, and distance and difference of language saved the planters in Upper Bengal.

About the year 1867 occurred the terrible famine that devastated whole districts of Upper Bengal; when natives lay crouched in groups within factories and villages during the cold season to keep in by mutual warmth the flickering embers of life; when glazed sightless eyes were everywhere turned slowly towards the passer-by in mute and vain appeal for help; fields and roadsides were strewn with the dead and dying, upon which jackals, vultures, and dogs had begun their feast while the spark of life still lingered; and rabies, from over-gorging, became so terribly prevalent among those scavenger quadrupeds; children were placed out in the fields to die by parents, who, no longer able to feed them, could not bear to witness their

slow death from starvation, and awful meals were reported of parents finding food in the shape of their starved to death or sacrificed offspring. Following this famine year and its terrible mortality, which, coupled with epidemics, occurs at regular intervals like a natural means to counteract the over-crowding population of India, came a succeeding year of comparative plenty to relieve the hunger-stricken condition of the cultivator, and gradually disperse the awful signs of the famine—this unobviated and unalleviated either by the governing or governed Europeans who had made or were making their fortunes out of the country, or by the wealthier class of more apathetic natives. Remembering *how much* the planters had done for them in their distress, greatly induced, as they alleged, by indigo, and finding themselves hardly out of starvation when they had to meet the grinding exactions of indigo cultivation, they began to show symptoms of discontent which gradually grew into indifference to the factory orders, and ended in a determined revolt against indigo cultivation. The note once sounded, the infection spread like wildfire from village to district, and ere the planters were fully aware of it, they found themselves in the midst of a season with their young crop lying unweeded around them, and their orders set at naught. Time passed without concession from either side, and the fate of Lower Bengal seemed in store for the planters, along with the present heavy loss of a whole season's crop. They were resolved, however, to hold out, and trust to the coercive medium of large files of law papers with which they were preparing to overwhelm the native for breach of contract. To their great disappointment they found that these could only be brought into operation at the close of the season, when their crop could be estimated, but would also be lost, and could not be made use of for saving that. They learnt on consultation with eminent counsel

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yet to form a company for taking advantage of the provision, and is perhaps not likely to do so; and finally his appeal from English to Irish opinion was answered in his favour whenever an election furnished an opportunity. The strong speech in December, then, seemed to belie the sober speech of August. In fact it only disclosed another view of the same position, and that position ought by this time to be perfectly well understood. It is possible enough that Mr. Parnell himself might well be content with something a long way short of "national independence," just as his country will have for a long time to come to be content with short measure of that "national prosperity" which is the other adornment of his peroration. An Irish Grand Committee up stairs at Westminster might answer all the practical purposes of a revival of the fabled glories of a parliament on College Green, and if the Lord Lieutenancy were abolished, Mr. Parnell made Secretary for Irish Affairs, and his best lieutenants provided with administrative posts (for which, for that matter, some of them are perfectly competent), it might be that the ideal would be as nearly realised as the imperfections of mundane affairs would allow. England, too, would have everything to gain, for though such an arrangement could not save Ireland from the ferocities of inveterate faction and agrarian contention, the task and the odium of suppression would at all events fall on the right shoulders. The leaders would have a chance of learning some of the difficulties of Government, while their followers might, in the transaction of their local affairs, be learning some of the lessons of responsibility. But for a revolutionary leader to sound the faintest note of compromise, while the struggle rages at its fiercest, is to sign his own death-warrant. Whatever may be the comparative moderation of Mr. Parnell's own notions, to use the language of moderation in the Rotunda

would be to invite summary deposition. The moralist may use what phrase he pleases about a man who pitches his language higher than his thought, but in the complex transactions of politics the statesman, like the publicist, is called to measure forces, to calculate probabilities, to adjust utilities, not to trouble himself with the precise degree of an opponent's moral delicacy. Whether Mr. Parnell or any other mortal can shape and mould Irish nationalist sentiment into forms that will satisfy English political intelligence, it is at least not unimportant for our own comfort and convenience that he should be successful in the attempt. It is easier to deal with one man than with formless masses, driven hither and thither by vague and aimless discontent. It would be fortunate indeed for us if the Irish leader of to-day were of the noble type of Grattan, the great leader a hundred years ago; if the contest were waged with some of that elevation of feeling, that dignity of language, that magnanimity of judgment, which have never before been so wholly absent from a popular movement. The men of 1848 may have been shallow and blind, but at least their motives were clothed in generous forms. Some who have known both insist that even the older Fenians had a manliness and size about them which is wanting to their more troublesome successors. But all this degradation, of sinister omen as it is for the future, is the too intelligible outcome of bad government in the past. Whatever may be the outcome of the struggle, we must face the certainty, that as the Irish peasantry are gradually allowed to press forwards from their secular darkness and bondage to an increased control of their public fortunes, Irish politics will long continue to be in tone and form widely different from politics in Great Britain, where freedom and responsibility have long been the settled habits of large classes of our population.

This we ought to make every possible effort to understand, because unless we understand it, the comparative squalor of politics in Ireland is apt to produce a mixed irritation and contempt among us, which is both unreasonable and mischievous. Nothing would make so great an improvement in the English treatment of the Irish case as the growth among us of the same wise sense of social distance which makes the Massachusetts man patient and tolerant towards disorder in Texas or South Carolina. In Kentucky, as we have recently been told, with a population of a million and a half, there were, in 1878, 219 homicides. To measure the enormity of this figure, we are bidden to note that in Yorkshire, with a population of something less than 3,000,000, the average number of homicides in a year is thirty-three. Yet monstrous as such violent disorder must seem to a peaceful and settled community, who can imagine a cry being raised in the North to send federal troops into Kentucky, or even an appeal to the Kentucky legislature to pass a Coercion Act or restrict its elective franchise? The American is less easily frightened, and his taste for order less readily shocked than is the case with the Englishman. The moral of this is that we ought to prepare ourselves for rougher speech, a more impracticable demeanour, greater violence in the Irish population and in its representatives. Until we adjust and rectify our point of view in this sense, mortification and disappointment will be our portion to the last. We must drop the martinet in Ireland. If we could bring ourselves to be content with less in the way of order, it might prove that in the end we had gained more.

Meanwhile, the great difficulty of the existence of a colony of northern Protestants has again made itself felt. The Queen's Government, as Mr. Trevelyan has recently informed us, is all that stands between Ireland and

civil war. The natural result is that it incurs the animosity of both combatants. The Orangeman says of the erasure of Lord Rossmore's name from the commission of the peace that Lord Rossmore was entirely in his right in walking at the head of his friends to the appointed place of meeting, and that his punishment will be read in Ireland as the sacrifice of a loyal man in order to renew the vain attempt of conciliating the disaffected. The Nationalist retorts that the prohibition of their meetings in such purely Catholic districts as Garrison is a concession to the violent and lawless pretensions of the Orange faction; that, if the language of the Nationalist speaker is violent or seditious, the Government can lock him up for it, as they locked up Mr. Davitt and Mr. Healey; that, if the Orangemen resort to open force to put down perfectly legal meetings, the authorities ought to put them down by force; that, even if, as was said by the Chief Secretary, it would have taken a thousand men to protect the Lord Mayor in his rights at Londonderry, the thousand men ought to have been as surely forthcoming as they have been before now to protect exterminators in their rights of eviction. It is not easy to foresee the line that will be taken by the Irish Executive in reply, for the Lord Chancellor, in the course of a letter vindicating the removal of Lord Rossmore, lays down the following proposition: — "In times like the present, when a meeting is being held which is not proclaimed by the Executive, or which the magistrates, acting on their inherent powers, do not resolve to suppress as illegal, such a meeting cannot, *a priori*, be deemed illegal. Parties who assail such a meeting would be common disturbers of the public peace; but parties who, after organising a counter meeting, bring their forces in close proximity to the place of meeting which is objectionable to them, particularly when in so doing they exhibit indications of a

defiance or a challenge, incur responsibility of a most serious character." This would seem to be a perfectly judicial and correct account of the business, and it establishes at once the right of the Nationalists to hold meetings in Ulster, and the duty of the Executive to protect them in the right.

While these fundamental difficulties remain as intractable as ever, transitory sources of disturbance are abating. The stress of the agitation being now over, the informer is making his appearance on many sides. Secret murder-clubs in Mayo and in Westmeath are being brought to justice. The land courts are eating their way through the lists with considerable rapidity, through the arrears of appeals are still very heavy and unmanageable. The offer of Lord Devon to sell to the tenantry on his estate his interest in their holdings, on condition that at least half of them should give in their assent, still hangs fire, but it is worthy of remark that Mr. Parnell, in spite of his advocacy of prairie value, advises the tenants to offer sixteen years purchase, while Mr. Davitt, on the other hand, recommends them not to be in a hurry, because by and by the occupying proprietors will be taxed in the interest of the whole community. Mr. Biggar, too, who though not in all ways an attractive person is a very shrewd one, has been urging embarrassed landlords to come to terms with their tenants for the purchase of their holdings. Some hope of a rather sorry kind has been raised by the revival of hostility in some quarters in Mayo to the Parnellite party, but the feud between the old Fenian party in Mayo and the Parnellites is not a new affair, and we shall not know the relative strength of the two factions until an election shows whether Mr. O'Connor Power can hold his seat. It is safest in forecasting the march of events in Ireland to make our account with the worst. If any thing better than the worst should happen, it will be the

first agreeable surprise in the long period between the eloquent hopefulness of Burke in 1782, and the eloquent hopefulness of Mr. Gladstone exactly one hundred years later.

In India an enterprise that was injudiciously begun has had a disastrous end. The Criminal Jurisdiction Bill, commonly called after the legislative member of council who had the drafting of it, aimed at removing certain judicial disabilities of native magistrates, and conferring on them the same jurisdiction over European-British subjects as belongs to British magistrates of the same class. The object was practical and administrative convenience, for there are already natives of the rank of district magistrate and sessions judge of perfect competence and experience, who are deprived of the ordinary advantages of their position because it is not expedient to give them posts where there are Europeans. The scope of the measure was extremely small and limited, and one knows not whether to wonder more at the enormously wide principles to which its political supporters have appealed in England, or at the comprehensive invective that has been hurled against it by opponents both in England and in India. The principle that every European who enters India shall be placed under the same laws and tribunals as the natives, has been accepted and enforced for at least half a century. The European has been subject not only to all the civil courts, but to the criminal jurisdiction of the native magistrates in the four Presidency towns, and of the native judges of the High Courts. The only difference was that the Englishmen scattered about the country could not be tried by the local court, if the magistrate were a native. The Bill proposed to remove this last disqualification. As first introduced, it conferred the power of punishing by fine or im-

prisonment, not only on district magistrates and sessions judges, but on native officers of certain lower grades. The last provision was dropped, and the real effect of the Bill was simply to confer on certain high class native magistrates in local courts a jurisdiction over Europeans, which has for many years been exercised by native magistrates in the towns where there are most Europeans, with perfect competency and without complaint. The measure itself, therefore, was one of a minimum of importance on the merits.

But anything will serve for a rallying cry when people are excited, and Lord Ripon ought to have known the many elements of excitement that have been smouldering in the European community almost from the beginning of his reign. Great causes and small were at work. Anglo-Indians, like any other set of men living amid a lower race, have high notions of government, and are naturally cold to the principles of western Liberalism. Lord Ripon had gone out as the representative of Liberalism of the Midlothian pattern. He had gone out expressly to substitute domestic policy after Mr. Gladstone's fashion for the policy of aggressive activity after the fashion of Lord Lytton. He applied to the extension of railways, to improvement of administration, to the prosecution of public works, revenues which his predecessors had devoted to an odious and unprofitable war. His attempts in the direction of local self-government had roused suspicion and resentment in the minds of the official, as well as of the non-official, part of the Anglo-Indian community. The bar was furious at some reduction of judicial salaries at Calcutta, and to this solid injury was added the sentimental injury of seeing a native judge appointed to act as Chief Justice at Bombay during the absence of the European occupant of that high post. New regulations as to admission to the Roorkee Engineering College had ex-

asperated the mean whites. The planters from Behar and Assam raised a wild cry that under the new bill any native official would be able to hang any Englishman. The drivers and stokers on the railways mechanically swelled the chorus. The agitation mounted to a pitch for which there is no precedent, and the native population of Calcutta received an awkward lesson when they saw the Viceroy return to Government House under an ostentatious affront from the European population. The end of it all has been a surrender in the worst form. The principle of the Bill is saved by the retention of the provision that no distinction is to be made between European and native sessions judges or district magistrates as regards jurisdiction over European British subjects. But a reactionary move is made at the same time, for which this slight move forwards is no compensation. Every European British subject who may be charged before a sessions judge or district magistrate will be entitled, whether such sessions judge or district magistrate be European or native, and whatever be the offence charged, to claim to be tried by a jury, the majority of whose members shall be his own countrymen; and this right may be exercised even in districts to which the jury system has not yet been extended. The last clause is almost more objectionable than the one before.

It will be observed that this is an advance, in the wrong direction, upon the provision mentioned by Lord Northbrook at Bristol, giving the right of appeal after conviction. This right is now given upon the charge being laid. To the European is again restored the mischievous privilege which was deliberately taken from him in 1872. The capitulation is complete. The planter, the mean white, the anti-native, have won the battle. A demoralising and dangerous storm has been provoked, with no other result than to give an immunity, which they

never dreamed of asking, to the class of the population which it is notoriously of increasing importance to hold in with a firmer hand. It will be a long time before an Indian Viceroy will venture again to meddle with Europeans or to stand up for natives. So mischievous a fiasco almost justifies some of the censure that hostile critics in this country have been visiting on Lord Ripon. If the rumour be true that he is preparing other unpopular changes, the discredit of his sense of the opportune will be complete.

If Great Britain is surrounded by problems through which the most sagacious statesman can only see his way dimly, the other great countries of the civilised world are not more fortunate. Russia has difficulties which are only too notorious, both at home and on her frontier. Her rulers shrink from taking a step along the path of constitutional freedom from vague apprehensions which it is easy to understand, but which the strenuous courage of a great mind of the order of Richelieu or Frederick would certainly overcome. In Central Asia—if we are uneasy, so is she; if we suspect her influence on the borders of Afghanistan, so does she suspect ours in the debatable zone to the north and west of the Afghan borders and on the frontier of Persia. Nearer and hotter troubles lie among her kinsfolk in the south-east of Europe. The clouds that gathered during the autumn over the small states of the Balkan peninsula have for the moment dispersed, but they reminded men of the smouldering fires of the tremendous controversy between Russia and Austria, between Slav and Teuton.

Austria herself, again, is afflicted by other forms of the same controversy of rival races within her own borders. A glimpse of the subterranean agitation was revealed in Croatian disturbances of the autumn, and it has been repeated in the passionate scenes that marked the opening of the Croatian

Diet at Agram a few days ago. Czechs Slovenes and Slovaks, Serbs and Croats, are all slowly on the move against German and Magyar. Roumanian, Wallach, Ruthenian, and Pole, have the modern fever of nationality stealthily and busily working in their veins. There are doubtless strong tendencies in the other direction, but the conflict between them is a heavy travail for the statesmen of the empire-kingdom. Another of the great feuds of the world, which rages in Russia, in Germany, in Hungary, disclosed itself in the refusal of the Hungarian parliament during the present month to legalise marriages between Jews and Christians.

If we turn to the more homogeneous governments of Italy and of Spain, they seem to be in smooth waters, compared with the deep contentions of their northern neighbours. The difficulties of Italy are of the purely parliamentary sort, and however troublesome these may become, they are slighter than the distractions of subject nationalities aspiring to autonomy. Spain is not yet free from the perturbations, not only of ministerial but of constitutional change. The Cortes has opened its session, and there is no reason to suppose that the Liberal Administration of Señor Posada Herrera will not be able for the time to hold its own. But the lowering of the suffrage is a leading article in the programme, and in a country where there is a strong republican party, it cannot be easy to touch a project for increasing popular power without stirring opinions and ideas that may lead further than a mere re-adjustment of parliamentary franchise. The prospect is made the more serious by the presence of an army, whose leaders have grievances and aims of their own, and who are accustomed by a vicious tradition to intervene in the production of civil changes. The King, however, has shown some slight signs of character and capacity, and may prove strong enough to avert confusion.

The Crown Prince of Germany, who has just returned home from his tour, is congratulated by some on the prospect of succession to an empire which is happily free from the carking solitudes of other realms. His visit to the Pope on his way back from Madrid is interpreted to mean that one chief source of discontent within the empire, the treatment namely of the Catholic clergy and their congregations by Prince Bismarck and Folk Laws, is on the eve of being removed. The cordiality of his reception by the King of Italy and the King of Spain is supposed to set a public seal upon that vast diplomatic combination which its admirers call the Great League of Peace, while more critical observers see in it either a thin disguise for rude and untempered German mastery, or else a mere rope of sand, as little able to stand the strain of actual circumstances as the famous Kulturkampf itself, that was so belauded in its day, and is now rapidly coming to so ignominious a close. It may be doubted whether the Crown Prince himself, who is an enlightened man, better acquainted than his father or Prince Bismarck with the drift of things a little way ahead of the present time, looks on the prospect, either for himself or for Europe, with any complacency. The economic condition of Germany is very unstable, and the demands of military service are very exhausting. The social democrats are not dead, and they are the most ferocious and intractable revolutionists in all Europe. Particularism still haunts important quarters and waits its time. As for the ring of alliances, all history shows that the combinations seeming to unite the greatest number of Powers are always most brittle and least enduring. We should say that a German citizen of the age of one-and-twenty has as poor a chance of a tranquil and undisturbed life as any sort or condition of men now alive.

The snares that lie about the path of

the French Republic are better known in England than elsewhere, because it is with England that her new spirit of adventure brings her into the closest contact. But when all is considered, and in spite of what is to be regretted in some of her proceedings, France is not the least happy of European nations. It is true that in comparison with eras when her history was a pageant, the present is a day of small things. But tranquil order on a solid foundation is of better omen than the glittering shows of an imperial fabric that rested on despotism and corruption. The expenditure, it is true, is enormous. The budget, including of course the increase caused by the debt of the war with Germany, has risen from 65 millions sterling in 1869, to 121 millions. But much of this goes to objects so laudable and so reproductive as the education of the people.

It is a year since the death of Gambetta. Some saw in the disappearance from the scene of this great and illustrious figure a presage of the ruin of the Republic. Events have proved otherwise. A fetid exhalation of rivalry and intrigue reminds us occasionally that Bonapartism was once formidable, and that, too, not very long ago. The Orleanists might seem to be the stronger for the death of the rival pretender, but they do not touch the public imagination, and they seldom win an election. The Church is militant after its fashion, but does not just now espy any particular chance. In one direction, no doubt, the signs are bad, but this is the very direction in which Gambetta gave the first impulse, and where the prolongation of his influence was least to be desired. Gambetta looked upon himself as the heir of the grand tradition of France. Richelieu, Colbert, Mazarin, Bonaparte, were in his dreams. He was for action, extension, and a revival of colonial policy. The famous speech at the Cherbourg *punch d'honneur* in the autumn of 1880 was the signal for a movement which led to the Tunisian

annexation, to the Joint Note, to Madagascar, to Tonquin, to the Congo. Gambetta has gone, but his school remains. They profess to look back with shame upon the order to the French fleet to withdraw from Dulcigno if operations began in earnest, and upon the actual execution of the same order at Alexandria. They are for recovering the ground lost in the Nile by acquisitions on the Congo and the Niger. They have even gone so far in the retrograde path that M. Spuller the other day actually made a strong speech in favour of a Vatican policy, apparently for no better reason than that the Crown Prince of Germany seemed to be making things pleasant with the Pope. All this is unpromising enough, so far as it goes. But the Gambettist school is not uncontrolled. There has been a valid expression of pacific and prudent feeling in the discussions of the month on the two votes of credit for the Tonquin expedition, and though the capture of Sontay by Admiral Courbet has for the moment done something to restore the position of M. Ferry and to revive his aggressive spirit, the Government have had warning enough to make them walk warily. It is a curiously significant coincidence, by the way, that Monsignor Freppel, the Bishop of Angers, made just as strong a speech in favour of war upon the

Black Flags, as some Protestant ministers have made in our own country for war, or something undistinguishable from war, on behalf of the Hovas. In so singular a way does the modern spiritual power uphold the sacred cause of peace.

The precise way out of the deadlock is not clear. It has been rumoured that the British Government has been invited to mediate, but another story is that China will prefer to appeal to more Powers than one. For us the latter course would be preferable, for it must be allowed that French Governments are as little famous for magnanimity or good grace in their diplomacy, as the Governments of the United States. Meanwhile we may expect that France will not assent to anything less than compensating herself by the delta of the Red River for supposed rebuffs in a nearer and more famous delta.

The survey need not discourage us. Change and movement are as much the law of modern societies as tumult is of the ocean. Each generation has its difficulties, and to each its own troubles seem more arduous than any that ever were known before. No statesmanship can avert or evade them. They can only be met and settled imperfectly, and our settlements will probably be no more imperfect than in other times.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1884.

THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND.

"THERE is a vulgar view of politics which sinks them into a mere struggle of interests and parties, and there is a foppish kind of history which aims only at literary display, which produces delightful books hovering between poetry and prose. These perversions, according to me, come from an unnatural divorce between two subjects which belong to one another. Politics are vulgar when they are not liberalised by history, and history fades into mere literature when it loses sight of its relation to practical politics." These very just remarks are made by Mr. Seeley in a new book which everybody has been reading, and which is an extremely interesting example of that union of politics, with history which its author regards as so useful or even indispensable for the successful prosecution of either history or politics. His lectures on the expansion of England contain a suggestive and valuable study of two great movements in our history, one of them the expansion of the English nation and state together by means of colonies; the other, the stranger expansion by which the vast population of India has passed under the rule of Englishmen. Mr. Seeley has in his new volume recovered his singularly attractive style and power of literary form. It underwent some obscuration in the three volumes in which the great transformation of Germany and Prussia during the Napoleonic

age was not very happily grouped round a biography of Stein. But here the reader once more finds that ease, lucidity, persuasiveness, and mild gravity that were first shown, as they were probably first acquired, in the serious consideration of religious and ethical subjects. Mr. Seeley's aversion for the florid, rhetorical, and over-decorated fashion of writing history has not carried him to the opposite extreme, but it has made him seek sources of interest, where alone the serious student of human affairs would care to find them, in the magnitude of events, the changes of the fortunes of states, and the derivation of momentous consequences from long chains of antecedent causes.

The chances of the time have contributed to make Mr. Seeley's book, in one sense at least, singularly opportune, and have given to a philosophical study the actuality of a political pamphlet. The history of the struggle between England and France for Canada and for India acquires new point at a moment when the old rivalries are again too likely to be awakened in Madagascar, in Oceania, and in more than one region of Africa. The history of the enlargement of the English state, the last survivor of a family of great colonial empires, has a vivid reality at a time when Australasia is calling upon us once more to extend our borders, and take new races under our sway. The discussion

of a colonial system ceases to be an abstract debate, and becomes a question of practical emergency, when a colonial convention presses the diplomacy of the mother-country and prompts its foreign policy. Mr. Seeley's book has thus come upon a tide of popular interest. It has helped, and will still further help, to swell a sentiment that was already slowly rising to full flood. History, it would seem, can speak with two voices—even to disciples equally honest, industrious, and competent. Twenty years ago there was a Regius Professor of History at Oxford who took the same view of his study as is expressed in the words at the head of this article. He applied his mind especially to the colonial question, and came to a conclusion directly opposed to that which commends itself to the Regius Professor of History at Cambridge.¹ Since then a certain reaction has set in, which events will probably show to be superficial, but of which while it lasts Mr. Seeley's speculations will have the benefit. In 1867, when the guarantee of the Canadian railway was proposed in Parliament, Mr. Cave, the member for Barnstaple, remarked that instead of giving three millions sterling with a view of separating Canada from the United States, it would be more sensible and more patriotic to give ten millions in order to unite them. Nobody protested against this remark. If it were repeated to-day there would be a shout of disapprobation. On the other hand we shall not have another proposal to guarantee a colonial railway. This temporary fluctuation in opinion is not the first instance of men cherishing the shadow after they have rid themselves of the substance, and clinging with remarkable ardour to a sentiment, after they have made quite sure that it shall not inconvenience them in practice.

Writing as a historian, Mr. Seeley

¹ *The Empire*, by Mr. Goldwin Smith, published in 1868—a masterpiece of brilliant style and finished dialectics.

exhorts us to look at the eighteenth century in a new light and from a new standpoint, which he exhibits with singular skill and power. We could only wish that he had been a little less zealous on behalf of its novelty. His accents are almost querulous as he complains of historical predecessors for their blindness to what in plain truth we have always supposed that they discerned quite as clearly as he discerns it himself. "Our historians," he says, "miss the true point of view in describing the eighteenth century. They make too much of the mere parliamentary wrangle and the agitations about liberty. They do not perceive that in that century the history of England is not in England, but in America and Asia." "I shall venture to assert," he proceeds in another place, "that the main struggle of England from the time of Louis XIV. to the time of Napoleon was for the possession of the New World; and it is for want of perceiving this that most of us find that century of English history uninteresting." The same teasing refrain runs through the book. We might be disposed to traverse Mr. Seeley's assumption that most of us do find the eighteenth century of English history uninteresting. "In a great part of it," Mr. Seeley assures us, "we see nothing but stagnation. The wars seem to lead to nothing, and we do not perceive the working of any new political ideas. That time seems to have created little, so that we can only think of it as prosperous, but not as memorable. Those dim figures, George I. and George II., the long tame administrations of Walpole and Pelham, the commercial war with Spain, the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy, the foolish prime minister Newcastle, the dull brawls of the Wilkes period, the miserable American war—everywhere alike we seem to remark a want of greatness, a distressing commonness and flatness in men and in affairs." This would be very sad if it were true, but is it true? A plain man rubs his eyes in amazement at such reproaches.

So far from most of us finding the eighteenth century uninteresting, as prosperous rather than memorable, as wanting in greatness, as distressing by the commonness and the flatness of its men and its affairs, we undertake to say that most of us, in the sense of most people who read the English language, know more about, and feel less flatness, and are more interested in the names of the eighteenth century than in those of all other centuries put together. If we are to talk about "popular histories," the writer who distances every competitor by an immeasurable distance is Macaulay. Whatever may be said about that illustrious man's style, his conception of history, his theories of human society, it is at least beyond question or denial that his *Essays* have done more than any other writings of this generation to settle the direction of men's historical interest and curiosity. From Eton and Harrow down to an elementary school in St. Giles's or Bethnal Green, Macaulay's *Essays* are a text-book. At home and in the colonies, they are on every shelf between Shakespeare and the Bible. And of all these famous compositions, none are so widely read or so well-known as those on Clive, Hastings, Chatham, Frederick, Johnson, with the gallery of vigorous and animated figures that Macaulay grouped round these great historic luminaries. We are not now saying that Macaulay's view of the actors or the events of the eighteenth century is sound, comprehensive, philosophical, or in any other way meritorious; we are only examining the truth of Mr. Seeley's assumption that the century which the most popular writer of the day has treated in his most glowing, vivid, picturesque, and varied style, is regarded by the majority of us as destitute of interest, as containing neither memorable men nor memorable affairs, and as over-spread with an ignoble pall of all that is flat, stagnant, and common.

Nor is there any better foundation for Mr. Seeley's somewhat peremptory

assertion that previous writers all miss what he considers the true point in our history during the eighteenth century. It is simply contrary to fact to assert that "they do not perceive that in that century the history of England is not in England, but in America and Asia." Mr. Green, for instance, was not strong in his grasp of the eighteenth century, and that period is in many respects an extremely unsatisfactory part of his work. Yet if we turn to his *History of the English People*, this is what we find at the very outset of the section that deals with modern England:—

"The Seven Years' War is in fact a turning point in our national history, as it is a turning point in the history of the world. . . . From the close of the Seven Years' War it mattered little whether England counted for less or more with the nations around her. She was no longer a mere European power; she was no longer a rival of Germany or France. Her future action lay in a wider sphere than that of Europe. Mistress of Northern America, the future mistress of India, claiming as her own the empire of the seas, Britain suddenly towered high above nations whose position in a single continent doomed them to comparative insignificance in the after-history of the world. It is this that gives William Pitt so unique a position among our statesmen. His figure in fact stands at the opening of a new epoch in English history—in the history not of England only, but of the English race. However dimly and imperfectly, he alone among his fellows saw that the struggle of the Seven Years' War was a struggle of a wholly different order from the struggles that had gone before it. He felt that the stake he was playing for was something vaster than Britain's standing among the powers of Europe. Even while he backed Frederick in Germany, his eye was not on the Weser, but on the Hudson and the St. Lawrence. 'If I send an army to Germany,' he replied in memorable words to his assailants, 'it is because in Germany I can conquer America!'"

This must be pronounced to be, at any rate, a very near approach to that perception which Mr. Seeley denies to his predecessors, of the truth that in the eighteenth century the expansion of England was the important side of her destinies at that epoch.

Then there is Carlyle. Carlyle professed to think ill enough of the eighteenth century—poor bankrupt century,

and so forth,—but so little did he find it common, flat, or uninteresting, that he could never tear himself away from it. Can it be pretended that he, too, “missed the true point of view”? Every reader of the *History of Frederick* remembers the Jenkins’s-Ear-Question, and how “half the World lay hidden in embryo under it. Colonial-Empire, whose is it to be? Shall half the world be England’s, for industrial purposes; which is innocent, laudable, conformable to the Multiplication Table, at least, and other plain laws? Shall there be a Yankee Nation, shall there not be; shall the New World be of Spanish type, shall it be of English? Issues which we may call immense.” This, the possession of the new world, was “England’s one Cause of War during the century we are now upon” (Bk. xii., ch. xii.). It is “the soul of all these Controversies and the one meaning they have” (xvi., xiv.). When the war was over, and the peace made at Hubertsburgh, Carlyle apprehended as clearly as words can express, what the issue of it was for England and the English race. England, he says, is to have America and the dominion of the seas,—considerable facts both,—“and in the rear of these, the new Country is to get into such merchandisings, colonisings, foreign settlings, gold nuggetings, as lay beyond the drunkenest dreams of Jenkins (supposing Jenkins addicted to liquor)—and in fact to enter on a universal uproar of Machineries, Eldorados, ‘Unexampled Prosperities,’ which make a great noise for themselves in the days now come,” with much more to the same effect (xx., xiii.). Allowance made for the dialect, we do not see how the pith and root of the matter, the connection between the transactions of the eighteenth century and the industrial and colonial expansion that followed them, could be more firmly or more accurately seized.

It would be unreasonable to expect, these and other writers to isolate the phenomena of national expansion, as

Mr. Seeley has been free to do, to the exclusion of other groups of highly important facts in the movements of the time. They were writing history, not monograph. Nor is it certain that Mr. Seeley has escaped the danger to which writers of monographs are exposed. In isolating one set of social facts, the student is naturally liable to make too much of them, in proportion to other facts. Let us agree, for argument’s sake, that the expansion of England is the most important of the threads that it is the historian’s business to disengage from the rest of the great strand of our history in the eighteenth century. That is no reason why we should ignore the importance of the constitutional struggle between George the Third and the Whigs, from his accession to the throne in 1760 down to the accession of the younger Pitt to power in 1784. Mr. Seeley will not allow his pupils to waste a glance upon “the dull brawls of the Wilkes period.” Yet the author of the *Thoughts on the Present Discontents* thought it worth while to devote all the force of his powerful genius to the exploration of the causes of these dull brawls, and perceived under their surface great issues at stake for good government and popular freedom. Mr. Seeley does justice to the importance of the secession of the American colonies. He rightly calls it a stupendous event, perhaps in itself greater than the French Revolution, which so soon followed it. He only, however, discerns one side of its momentous influence, the rise of a new state, and he has not a word to say as to its momentous consequences to the internal politics of the old state from which the colonies had cut themselves off. Yet some of the acutest and greatest Englishmen then living, from Richard Price up to Burke and Fox, believed that it was our battle at home that our kinsfolk were fighting across the Atlantic Ocean, and that the defeat and subjection of the colonists would have proved fatal in the end to the

liberties of England herself. Surely the preservation of parliamentary freedom was as important as the curtailment of British dominion, and only less important than the rise of the new American state. Even for a monograph, Mr. Seeley puts his theme in too exclusive a frame; and even from the point of his own profession that he seeks to discover "the laws by which states rise, expand, and prosper or fall in this world," his survey is not sufficiently comprehensive, and his setting is too straitened.

Another criticism may be made upon the author's peculiar delimitation of his subject. We will accept Mr. Seeley's definition of history as having to do with the state, with the growth and the changes of a certain corporate society, acting through certain functionaries and certain assemblies. If the expansion of England was important, not less important were other changes vitally affecting the internal fortunes of the land that was destined to undergo this process. Expansion only acquired its significance in consequence of what happened in England itself. It is the growth of population at home, as a result of our vast extension of manufactures, that makes our colonies both possible and important. There would be nothing capricious or perverse in treating the expansion of England over the seas as strictly secondary to the expansion of England within her own shores, and to all the causes of it in the material resources and the energy and ingenuity of her sons at home. Supposing that a historian were to choose to fix on the mechanical and industrial development of England as the true point of view, we are not sure that as good a case might not be made out for the inventions of Arkwright, Hargreaves, and Crompton as for the acquisition of the colonies; for Brindley and Watt as for Clive and Hastings. Enormous territory is only one of the acquisitions or instruments of England, and we know no reason why that particular element of growth should be singled out as overtopping the other elements that made

it so important as it is. It is not the mere multiplication of a race, nor its diffusion over the habitable globe that sets its deepest mark on the history of a state, but rather those changes in idea, disposition, faculty, and, above all, in institution, which settle what manner of race it shall be that does in this way replenish the earth. From that point of view, after all, as Tocqueville said, the greatest theatre of human affairs is not at Sydney, it is not even at Washington, it is still in our old world of Europe.

That the secession of the American colonies was a stupendous crisis, Mr. Seeley recognises, but his dislike of the idea that their example may be followed by other colonies seems to show that he does not agree with many of us as to the real significance of that great event. He admits, no doubt, that the American Union exerts a strong influence upon us by "the strange career it runs and the novel experiments it tries." These novel experiments in government, institutions, and social development, are the most valuable results, as many think, of the American state, and they are the results of its independence. Yet independence is what Mr. Seeley dreads for our present colonies, both for their own sake and ours. If any one thinks that America would be very much what she now is, if she had lost her battle a hundred years ago and had continued to be still attached to the English crown though by a very slender link, he must be very blind to what has gone on in Australia.¹ The history of emigration in Canada, of transportation in New South Wales, and of the disastrous denationalisation of the land in Victoria, are useful illustrations of the difference between the experiments of a centralised compared with a decentralised system of government. Neither Australia nor

¹ The story has been recently told over again in a little volume by Mr. C. J. Rowe, entitled *Bonds of Disunion, or English Misrule in the Colonies*. (Longmans, 1883.) The title is somewhat whimsical, but the book is a very forcible and suggestive contribution to the discussion raised by Mr. Seeley.

Canada approached the United States in vigour, originality, and spirit, until, like the United States, they were left free to work out their own problems in their own way. It is not the republican form of government that has made all the difference, though that has had many most considerable effects. Independence not only put Americans on their mettle, but it left them with fresh views, with a temper of unbounded adaptability, with an infinite readiness to try experiments, and free room to indulge it as largely as ever they pleased. As Mr. Seeley says, the American Union "is beyond question the state in which free will is most active and alive in every individual." He says this, and a few pages further on he agrees that "there has never been in any community so much happiness, or happiness of a kind so little demoralising, as in the United States." But he proceeds to deny, not only that the causes of this happiness are political, but that it is in any great degree the consequence of secession. He seems to assume that if we accept the first proposition, the second follows. That is not the case. Secession was a political event, but it was secession that left unchecked scope and, more than that, gave a stimulus and an impulse such as nothing else could have given, to the active play and operation of all the non-political forces which Mr. Seeley describes, and which exist in much the same degree in the colonies that still remain to us. It is the value that we set on alacrity and freshness of mind that makes us distrust any project that interferes with the unfettered play and continual liveliness of what Mr. Seeley calls free will in these new communities, and makes us extremely suspicious of that "clear and reasoned system," whatever it may be, to which Mr. Seeley implores us all to turn our attention.

II.

We shall now proceed to inquire practically, in a little detail, and in plain English, what "clear and reasoned system" is possible. It is not profit-

able to tell us that the greatest of all the immense difficulties in the way of a solution of the problem of the union of Greater Britain into a Federation is a difficulty that we make ourselves: "is the false preconception which we bring to the question, that the problem is insoluble, that no such thing ever was done or ever will be done." On the contrary, those who are incurably sceptical of federation, owe their scepticism not to a preconception at all, but to a reasoned examination of actual schemes that have been proposed, and of actual obstacles that irresistible circumstances interpose. It is when we consider the real life, the material pursuits, the solid interests, the separate frontiers and frontier-policies of the colonies, that we perceive how deeply the notions of Mr. Seeley are tainted with vagueness and dreaminess.

The moral of Mr. Seeley's book is in substance this, that if we allow "ourselves to be moved sensibly nearer in our thoughts and feelings to the colonies, and accustom ourselves to think of emigrants as not in any way lost to England by settling in the colonies, the result might be, first, that emigration on a vast scale might become our remedy for pauperism; and, secondly, that some organisation might gradually be arrived at which might make the whole force of the empire available in time of war" (p. 298). Regarded as a contribution, then, to that practical statesmanship which is the other side of historical study, Mr. Seeley's book contains two suggestions: emigration on a vast scale, and a changed organisation. On the first, not many words will be necessary. They come to this, that unless the emigration on a vast scale is voluntary, all experience shows that it will fail inevitably, absolutely, and disastrously: and next, that if it is voluntary, it will never on a vast scale, though it may in rare individual instances, set in a given direction by mere movement of our thoughts and feelings about the flag or the empire. It is not sentiment but material ad-

vantages that settle the currents of emigration. Within a certain number of years, 4,500,000 of British emigrants have gone to the United States, and only 2,500,000 to the whole of the British possessions. Last year 179,000 went to the United States, and only 43,000 to Canada. The chairman of the Hudson's Bay Company the other day plainly admitted to his shareholders that "as long as the United States possessed a prairie country and Canada did not, the former undoubtedly offered greater advantages for the poorer class of emigrants." He would not force emigrants to go to any particular country, "but *everything else being equal*, he would exercise what moral influence he could to induce emigrants to go to our own possessions" (Report in *Times*, November 23, 1883). The first step, therefore, is to secure that everything else shall be equal. When soil, climate, facility of acquisition, proximity to English ports, are all equalised, it will be quite time enough to hope for a change in the currents of emigration, and when that time comes the change will be wrought not by emotions of patriotic sentiment, but by calculations of prudence. No true patriot can honestly wish that it should be otherwise, for patriotism is regard for the wellbeing of the people of a country as well as affection for its flag.

Let us now turn to the more important question of some organisation by which the whole force of the empire might be made available in time of war. Our contention is not that the whole force could not, might not, or ought not to be made available. So far as these issues go, the answer would depend upon the nature and the stress of the contingencies which made resort to the whole force of the empire necessary or desirable. All that we argue for is that the result will never be reached by a standing and permanent organisation. Mr. Seeley does not himself attempt to work out any clear and reasoned system, nor was it his business to do

so. Still it is our business to do what we can to take the measure of the idea which his attractive style and literary authority have again thrown into circulation in enthusiastic and unreflecting minds. Many other writers have tried to put this idea into real shape, and when we come to ask from them for further and better particulars, the difficulties that come into view are insuperable.

We shall examine some of these projects, and we may as well begin with the most recent. Sir Henry Parkes, in an article just published, after the usual protestations of the sense of slight in the breasts of our kinsfolk, of the vehement desire for a closer union with the mother country, and in favour of a more definite incorporation of Australia in the realm, proceeds to set forth what we suppose to be the best practical contributions that he can think of towards promoting the given end. The "changes in the imperial connection" which the ex-premier for New South Wales suggest, are these:—1. The Australian group of colonies should be confederated, and designated in future the British States of Australia, or the British-Australian State. 2. A representative council of Australia should sit in London, to transact all the business between the Federation and the Imperial Government. 3. In treaties with foreign nations, Australia must be consulted, so far as Australian interests may be affected, through her representative council. Sir Henry Parkes, we may remark, gives no instance of a treaty with a foreign nation in which Australian interests have been injured or overlooked. 4. Englishmen in Australia must be on an equal footing with Englishmen within the United Kingdom as recipients of marks of the royal favour; especially they should be made peers. 5. The functions of governor should be limited as much as possible to those which are discharged by the Sovereign in the present working of the Constitution, and to State ceremonies. These are

the suggestions which Sir Henry Parkes throws out "without reserve or hesitation," as pointing to the direction in which "well-considered changes" should take place. The familiar plan for solving the problem by the representation of the colonies in the Imperial Parliament he peremptorily repudiates. "That," he says, "would be abortive from the first, and end in creating new jealousies and discontents." What it all comes to, then, is that the sentiment of union between Englishmen here and Englishmen at the Antipodes is to be strengthened, first, by making more Knights of St. Michael and St. George; second, by a liberal creation of Victorian, Tasmanian, and New South Welsh peerages; third, by reducing the officer who represents the political link between us to a position of mere decorative nullity; and fourth, by bringing half a dozen or a score or fifty honest gentlemen, many thousands of miles away from their own affairs, in order to transact business which is despatched without complaint or hindrance in a tolerably short interview once a week, or once a month, or once a quarter, between the Secretary of State and the Agent General. If that is all, we can only say that seldom has so puny a mouse come forth from so imposing a mountain.

"The English people," says Sir Henry Parkes, "in Europe, in America, in Africa, in Asia, in Australasia, are surely destined for a mission beyond the work which has consumed the energies of nations throughout the buried centuries. If they hold together in the generations before us in one world-embracing empire, maintaining and propagating the principles of justice, freedom and peace, what blessings might arise from their united power to beautify and invigorate the world." This is the eloquent expression of a lofty and generous aspiration which every good Englishman shares, and to which he will in his heart fervently respond. But the Australian statesman cannot seriously

think that the maintenance and propagation of justice, freedom and peace, the beautifying and invigorating of the world, or any of the other blessings of united power, depend on the four or five devices, all of them trivial, and some of them contemptible, which figure in his project. Of all ways of gratifying a democratic community that we have ever heard of, the institution of hereditary rank seems the most singular,—supported, as we presume that rank would be by primogeniture and landed settlements. As for the consultative council, which is an old suggestion of Lord Grey's, what is the answer to the following dilemma? If the Crown is to act on the advice of the agents then the imperial politics of any one colony must either be regulated by a vote of the majority of the members of the council—however unpalatable the decision arrived at may be to the colony affected—or else the Crown will be enabled to exercise its own discretion, and so to arrogate to itself the right to direct colonial policy. (Rowe's *Bonds of Disunion*, 356.) The simpleton in the jestbooks is made to talk of a bridge dividing the two banks of a stream. Sir Henry Parkes's plan of union would soon prove a dividing bridge in good earnest.

Sir Henry Parkes does not try to conceal from us, he rather presses upon us by way of warning, that separation from England is an event which, "whatever surface-loyalists may say to the contrary, is unquestionably not out of the range of possibilities within the next generation." "There are persons in Australia, and in most of the Australian legislatures, who avowedly or tacitly favour the idea of separation." "In regard to the large mass of the English people in Australia," he adds on another page, "there can be no doubt of their genuine loyalty to the present state, and their affectionate admiration for the present illustrious occupant of the Throne. But this

loyalty is nourished at a great distance, and by tens of thousands daily increasing, who have never known any land but the one dear land where they dwell. It is the growth of a semi-tropical soil, alike tender and luxuriant, and a slight thing may bruise, even snap asunder, its young tendrils."

"The successful in adventure and enterprise," he says with just prescience, "will want other rewards than the mere accumulation of wealth," and other rewards, may we add, than knighthoods and sham peerages. "The awakening ambitions of the gifted and heroic will need fitting spheres for their honourable gratification," and such spheres, we may be very sure, will not be found in a third-rate little consultative council, planted in a back-room in Westminster, waiting for the commands of the Secretary of State. In short, a suspicion dawns upon one's mind that this sense of coldness, this vague craving for closer bonds, this crying for a union, on the part of some of our colonists, is, in truth, a sign of restless *malaise*, which means, if it were probed to the bottom, not a desire for union at all, but a sense of fitness for independence.

There are great and growing difficulties in the matter of foreign and inter-colonial relations. But these will not be solved by a council which may be at variance with the government and majority in the colony. They are much better solved, as they arise, by a conference with the Agent for the Colonies, or, as has been done in the case of Canada, by allowing the government of the colony to take a part in the negotiations, and to settle its own terms. Fisheries, copyright, and even customs' duties, are instances in point. This is a process which will have to be carried further. Each large colony will have relations to foreign countries more and more distant from those of the mother country, and must be allowed to deal with those relations itself. How this is to be done will be a problem in each case. It will furnish a

new chapter of international law. But it is a chapter of law which will grow *pro re nata*. Its growth will not be helped or forwarded by any *a priori* system. Any such system would be attended with all the evils of defective foresight, and would both fetter and irritate.

III.

To test the strain that Australian attachment to the imperial connection would bear, we have a right to imagine the contingency of Great Britain being involved in a war with a foreign Power of the first-class. Leaving Sir Henry Parkes, we find another authority to enlighten us upon the consequences in such a case. Mr. Archibald Forbes is a keen observer, not addicted to abstract speculation, but with a military eye for facts and forces as they actually are, without reference to sentiments or ideals to which anybody else may wish to adjust them. Mr. Forbes has traced out some of the effects upon Australian interests of an armed conflict between the mother-country and a powerful adversary. Upon the Australian colonies, he says, emphatically, such a conflict would certainly bring wide-ranging and terrible mischiefs. We had a glimpse of what would happen at once, in the organised haste with which Russia prepared to send to sea swift cruisers equipped in America, when trouble with England seemed imminent in 1878. We have a vast fleet, no doubt, but not vast enough both to picquet our own coast-line with war-ships against raids on unprotected coast-towns, and besides that to cover the great outlying flanks of the Empire. These hostile cruisers would haunt Australasian waters (coaling in the neutral ports about the Eastern Archipelago), and there would be scares, risks, uncertainties, that would derange trade, chill enterprise, and frighten banks. Another consideration, not mentioned by Mr. Forbes, may be added. We now do the carrying trade of Australasia to the great

benefit of English shipowners. (See *Economist*, August 27th, 1881.) If the English flag were in danger from foreign cruisers, Australia would cease to employ our ships, and might possibly find immunity in separation and in establishing a neutral flag of her own.

Other definite evils would follow war. The Australasian colonist lives from hand to mouth, carries on his trade with borrowed money, and pays his way by the prompt disposal of his produce. Hence it is that the smallest frown of tight money sends a swift shock, vibrating and thrilling, all through the Australasian communities. War would at once hamper their transactions. It would bring enhanced freights and higher rates of insurance, to cover war risks. This direct dislocation of commerce would be attended in time by default of payment of interest on the colonial debt, public, semi-public, and private. As the vast mass of this debt is held in England, the default of the Englishmen in Australia would injure and irritate Englishmen at home, and the result would be severe tension. The colonial debtor would be all the more offended, from his consciousness that "the pinch which had made him a defaulter would have a purely gratuitous character so far as he was concerned."

"I, at least," says Mr. Forbes, in concluding his little forecast, "have the implicit conviction that if England should ever be engaged in a severe struggle with a Power of strength and means, in what condition soever that struggle might leave her, one of its outcomes would be to detach from her the Australian colonies" (*Nineteenth Century*, for October, 1883). In other words, one of the most certain results of pursuing the spirited foreign policy in Europe, which is so dear to the Imperialist or Bombastic school, would be to bring about that disintegration of the Empire which the same school regard as the crown of national disaster.

It would be a happy day for the Peace Society that should give the colonies a veto on imperial war. It is true that during the Indian Mutiny New South Wales offered to send away the battery for which it paid, but when the despatch actually took place it was furious. Australia has militiamen, but who supposes that they can be spared in any numbers worth considering for long campaigns, and this further loss and dislocation added to those which have been enumerated by Mr. Forbes? Supposing, for the sake of argument, that Australia were represented in the body that decided on war, though we may notice that war is often entered upon even in our own virtuous days without preliminary consent from Parliament, nobody believes that the presence of Australian representatives in the imperial assembly that voted the funds would reconcile their constituents at the other side of the globe to paying money for a war, say, for the defence of Afghanistan against Russia, or for the defence of Belgian neutrality. The Australian, having as much as he can do to carry on from hand to mouth, would speedily repent himself of that close and filial union with the mother-country which he is now supposed so ardently to desire, when he found his personal resources crippled for the sake of European guarantees or Indian frontiers. We had a rather interesting test only the other day of the cheerful open-handedness that English statesmen expect to find in colonial contributions for imperial purposes. We sent an expedition to Egypt, having among its objects the security of the Suez Canal. The Canal is part of the highway to India, so (shabbily enough, as some think) we compelled India to pay a quota towards the cost of the expedition. But to nobody is the Canal more useful than to our countrymen in Australia. It has extended the market for their exports and given fresh scope for their trade. Yet from them nobody dreams of asking a farthing. Nor do the

pictures drawn by Mr. Forbes and others encourage the hope that any Ministry in any one of the seven Australian Governments is likely to propose self-denying ordinances that take the shape of taxes for imperial objects. "He is a hard-headed man, the Australian," says Mr. Forbes, "and has a keen regard for his own interest, with which in the details of his business life, his unquestionable attachment to his not over-affectionate mother, is not permitted materially to interfere. Where his pocket is concerned, he displays for her no special favouritism. For her, in no commercial sense, is there any 'most favoured nation' clause in his code. He taxes alike imports from Britain and from Batavia. His wool goes to England because London is the wool market of the world, not because England is England. He transacts his import commerce mainly with England because it is there where the proceeds of the sale of his wool provide him with financial facilities. But he has no sentimental predilection for the London market."

IV.

Proposals of a more original kind than those of Sir Henry Parkes have been made by the Earl of Dunraven, though they are hardly more successful in standing cross-examination. Lord Dunraven has seen a great deal of the world, and has both courage and freshness of mind. He scolds Liberals for attaching too little importance to colonies, and not perceiving that our national existence is bound up with our existence as an empire. We are dependent in an increasing degree on foreign countries for our supply of food, and therefore we might starve in time of war unless we had an efficient fleet; but fleets, to be efficient, must be able to keep the sea for any length of time, and they can only do this by means of the accommodation afforded by our various dependencies and colonies dotted over

the surface of the globe. This is a very good argument so far as it goes, but of course it would be met, say in South Africa, by keeping Table Mount and Simon's Bay, and letting the rest go. It might, too, as we all know, be met in another way, namely, by the enforcement at sea of the principles of warfare on land, and the abandonment of the right of seizure of the property of private individuals on the ocean.

Besides that, says Lord Dunraven, the colonies are by far our best customers, and our only chance of increasing or maintaining our trade lies in "the development of the colonies." What development means, he does not very clearly explain. Subsidised emigration and all such devices he dismisses as futile. Some means should be devised, he says, whereby the independent colonies should have a voice in the management of matters affecting the empire: what those means might exactly be, he does not even hint. The mother country and the colonies might be drawn closer together by the abandonment of free trade and the formation of an imperial Zollverein or Greater British Customs-Union. In this way, capital would move more freely within the empire from one portion to another—as if capital which has gone from Great Britain to the Australian group of colonies to such a tune that the public indebtedness there is three times the amount per head in the mother country (to say nothing of the vast sums embarked in private enterprise, bringing up the aggregate debt to a million and a quarter), did not move quite freely enough as it is. Supply would at last have an opportunity of accommodating itself to demand without let or hindrance over a large portion of the earth's surface—as if more were necessary for this than the simple reduction of their tariffs, which is within the power of the protectionist colonies without federation, confederation, or any other device whatever. As it is, by the way, the

colonies take nearly four times as much per head per annum of our manufactures as is taken by the United States (32*s.* against 8*s.* 4*d.*).

It is not necessary for me here, even if there were space, to state the arguments against the possibility of a perfect Customs Union embracing the whole British Empire. They have been recently set forth by the masterly hand of Sir Thomas Farrer (*Fair Trade v. Free Trade*, published by the Cobden Club, pp. 38—60). The objections to such a solution rest on the fact that it involves the same fiscal system in countries differing widely as the poles in climate, in government, in habits, and in political opinions. "It would prevent any change in taxation in one of the countries constituting the British Empire, unless the same change were made in all." To require Canada and Australia to adopt our system of external taxation, to model their own internal taxation accordingly, and to continue to insist on that requirement, whatever their own change either of opinion or condition might be, would be simply destructive of local self-government. "Free Trade is of extreme importance, but Freedom is more important still."

V.

Among the devices for bringing the mother country and the great colonies into closer contact, we do not at present hear much of the former plan for giving seats to colonial representatives in the British Parliament. It was discussed in old days by men of great authority. Burke had no faith in it, while Adam Smith argued in its favour. Twenty years before the beginning of the final struggle, the plan was rejected by Franklin. In 1831 Joseph Hume proposed that India should have four members, the Crown colonies eight, the West Indies three, and the Channel Islands one. Mr. Seeley's book may for a little time revive vague notions of the same specific. Sir Edward Creasy, also by

the way a professor of history, openly advocated it, but with the truly remarkable reservation that "the colonies should be admitted to shares in the Imperial Parliament on the understanding that they contributed nothing at all to the imperial revenue by taxation."¹ That is, they are to vote our money, but we are not to vote theirs. As Cobden saw, this is a flaw that is fatal to the scheme. "What is the reason," he asked, "that no statesman has ever dreamt of proposing that the colonies should sit with the mother country in a common legislature? It was not because of the space between them, for nowadays travelling was almost as quick as thought; but because the colonies, not paying imperial taxation, and not being liable for our debt, could not be allowed with safety to us, or with propriety to themselves, to legislate on matters of taxation in which they were not themselves concerned." He also dwelt on the mischief inseparable from the presence of a sectional and isolated interest in Parliament (*Speeches*, i. 568-9). Lord Grey points out another difficulty. The colonial members, he says, would necessarily enrol themselves in the ranks of one or other of our parliamentary parties. "If they adhered to the Opposition, it would be impossible for them to hold confidential intercourse with the Government; and if they supported the Ministers of the day, the defeat of the administration would render their relations with a new one still more difficult" (*Nineteenth Century*, June, 1879). In short, since the concession of independent legislatures to all the most important colonies, the idea of summoning representatives to the Imperial Parliament is, indeed, as one high colonial authority has declared it to be, a romantic dream. If the legislature of Victoria is left to settle the local affairs of Victoria, the legislature of the United Kingdom must be left to settle our local affairs.

¹ *Constitutions of the Britannic Empire* (1872), p. 43.

Therefore the colonial members could only be invited to take a part on certain occasions in reference to certain imperial matters. But this would mean that we should no longer have one Parliament but two, or, in other words, we should have a British Parliament and a Federal Council.

Another consideration of the highest moment ought not to be overlooked. In view of our increasing population, social complexities, and industrial and commercial engagements of all kinds, *time* is of vital importance for the purposes of domestic legislation and internal improvements. Is the time and brain-power of our legislators, and of those of our colonies too, to be diverted perpetually from their own special concerns and the improvement of their own people, to the more showy but less fruitful task of keeping together and managing an artificial Empire?

VI.

Eight or nine years ago Mr. Forster delivered an important address at Edinburgh on our Colonial Empire. It was a weighty attempt to give the same impulse to people's minds from the political point of view as Mr. Seeley tries to give from the historical. Mr. Forster did not think that "the admission of colonial representatives into our Parliament could be a permanent form of association," though he added that it might possibly be useful in the temporary transition from the dependent to the associated relation. In what way it would be useful, he did not more particularly explain. The ultimate solution he finds in some kind of federation. The general conditions of union, in order that our empire should continue, he defines as threefold. "The different self-governing communities must agree in maintaining allegiance to one monarch—in maintaining a common nationality, so that each subject may find that he has the political rights and privileges of other subjects

wheresoever he may go in the realm;¹ and, lastly, must agree not only in maintaining a mutual alliance in all relations with foreign powers, but in apportioning among themselves the obligations imposed by such alliance."² It is, as everybody knows, at the last of the three points that the pinch is found. The threatened conflict between the Imperial and the Irish parliaments on the Regency in 1788-9 warns us that difficulties might arise on the first head, and it may be well to remember under the second head that the son of a marriage between a man and his sister-in-law has not at present the same civil right in different parts of the realm. But let this pass. The true question turns upon the apportionment of the obligations incurred by states entering a federal union on equal terms. What is to be the machinery of this future association? Mr. Forster, like Mr. Seeley, and perhaps with equally good right, leaves time to find the answer, contenting himself with the homely assurance that "when the time comes, it will be found that where there's a will, there's a way." Our position is that the will depends upon the way, and that the more any possible way of federation is considered, the less likely is there to be the will.

It is not in the mere machinery of federation that insurmountable difficulties arise, but in satisfying ourselves that the national sentiment would supply steam enough to work the machinery. Of course we should at once be brought face to face with that which is in Mr. Forster's judgment one of the strongest arguments against giving responsible government to Ireland, the necessity for a written constitution. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council were engaged only the other day in hearing a dispute on appeal (*Hodge v. the Queen*),

¹ The refusal to allow the informers in the Phoenix Park trials to land in Australia is worth remembering under this head.

² *Our Colonial Empire*. By the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P. Edmonston & Douglas. 1875.

turning on the respective powers of the legislature of Ontario and the Parliament of the Dominion. The instrument to be interpreted was the British North America Act, but who will draft us a bill that shall settle the respective powers of the Dominion legislature, the British legislature, and the Universal Greater British legislature?

It would be interesting to learn what place in the great Staatenbund or Bundes-staat would be given to possessions of the class of the West Indies, Mauritius, the West Coast, and such *propugnacula* of the Empire as Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, or Hong Kong. What have we to offer Australia in return for joining us in a share of such obligations as all these entail? Are her taxpayers anxious to contribute to their cost? Have her politicians either leisure or special competency for aiding in their administration? India, we must assume, would come within the province and jurisdiction of the Federation. It would hardly be either an advantage or a pleasure to the people of a young country, with all their busy tasks hot on their hands, to be interrupted by the duty of helping by men or cash to put down an Indian Mutiny, and even in quiet times to see their politicians attending to India instead of minding their own very sufficiently exacting business.

The Federal Council would be, we may suppose, deliberative and executive, but we have not been told whence its executive would be taken. If from its own members, then London (if that is to be the seat of the Federal Government) would see not only two legislatures, but two cabinets, because it would certainly happen that the Federal Council would constantly give its confidence to men sent to it from the colonies, and not having seats in the British Parliament. In that case the mother of parliaments would sink into the condition of a state legislature, though the contributions of Great Britain would certainly be many times larger than those of all the colonies

put together. If on the contrary view, Great Britain were to take the lead in the Council, to shape its policy, and to furnish its ministers, can anybody doubt that the same resentment and sense of grievance which was in old times directed against the centralisation of the Colonial Office, would instantly revive against the centralisation of the new Council?

Nobody has explained what is to be the sanction of any decree, levy, or ordinance of the Federal Council; in other words how it would deal with any member of the Confederacy who should refuse to provide money or perform any other act prescribed by the common authority of the Bund. If anybody supposes that England, for instance, would send a fleet to Canada to collect ship-money in the name of the Federal Council, it would be just as easy to imagine her sending a fleet in her own name. Nothing can be more absurd than any supposition of that kind, except the counter-supposition that no confederated state would ever fail to fall cheerfully in with the requirements of the rest of them. Mr. Forster has an earnest faith that the union would work well, but that does not prevent him from inserting a possible proviso or understanding that "any member of the Federation, either the mother-country or any of its children, should have an acknowledged right to withdraw from the mutual alliance on giving reasonable notice." No doubt such a proviso would be essential, but if a similar one had been accepted in America after the election of President Lincoln, the American Union would have lasted exactly eighty years, and no more. The catastrophe was prevented by the very effective sanction which the Federalists proved themselves to possess in reserve.

What is the common bond that is to bring the various colonies into a federal union? It is certain that it will have to be a bond of political and national interest, and not of sentiment merely, though the sentiment may serve by way of decoration. We all

know how extremely difficult it was to bring the provinces of Canada to form themselves into the Dominion. It is within immediate memory that in South Africa, in spite of the most diligent efforts of ministers and of parliament, the interests of the Cape, of Natal, of Griqualand, and the two Dutch republics were found to be so disparate that the scheme of confederation fell hopelessly to pieces. In Australia the recent conference at Sydney is supposed to have given a little impulse towards confederation, but the best informed persons on the spot have no belief that anything practical can come of it for a very long time to come, if ever,—so divergent are both the various interests and men's views of their interests. Three years ago a conference of all the Australian colonies was held to consider the adoption of a common fiscal policy. The delegates of New South Wales, South Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and Western Australia voted in favour of a resolution which recommended the appointment of a joint commission to construct a common tariff, but Victoria voted in a minority of one, and the project was therefore abandoned. If there is this difficulty in bringing the colonies of a given region into union, we may guess how enormous would be the difficulty of framing a scheme of union that should interest and attract regions *penitus toto divisos orbe*.

Another line of consideration brings us still more directly to the same probability of a speedy deadlock. In Mr. Forster's ideal federation there must, he says, be one principle of action throughout the empire concerning the treatment of uncivilised or half civilised races. With the motive of this humane reservation all good Englishmen, wherever they live, will ardently sympathise. But how would a Federal Union have any more power than Lord Kimberley had to prevent a Cape parliament, for instance, from passing a Vagrant Act? That Act contained, as Lord Kimberley confessed,

some startling clauses, and its object was in fact to place blacks under the necessity of working for whites at low wages. He was obliged to say that he had no power to alter it, and we may be quite sure that if the Executive of the Greater British Union had been in existence, and had tried to alter the Act, that would have been the signal for South Africa to walk out of the union. We may look at such contingencies in another way. Great Britain, according to a statement made by Mr. Gladstone in the last session of parliament, has spent more than twelve millions sterling on frontier wars in South Africa during the eighty years that we have been unfortunate enough to have that territory on our hands. The conduct of the colonists to the natives has been the main cause of these wars, and yet it is stated that they themselves have never contributed more than 10,000*l.*, a year towards military expenditure on their account. Is it possible to suppose that the Canadian lumberman and the Australian sheep-farmer will cheerfully become contributors to a Greater British fund for keeping Basutos, Pondos, Zulus quiet to please the honourable gentlemen from South Africa, especially as two-thirds of the constituents of these honourable gentlemen would be not Englishmen but Dutchmen? Yet if the stoppage of supplies of this kind would be one of the first results of the transformation of the mother-country into the step-mother Union, what motive would South Africa have for entering it? On the other hand, is there any reason to suppose that South Africa would contribute towards the maintenance of cruisers to keep French convicts and others out of the Pacific, or towards expeditions to enable the Queensland planters to get cheap labour, or to prevent Australian adventurers from land-grabbing in New Guinea? If it be said that the moral weight of a great union of expanded Englishmen would procure a cessation of the harsh or aggressive policy that leads to these

costly little wars, one can only reply that this will be a very odd result of giving a decisive voice in imperial affairs to those portions of our people who, from their position and their interests, have been least open to philanthropic susceptibilities. It is perfectly plain that the chief source of the embarrassments of the mother country in dealing with colonies endowed with responsible government would simply be reproduced if a Federal Council were sitting in Downing Street in the place of the Secretary of State.

The objections arising from the absence of common interest and common knowledge may be illustrated in the case of the disputed rights of fishery off Newfoundland. It has been suggested by Lord Grey that in such a matter it would be of great advantage to have in the standing committee of colonial privy councillors which he proposes, a body which would both give it information as to the wishes and opinions of the colonies, and assist in conveying to the colonies authentic explanation of the reasons for the measures adopted. That the agents from Newfoundland could give the Government information is certain, but what light could the agents from New Zealand throw on the fishery question? Then apply the case to the proposal of a Federation. As the question raises discussions with the United States and with France, it is an imperial matter, and would be referred to the Federal Council. That body, in spite of its miscellaneous composition, would be no better informed of the merits of the case than the present cabinet, nor do we know why it should be more likely to come to a wise decision. However that might be, we cannot easily believe that the merchant of Cape Town or the sugar-planter in Queensland, or the coffee grower in Fiji would willingly pay twopence or fourpence of income tax for a war with France, however authentic might be the explanations given to him of the reasons why the fishermen of Nova Scotia had destroyed

the huts and the drying stages of French rivals on a disputed foreshore. We fail to see why the fact of the authentic explanation being conveyed by his own particular delegate should be much more soothing to him than if they were conveyed by the Secretary of State, for, after all, as Mr. Seeley will assure him, Lord Derby and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach are brothers and fellow-countrymen. No, we may depend upon it that it would be a *mandat impératif* on every federal delegate not to vote a penny for any war, or preparation for war, that might arise from the direct or indirect interests of any colony but his own.

I have said little of the difficulties arising from the vast geographic distances that separate these great outlying communities from one another, and from the mother country. But those difficulties exist, and they are in one sense at the root of others more important than themselves. "Countries separated by half the globe," says Mill, in his excellent chapter on the government of dependencies by a free state, "do not present the natural conditions for being members of one federation. If they had sufficiently the same interests, they have not, and never can have, a sufficient habit of taking counsel together. They are not part of the same public; they do not discuss and deliberate in the same arena, but apart, and have only a most imperfect knowledge of what passes in the minds of one another. They neither know each other's objects, nor have confidence in each other's principles of conduct. Let any Englishman ask himself how he should like his destinies to depend on an assembly of which one-third was British American, and another third South African and Australian. Yet to this it must come, if there were anything like fair or equal representation; and would not every one feel that the representatives of Canada and Australia, even in matters of an imperial character, could not know, or feel any

sufficient concern for the interests, opinions, or wishes of English, Irish, or Scotch?"¹ Tariffs, as we have seen, are one question, and the treatment of native races is another, where this want of sympathy and agreement between Englishmen at home and Englishmen in the most important colonies, is open and flagrant.

The actual circumstances of federal unions justify Mill's remark on the impossibility of meeting the conditions of such polities, where the communities are separated by half the globe; nor does the fact that New Zealand is now only forty days from the Thames make any difference. The districts of the Aetolian, and the towns of the Achæan, League were in effect neighbours. The Germanic Confederation was composed of kingdoms and principalities that are conterminous. The American Union is geographically solid. So are the cantons of the Swiss Confederation. The nine millions of square miles over which the British flag waves are dispersed over the whole surface of the globe. The fact that this consideration is so trite and obvious does not prevent it from being an essential element in the argument. Mr. Seeley's precedents are not at all in point.

It is no answer to say, with Mr. Forster, that "English-speaking men and women look at life and its problems, especially the problems of government, with much the same eyes everywhere." For the purposes of academic discussion, and with reference to certain moral generalities, this might be fairly true. But the problems of government bring us into a sphere where people are called upon to make sacrifices, in the shape of taxation if in no other, and here English-speaking men and women are wont not by any means to look at life and its problems, from George Grenville's Stamp Act down to the 333 articles in the tariff of Victoria, with the same eyes. The problems of govern-

ment arise from clashing interests, and in that clash the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin is the resolution not willingly to make sacrifices without objects which are thought to be worth them. If we can both persuade ourselves and convince the colonists that the gains of a closer confederation will compensate for the sacrifices entailed by it, we shall then look at the problem with the same eyes: if not, not. Englishmen at home withdrew the troops from New Zealand, because we did not choose to pay for them. Englishmen in Canada and Victoria do their best to injure our manufactures, because they wish to nurse their own. The substance of character, the leading instincts, the love of freedom, the turn for integrity, the taste for fair play, all the great traits and larger principles may remain the same, but there is abundant room in the application of the same principles and the satisfaction of the same instincts for the rise of bitter contention and passionate differences. The bloodiest struggle of our generation was between English-speaking men of the North and English-speaking men of the South, because economic difficulties had brought up a problem of government which the two parties to the strife looked at with different eyes from difference of habit and of interest. It is far from being enough, therefore, to rely on a general spirit of concord in the broad objects of government for overcoming the differences which distance may chance to make in its narrow and particular objects.

If difficulties of distance, we are asked by the same statesman, "have not prevented the government of a colony from England, why must they prevent the association of self-governing communities with England?" But distance was one of the principal causes, and perhaps we should not be far wrong in saying that it was the principal cause, why the time came when some colonies could no longer

¹ J. S. Mill *On Representative Government*, pp. 317—8.

be governed from England—distance, and all those divergencies of thought and principle referred to by Mill, which distance permitted or caused to spring into existence and to thrive.

The present writer claims to belong as little to the Pessimist as to the Bombastic school—to borrow Mr. Seeley's phrase—unless it is to be a Pessimist to seek a foothold in positive conditions and to insist on facing hard facts. The sense of English kinship is as lively in us as in other people, and we have the same pride in English energy, resolution, and stoutness of heart, whether these virtues show themselves in the young countries or the old. We agree in desiring a strong and constant play between the thoughts, the ideals, the institutions, of Englishmen in the island-home and Englishmen who have carried its rational freedom and its strenuous industry to new homes in every sea. Those who in our domestic politics are most prepared to welcome democratic changes can have least prejudice against countrymen who are showing triumphantly how order and prosperity are not incompatible with a free Church, with free schools, with the payment of members, with manhood suffrage, and with the absence of a hereditary chamber.

Neither are we misled by a spurious analogy between a colony ready for independence and a grown-up son ready to enter life on his own account; nor by Turgot's comparison of colonies to fruit which hangs on the tree only till it is ripe. We take our stand on Mr. Seeley's own plain principles that "all political unions exist for the good of their members, and should be just as large, and no larger, as they can be without ceasing to be beneficial." The inquiry is simply whether the good of the members of our great English union all over the world will be best promoted by aiming at an artificial centralisation, or by leaving as much room as possible for the expansion of individual communities along lines and in channels which they may spontaneously cut out for themselves. If our ideal is a great Roman Empire, which shall be capable by means of fleets and armies of imposing its will upon the world, then it is satisfactory to think, for the reasons above given, that the ideal is an unattainable one. Any closer union of the British Empire attempted with this object would absolutely fail. The unwieldy weapon would break in our hands. The ideal is as impracticable as it is puerile and retrograde.

JOHN MORLEY.

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

It is thirty years since Waagen, in a transport of astonishment, announced to Europe the fact that the dark and savage Albion, to whom her neighbours were accustomed to deny the first vestiges of taste, was really a store-house of "an almost incredible wealth in works of art." Since that time the passion for collecting pictures has grown to an extraordinary degree, and has spread from the nobility and landed gentry down to a far wider class of wealthy persons. A great many of those whom success in commerce has suddenly, or at least with unusual rapidity, raised to a position in the country, have desired to assert that position, and give it a certain elegance, by investing part of their riches in what is one of the safest of speculations when it is undertaken with liberality and acumen. The spectacle, then, of the daily papers, like the attendants in some old-fashioned print, raising their hands to the right to express surprise, every winter, at the phenomenon of two or three hundred good pictures gathered together at Burlington House and New Bond Street, is a little perfunctory. The country is rich enough to do all this a hundred times over, and what really requires note, and is too generally overlooked, is the singular good-humour and gracious spirit of self-sacrifice which is shown by the possessors of these works.

To the holder of a famous collection of ancestral pictures, no additional value or interest is given to a specimen from his gallery by its being removed to London. On the other hand, the self-denial is obvious. For several months the stately dining-room is disfigured by an unsightly gap, while the processes of removal and of return are attended by an anxiety that the public seldom attempts to realise.

It is much to be wished that the great owners of pictures were as conservative in their treatment of them as they are generous. Not a few of the Sir Joshuas collected at the Grosvenor Gallery have been practically ruined by restoration. So fresh does the paint seem, in certain cases, that we are tempted to believe that the excellent proprietors, on receiving application from Sir Coutts Lindsay, proceeded at once to have their faded and crackled picture smoothed up by a local restorer, that it might have a decent suit of clothes to travel up to London in. Would that they knew how far more delightful to the eye of a connoisseur is Mr. Louis Huth's terribly injured portrait of the P.R.A., in which the contraction of the medium has dragged the paint into fragments, like the surface of a ruined mosaic, than Lord Yarborough's spick-and-span *Mrs. Pelham Feeding Chickens*, a specimen of preposterous restoration, of the history of which rumour says that we are to hear marvellous particulars. What can have happened to this celebrated picture? When it was last seen in 1857, its delicate painting and mellow warmth of colouring were the subjects of eulogy.

It is much to be desired that more collectors should lean to the heresy of the old Duke of Devonshire, who had such a detestation of picture-cleaners, that he erred in the opposite direction, and allowed his gallery to settle into a dry and dirty state. No doubt in many instances the perilous scaliness which we regret would have been avoided if a decent care of the pictures had been taken, and people who are fortunate enough to possess old masters should strive to keep in the middle path that lies between neglect and restoration.

The winter of 1883-4 will be me-

morable in the annals of art for the unprecedented collections of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds which were brought together at the Grosvenor Gallery, where two hundred and nine pictures—the great majority undoubtedly genuine—have been examined by the public. Twenty-five others were simultaneously on view at the Royal Academy, so that Reynolds has certainly been the feature of the year. It is scarcely necessary to point out that abundant as this double collection is, it represents but a small section of the great painter's production. Still, it was far larger than any that has been seen before, and eclipses the exhibitions of 1813 at the British Institution, and that of the National Portrait Exhibition of 1867. In the course of the present season, the last-mentioned show, at which one hundred and fifty-five examples of Sir Joshua were seen, has been widely discussed. Less is remembered about the exhibition of 1813, which, nevertheless, forms an important landmark in the history of the art of our country.

The British Institution—a society which had been formed in 1806 by Sir Thomas Bernard, with very much the same design as actuated the founder of the Grosvenor Gallery in our own day—determined in the seventh year of its existence to turn its attention from the encouragement of living art to the inauguration of an antiquarian exhibition. This was the nucleus of all the loan collections which have since become so famous. The notion presented a great variety of difficulties. In the first instance, it was a question with the work of what master it would be well to begin. To this the universal answer was "Sir Joshua Reynolds." The great President had been dead twenty years, and the time seemed ripe for a review of his work. It was doubted whether it would be possible to secure the pictures, but no difficulty was found in doing this. The Prince Regent lent his own pictures, and so did Sir Joshua's good friend, the Earl of Upper Ossory, and

the fashionable world followed. The exhibition contained 142 examples (not 113 as Redgrave states), and the private view was held with great pomp on the 8th of May, 1813, when, at a grand commemorative dinner in Willis's Rooms, to which the Prince Regent had been conducted from the gallery, in a covered way, by the Marquis of Stafford, the toast of "The Memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds" was drunk with the utmost solemnity and effusion. The room was filled with those who still preserved a living memory of his suave and cordial presence. Such was the ceremony by which the first loan collection of old pictures in England was brought before the notice of the public; and after seventy years it is not uninteresting to review the original of which we are now so used to see imitations.

There is very little, or far too much, to be said about Sir Joshua Reynolds's paintings in detail to occupy us here. To dwell on them one by one would be to repeat what has been already done, and well done, by the principal critics of the country. All that we can permit ourselves are a few general remarks. In entering the rooms of the Grosvenor Gallery we are certainly struck first of all by the excellence of that observation which Northcote made to Hazlitt, that Sir Joshua's portraits look like reflections in a mirror, while Titian's look like living men and women. The passage of time, which has been notoriously cruel to the surfaces of Sir Joshua's works, has aided this dim and lustrous illusion, so that often we seem not only to see a face in a mirror, but in a dusty or even a cracked one. But if in a few instances this effect exceeds what the painter intended, he worked consciously towards that direction. He desired to flood his canvases with an atmosphere of light, and to obtain form by a wavering outline and a broken surface. He had formed a horror of that definite, hard drawing which was practised in the school of Thomas Hudson, under

whom he had learned the elements of his art.

It is this power of drawing a figure, without apparent science, in a bath of air and light, which Reynolds positively created, at least in the English school, and he created along with it an insight into character, and a power of constructing it in a work of art, which was no less unique. Lady Stanley of Alderley's *Mrs. Nesbitt as Circe* is an example of both these qualities in their most transcendent form. We are not sure that we should not select it as the most favourable text that is to be found at the Grosvenor Gallery from which to preach a little homily on the qualities of Sir Joshua. Here the whole composition swims in light—the light of a hot summer's day in England. To Reynolds's students the picture has a particular interest from the dubious nature of the circumstances under which it was painted. To all the world it must be attractive from the strange and bewitching poetry which the artist has thrown around its execution. The demure and voluptuous expression of the lady, with the curious touch of satire introduced in the white cat, is given with the penetration of a diplomatist; we feel the painter to be almost as cat-like as the lady was. He throws a veil of lovely light over her features, her dress, her elegant and furtive hands, but he does so with a skill which leaves her character easily to be divined by those who have eyes to see.

This is the answer to those who tell us that Reynolds was a snob. Such critics judge too coarsely; their own instincts are not fine enough to fathom the great master's subtle irony. He was one of the finest students of human nature that has ever lived, and one of the most optimistic; for perceiving, as clearly as a Juvenal or a Pope, the weakness and baseness of the human creature, he nevertheless did not reject it, but delighted in its physical beauty, its courtliness of manner, its flashes of virtue, its passages

of tenderness and amenity and self-sacrifice. The critics who condemn him are of that class whose perceptions do not help them to detect any difference between an etching and the photogravure of a water-colour drawing. There are some men whose senses are blunted, whose faculties permit them to perceive nothing but what is obvious and straightforward. And it is critics of this class who start the mischievous allegations against genius which it is so difficult to make way against; who assure a too-easily-persuaded world that Fielding was a debauchee, and Swift a madman, and Reynolds a mere vulgar snob.

When the spirit in which Reynolds painted the fashionable world that passed through his studio is under discussion, it may be worth while to refer to a passage in those admirable *Discourses* of his which are all too little regarded nowadays, and which a modern publisher would do well to revive:—

“If a portrait-painter is desirous to raise and improve his subject, he has no other means than by approaching it to a general idea. He leaves out all the minute breaks and peculiarities in the face, and changes the dress from a temporary fashion to one more permanent, which has annexed to it no ideas of meaning from its being familiar to us. But if an exact resemblance of an individual be considered as the sole object to be aimed at, the portrait-painter will be apt to lose more than he gains by the acquired dignity taken from general nature. It is very difficult to ennoble the character of a countenance but at the expense of the likeness, which is what is most generally required by such as sit to the painter.”

Perhaps the great claim that Sir Joshua seldom fails to make upon our interest and respect depends upon the fact that he succeeds in solving the problem which he here states to be so difficult. He was the first in England to attempt to idealise a head without loss of individual character; in other words, to learn a head by heart, to seize it at the height of its varied scale of expression, and to send it down to posterity with the truth upon it; but as a now living portrait-painter

used to be fond of saying, "the truth told in love." This is perhaps to be seen to most advantage, not at the Grosvenor Gallery, but in the marvellous pictures from Bowood. It is hardly possible to believe that any mortal Maria Linley could have reached the seraphical sweetness, the heavenly tenderness and purity, of this exquisite *St. Cecilia*. Here, at least, we say, Sir Joshua must have ennobled the countenance of his sitter at the expense of the likeness. But no, all tradition says that it was a marvellous portrait, and we recollect that it was said of the lady that at certain times she seemed to be "half-way between the woman and the angel." It is the wonderful art of Reynolds that he has known how to wait until some word was said, some chord of feeling struck, which brought to that delicate face the angelical look that he wanted to secure.

Many visitors to the Royal Academy will be inclined to mark the day on which they saw the Lansdowne pictures as a white-letter one. The marquis is the principal exhibitor this year, and during his absence in Canada the public enters into the enjoyment of his treasures. It is perhaps not generally known that the pictures which are now divided between Lansdowne House and Bowood have nothing at all to do with the old and once famous Lansdowne Collection, which was dispersed in 1805. Mrs. Jameson was informed that in 1809 there was not a single cabinet picture in either of the family residences. The present collection was formed entirely by the late marquis, whose love of art and liberality to connoisseurs made him widely respected and beloved. Among the English pictures in the first gallery of Burlington House there are not a few which come from Bowood. Among the Reynoldses the superb *Lady Ilchester* is pre-eminent, although *Hope Nursing Love* hangs close beside. Of the works by other masters, perhaps the most important is Callcott's *Pool of the Thames*, because this has been

named the masterpiece of its author. This canvas is not dated, but it evidently belongs to the earlier period of the painter's career, and could, no doubt, be traced in the catalogues of the Royal Academy. It is one of the largest pictures Callcott ever painted, and perhaps the best, being full of light and harmonious effects of the study of Van de Velde's silvery tones.

Zoffany is a slightly earlier English master, who can seldom be so agreeably studied as in the Lansdowne *Macklin as Shylock*, probably painted almost immediately after the painter's return from India in 1790, for it displays the rich and deep tones which Zoffany only achieved after his seven years' exile. Another rare and interesting painter is represented among the Bowood pictures. There can be little doubt that *The Forsaken*, a charming little example of Gilbert Stuart Newton, is the picture exhibited at the British Institution in 1821, by which Newton first came prominently before the public. It is a pity that the *Royal Academy Catalogue* this winter is almost totally devoid of dates; the critic is therefore thrown upon conjecture, as in this case, and is very liable to be mistaken. We may go on to say, in this connection, that the pretty little Wilkie, called *Grand-mamma's Cap*, was painted in 1810, and therefore belongs, like its pendant, *The Jew's Harp*, to that painter's period of early and brilliant success. To close the enumeration of the principal English pictures from Bowood, Gainsborough's famous *Nancy Parsons* hangs on the spectator's right hand as he enters the third gallery. But the planet of Gainsborough is quite obscured this year by the commanding luminary of his great rival.

But Romney holds his own more vigorously. On the other side of the doorway (a pendant to *Nancy Parsons*) hangs a most interesting record of a triple friendship—Romney's painting of *Flaxman Modelling the Bust of Hayley*—a charming composition, as fresh and clear as when it was painted. Romney

has introduced his own portrait into the background, just as Flaxman wrote the account of Romney which appeared in Hayley's life. These three men, who were so anxious that their names should appear in connection with one another, had but little idea that time would so grotesquely alter their relative position, that now, if it were not for the painter, who keeps his level path of fame, it would hardly seem possible to mention the sublime sculptor and the minute poetaster in the same breath. Three or four other excellent Romneys, figures of beautiful women, hang in the same gallery. The Richard Wilsons in the first room are among the most exquisite examples which have been lately seen of a poet-painter, of whom his own age was not worthy, and who, after a century of obscurity, is beginning to be held at his proper valuation again. The suffrages of amateurs will probably be divided between Mr. Huth's *Italian Landscape* and Mr. Ford's *Lake of Nemi*. The latter, probably the same picture which figures in the *Royal Academy Catalogue* for 1775, appears to us to be the most complete and magical example of Wilson with which we are acquainted. It has the romantic grace of an ode by Collins. Another eighteenth century landscape painter, but one of far less power (Alexander Nasmyth, the pupil of Allan Ramsay) is represented by a *Glencoe*. Of the two interesting but well-known figure-pieces of Hogarth, the second, that containing portraits of the Strode family, has passed into the possession of the nation since the exhibition opened. Portraits of well-known artists by their colleagues are always interesting, and therefore we call attention to those of Wilton the sculptor, by Reynolds, of Wilson, by himself, of Cipriani, by Dance, of Stothard, by John Jackson, and of Hayman, by Reynolds.

The Dutch pictures at the Royal Academy are particularly numerous and precious. Here again Bowood has poured forth its marvellous treasures.

The best work from the Low Countries this year is beyond doubt Lord Lansdowne's great Ruysdael, *The Storm*. In this magnificent sea-piece, one of the painter's momentous skies hangs, big with menace, over a stretch of ocean tormented by surf and surge, and breaking on two rough piers. This picture recalls the *Storm on a Dutch Dyke*, at the Louvre, only to assert its own superiority. This large work, in which the imaginative genius of Jacob van Ruysdael is seen in its highest expression, has an interesting pedigree of which the catalogue gives no hint. It came originally out of the Sydervelt Collection in Amsterdam, in 1766, when 19*l.* was paid for it. After changing hands several times, Smith bought it from the Marquis Rialva, and brought it to England, in 1824; and since 1829 it has been in the collection at Bowood. Lord Lansdowne gave 535*l.* for it in that year, and the value of it now is perhaps the double of that sum. There are few more interesting landscape-painters than Wynantsz, the presumed master of Ruysdael. We find here an interesting example of his work, lent by Mr. Leyland. It is dated 1669, and therefore takes a place very late in the painter's career, but it shows no decay of his natural powers. Wynantsz is one of the creators of modern landscape, and among the most extraordinary problems of the history of art is the secret of his apprenticeship to landscape. With no apparent predecessor, and with no remains of a preliminary struggle, he suddenly presents himself to us the finished, scrupulous, and meticulous master which he remained to the close of his life. Mr. Layland's is a large example of Wynantsz, and displays his favourite subject of a winding road, the outskirts of a wood, some cottages in the background. Lord Lansdowne's *Berg-hem* is a little cabinet picture, less animated in composition than some of this master's work, but admirable for its luminous quality and pleasant glow of colour. Whatever attractions the

brilliant execution of Berghem can display, are seen here. Nothing can entirely redeem the monotony, the want of sincerity, the ignorance of nature, which are radical with this painter, who lived too far into the age of periwigs. Mr. Massey Mainwaring contributes a little Van der Heyden, which has the interest of deviating from the set series of urban views for which he is principally famous. The excellent inventor of extinc-tors and lighterman to the city of Amsterdam has here abandoned his trim streets for a brief sentimental distraction among ruins and weeping-willows.

Mr. Massey Mainwaring is also the fortunate possessor of a beautiful Terburg, which hangs on the visitor's left hand as he enters the second gallery. It is a figure of a man, standing at a table, in a simple attitude of attention, as though about to speak. The beauty of execution recalls that of the marvellous *Soldier offering Gold to a Girl* of the Salon Carré. There has never lived another master who contrived to reach this exact perfection of Terburg—the vigorous richness of tone combined with a brush-work so delicate and exact that the light seems to hang about every object upon which the eye rests. With this figure of a man must be compared that of a lady, also lent by Mr. Mainwaring, and the famous *Letter* from Buckingham Palace. Lord Lansdowne lends his charming little Maas, an *Interior of a Cottage*, painted with great vigour, and a rich play of light which is not unworthy of his master, Rembrandt.

The two greatest of the Dutchmen, Rembrandt and Franz Hals themselves, are not unworthily represented at Burlington House. Lord Howe sends two figures of young men by the latter, which are among the most delightful and the most spirited pieces in the exhibition. The one of them in which the youth plays the guitar recalls the *Fool* of the Amsterdam Museum, and is not less

solid and vigorous in execution. The modelling of this head, which is overshadowed by a wide-brimmed hat, and relieved against a white collar, is of an unsurpassable firmness and thoroughness, and should be studied with the greatest care by our young English portrait-painters, whose work, even when it is most meritorious, would, we are afraid, look thin and weak by the side of this heroic work with the brush. Lord Lansdowne's Rembrandt is a portrait of a lady in a black dress with a ruff, a very agreeable study. The great golden Cuyp that faces the spectator as he enters the second gallery, comes from the collection of Lord Scarsdale. It is a superb and extremely characteristic example of the great master of irradiated mist. The light that hangs on the steep cliffs on the left hand of the picture could only have been painted when Aalbert Cuyp had completely mastered his famous receipt for rendering the burning colours of amber in which a peaceful summer afternoon declines. The sea-pieces of Cuyp are less common than his cattle-pieces, and the two delicious scenes from Bowood will have many admirers. They were studied, perhaps, from the shores of the busy waterway of the Meuse at Dordrecht.

With the pictures of the English and Dutch school the interest of the present winter exhibition at Burlington House practically closes. It is true that we have isolated works, a fine Holbein, or rather Mabuse, a capital Murillo, a great octagonal ceiling by Rubens, two characteristic figures by Vandyck, but these are all of the nature of swallows that do not make a summer. Nor is this the proper time and place for discussing the curious and obscure pictures of the Siennese and Tuscan schools which hang in the fourth gallery. This archaic art has a fascination of its own, but to study it with sufficient authority to speak of it instructively is not given to many living critics. Here is a head attributed to Cosimo

Tura, but who knows whether Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle would not assign it rather to Zoppo? It is ill work to cast one's affections upon a Squarcione, and then rudely to learn that perhaps there never was such a master, and that any fool could see that this is a Bono or a Pizzolo. The study of the minor Italian painters of the *cinque-cento* is a thorny path, and a modest critic may well bethink him of that "second and best manner of Alessio Baldovinetti," which set Hogarth's picture-quack skipping across the gallery. Yet, without pedantry, we may desire to hear what the learned have to say about the extremely interesting set of newly-discovered heads from San Martino.

To most visitors the interest of the exhibition at Burlington House, after the Lansdowne Collection has been considered, will centre around the fifth gallery, which is filled with a selection from the works of the late Paul Falconer Poole. We are very glad that an opportunity has been given to a truly poetical painter, who seemed through life just to miss the place he aimed at, to assert his individuality after death, and we are very far indeed from agreeing with those critics who dismiss this body of pictures as unimportant because they are unequal, and because a certain intellectual fibre is wanting in them. Poole died as lately as 1879, but already he has become a very shadowy figure to most of us. He was a shy, austere, retiring man, personally known to very few, holding himself aloof from his fellows. Those few who recollect him, think of him as a kindly and hospitable person, whose hospitality and whose kindness had to be taken by storm. He lived almost like one of Wordsworth's solitaries, "contented if he might enjoy the things that others understand." He was gentle and dreamy almost to excess; the brooding dream had subdued him to melancholy.

Poole was not a great painter as a handicraftsman at any time, and

was conscious probably of the unwholesome influence that coarser men, more masters of the brush, had upon him all through his life. His career was a struggle between the tradition that paid and the genuine creed that did not pay. He had been taught in the schools to paint pretty subjects according to certain conventions. Collins, Leslie, and Philips weighed upon him with their recipes for the production of briskly-sellable pictures. We see at Burlington House the first work in which he succeeded in effecting his own release from Italian peasants and English water-cress-gatherers, his curious *Solomon Eagle* of 1843. But we do not see the works in which he strove to attain this result—his *Hermann and Dorothea* of 1840, or his *By the Waters of Babylon* of 1842. It is perhaps well that these have not been shown us, for the *Solomon Eagle* is a very curious and but partially successful performance. In 1884, at least, it seems to us not quite successful, but in the Royal Academy of 1843, side by side with Collins's *The World or the Cloister*, and Leslie's *Scene from the Vicar of Wakefield*, and Howard's transparency called *Peace*, we know that it struck all comers as a vigorous, manly composition in which something more spirited than the cover of a decorated bonbon-box was aimed at.

It was at this moment, after the success of his *Solomon Eagle*, that Poole should have had the courage to come out in his true colours, and to leave the early Victorian painters to their gentility. But the tradition was too strong for him, and he went on painting as they had taught him to paint in the Academy schools, merely relapsing again and again into the poetry that he really loved. There cannot be the least doubt that he possessed various qualities in common with the late Gabriel Rossetti. If the spectator will examine the head of Robert peeping through the trees in *Robert, Duke of Normandy*, and *Arletta*, he will see a piece of painting which

aims at the very class of effect, and seeks after the very same species of beauty, which Rossetti was always aiming at and seeking after. I should be prepared to hear that Rossetti, then twenty years of age, had noticed and admired this painting in the exhibition of 1848. But while Rossetti was an iron temperament formed to influence and lead others, to take a firm grip of men, and lead them whither he would, Poole had more of a jelly-fish nature, luminous, sensitive, painfully impressionable, unstable as Reuben. His solitariness was, doubtless, caused to a great extent by his experience of his own malleable nature. His fear of external influence took strange forms. When the fashion came in of decorating the studio, and filling it with curios, Poole emptied his of almost all its furniture, strenuously anxious not to do as other men did. The collection of his works shows us strangely enough what odd freaks temperament commits. If we had not seen the *Trial of a Sorceress*, we could not have believed that so important a painter as Poole, with his practice of style, could, at the age of fifty, be unconsciously drawn out of his own manner into that of an artist so far below him in merit as Sir John Gilbert. But in Gilbert's work there is vehemence, fibre, nerve, and Poole was led captive by it for a season, as meekly as the needle follows the magnet. Even when he was true to his own better nature, he displayed technical shortcomings which are far more fatal to his place in art than the obvious and half-wilful errors of Blake or Rossetti. With him they were the result of intellectual weakness, not of perversity or obstinacy. The card-board animal in *A Lion in the Path*, and the warriors which grow bigger the further off they lie in the *Goths in Exile*, are unpardonable. It may be noted also, as showing the limited judgment of the man, that in the composition of *Job and his Friends* the interest, to any one who does not glance at the catalogue, rests on the

boy who is pouring out wine, whom the other seven persons appear to be watching, as if he were performing a religious ceremony.

These are the limitations of the talent of Poole, but his merits are neither few nor slight. If his poetic quality was what has, since the days of Coleridge, been called fancy rather than imagination, if his romance was obvious and somewhat thin, it was thoroughly genuine. *The Seventh Day of the Decameron* could only have been painted by a man who had drunk at the very sources of beauty. This picture combines the love of rich and simple colouring with voluptuous sentiment, and then relieves these cloying beauties against a cold and stern landscape of a refreshing wildness. This desolate tarn in the savage uplands is "ringed round by a flame of fair faces," and if Poole has been careless to reproduce the fairy lake that Boccaccio describes, his landscape is more apposite as a commentary on the *Decameron* than a more correct version of the scene would be. His wild landscapes are almost always good. That in *A Lion in the Path* is of quite heroic merit, the sinister aspect of a still piece of water in a rocky sterile country, being admirably rendered. He has repeated this effect of mountain melancholy again and again, and always with success; we meet with it in *The Cave of Mammon*, *The Dragon's Cavern*, and in *The Prodigal Son*. There remains to be pointed out what is perhaps Poole's highest claim to remembrance—the exquisite manner in which he painted moonlight. His romantic fancy was here most thoroughly at ease; he had learned to do this one thing consummately; and hence it is his best moonlight picture, *Cunstaunce sent Adrift by the Constable of Alla*, that remains the gem of his work, and on the whole the one of his pictures which most thoroughly satisfies the spectator.

At the Fine Art Society's rooms, 148, New Bond Street, there is open at the same time a collection of the

works of an artist who may profitably be compared with Poole, if only for purposes of contrast. But Mr. Alfred W. Hunt, whose oil-pictures and water-colour drawings every one should go to see, is a truer master within the limits which he has laid down for himself than Poole can ever be said to have been. If in Poole fancy was predominant, Mr. Hunt aims at imagination or at nothing. In the Royal Academician's work, as in all that Burlington House approved of in the way of landscape, scenery was treated as an accessory, as a touching and exciting aid to the concentration of strong feeling on the figures. The landscape of *A Lion in the Path* would not have interested Poole if the naked man had not been there, tortured by his doubts, dividing the swift mind between this horror and that. To heighten the awful stress of this emotion, Poole has painted his grey rocks, and corpse-like pool, and purple mountain. But for Mr. Alfred Hunt, as for Turner, as for Wordsworth, nature is in herself enough to excite the mind with terror or with ecstasy. In the bewitching picture called *Time and Tide*, we have a whole drama depicted before our eyes—the turmoil of the tide-distracted waters; the lustrous pool at the edge of the stress of conflict; the ragged battalion of clouds that marches across the heavens; the myriad interests and fluctuations of the grassy valley—all these contain their dramatic, nay, their tragic elements in their mode of presentation, and would gain nothing, but only lose extremely, from the introduction of a human figure. No painter, except Turner himself, has understood so well how to express that Wordsworthian afflatus when to the soul in a beautiful solitude—

“The sky seems not a sky
Of earth—and with what motion move the
clouds.”

It has been mentioned to me that a distinguished foreign painter, in presence of these works of Mr. Alfred

Hunt, found fault with the whiteness of them. He said they lacked tone, and decorative force: “You want great dashes of strong colour in them, they look like holes in the wall.” The criticism is admirably true of the best English landscape in general, but we should accept it without acknowledging the fact to be a demerit. It is, indeed, a characteristic of our English landscape that it is a hole in the wall, a window through the wall into the world of light and atmospheric colour. In the solitary case of Turner it may be said that this object is really attained; it is sometimes successfully attained by Mr. Alfred Hunt, and when we have said this, we have really awarded praise of the very highest order. French landscape, on the other hand, is always dependent, not on light, but on tone. The tone may be silvery and high in key, as in Corot; it may be so steeped in richness of colour as to deceive the very elect, as in the matchless best pieces of Rousseau, it is radically a harmony in every case founded upon tone alone, and the most interesting point in the picture will always be the darkest point, instead of the lightest, as in an English picture.

Mr. Alfred Hunt's oil-paintings have never been seen to advantage before. The Royal Academy has never been a congenial home to Mr. Hunt. At the Water-Colour Society, on the other hand, his drawings have formed a noticeable feature of the exhibition for more than twenty years. They are unequal in interest, for the same reason that makes Wordsworth unequal. Both the poet and the painter take so much more intimate a pleasure in all the forms of nature than their students are likely to do, that they do not always see that combinations of form or conditions which are exciting to them leave the reader or spectator unmoved. We should be glad if Mr. Hunt would return to the pale vermillion glories of sunset and the funereal purple palls which he used to cast about his Whitbys and his Harlechs.

E. W. G.

THE LITERATURE OF INTROSPECTION: AMIEL'S *JOURNAL INTIME*.¹

LAST month we were occupied in trying to justify to ourselves and others that self-scrutinising, reflective literature, best described by the general name of the Literature of Introspection. We seemed to find a sufficient reason for its existence in the light which it throws on the recesses of human nature, and in the knowledge which is to be gathered from it of some of the most intimate processes of consciousness, and some of the most delicate relations between the visible world and the human spirit. We might, however, have carried our apology a little further. In this summing up of the profits and disadvantages attaching to the talent of introspection, we might have considered not only the audience but the speaker, not only the knowledge or the edification which the literature of introspection brings to ourselves, but its necessity and inevitableness, so to speak, to those who produce it. For to many men it represents simply the natural need of which they are most conscious. Action from one cause or another is impossible to them. Expression of themselves in the ordinary direct forms of literature is painful to them, and hindered by a hundred difficulties. But in this self-analysis, these fragmentary descriptions of passing impressions, these quick reflections of the gleams and shadows flitting across life, whatever gift they have finds itself at home. A life which would otherwise have been dumb and baffled pours itself into a journal, and so succeeds in handing on to those coming after it thoughts capable of kindling in other minds the fire which was interfused with them at birth and which is still glowing at the

heart of them. Or a rich nature marred by some congenital weakness, or by some inequality of growth which has hindered it from flowering and expanding in more normal ways, preserves its health and sanity by means of the self-abandonment of written reverie, and thinking only of its own imperious needs, at once soothes its private grief and does its appointed work for mankind.

Such a nature was that of Henri-Frédéric Amiel, the Genevese professor, of whose posthumous journal we ventured to prophesy last month that it would take rank among the permanent utterances of introspective and imaginative literature. The fragments of self-analysis, of reverie, and of criticism, which bid fair to make Henri Amiel famous, represent practically the only means at command by which one of the most richly stored of minds could render up to society some of the wealth gathered by it in its passage through life and human affairs. But for the *Journal Intime*, Amiel, with all his genius and his learning, would have died two years ago, leaving no memory behind him. If you turn over any modern study of Genevese life, you will find him mentioned with honour as a poet and as a writer skilled in *finer moralités*. But his name occurs in conjunction with many others which have no chance of living beyond their generation, and excites no greater warmth of comment than theirs. Anybody acquainted with the Genevese literary class since 1848 will recall Amiel readily, will lift his eye-brows as you talk to him of Amiel's special gift or of the genius which raises him into a place apart, cherishing perhaps meanwhile some secret wonder at the eccentricities of choice which seem to beset the literary inquirer when he

¹ *Henri-Frédéric Amiel; Fragments d'un Journal Intime*. Paris, Sandoz et Thuillier. 1883.

comes to deal with literatures not his own. More than this, the *Journal Intime* has been in many ways a revelation even to those who knew Amiel best and had watched him with the most sympathetic and friendly eyes. "It will be one of the curious facts of literary history," says M. Scherer in the admirable introduction prefixed to his friend's journal, "this difference between what *was* known of our friend and what will now be known. He was thought sterile and he is inexhaustible; he was reproached for wasting his time on *jeux d'esprit*, and we discover in him an extraordinary profundity of thought and sentiment. In his manner of writing, we were annoyed sometimes by a kind of affectation, and now in the *Journal* his style becomes large and even magnificent, throwing into philosophy all that personal emotion can give it of eloquence and force."

In his lifetime, indeed, his friends had been perpetually irritated by the discordance between his promise and his production, between the Amiel they knew and the Amiel whom the world knew. Here was a man capable, as his intimate companions felt, of organising a new philosophy, or of changing the face of some department of criticism, and whose work should have formed a part of the most solid intellectual achievement of our day. And all the use that he could be discovered to be making of his great gifts—beyond the performance of his routine work as a professor—was in the production of successive small volumes of verse, ingenious and pleasant enough, but none the better as verse for the elaboration spent upon them, and standing, as the friends felt with some exasperation, in the place which rightfully belonged to work of a very different kind. Every now and then he would have his returns upon himself, and would appeal to one of his intimate circle for help towards a line of production more worthy of him. The appeal would bring advice and remonstrances of the most serviceable kind, but all in vain. The offender

was incorrigible. Amiel produced no philosophy and no literary criticism, and instead, another book of poems would appear in due time, and find the small circle of appreciative readers which was all it could rightfully claim.

So things went on, till at last Amiel died. His papers came into his friends' possession, and the puzzle of his life was explained. For in the journal lay the key to the whole mystery. All the wealth of Amiel's nature was there—his learning, his critical power, his poetical glow; but also all its disabling weakness. It was seen that Amiel was the victim of one of those spiritual maladies which are the result of thought abnormally developed at the expense of the practical energies of the personality. Carried by incessant intellectual labour and an unusually subtle and receptive temperament far beyond the limitations in which the thought of ordinary men is content to rest, beyond the relativities of creed and custom which shelter the daily life of the world from too close contact with the inexorable problems surrounding it, Amiel had as it were lost all the natural human relish for life. In simple earnest and without affectation, nothing appeared to him intellectually worth doing, and hardly any of the larger activities of life had sufficient value in his eyes to counterbalance the risk, or, as Amiel would have said, the certainty of disillusion which waits upon all possession and achievement. No section of truth could or should be expounded by the philosopher without an exhaustive knowledge of every other section, since nothing had any importance in itself but only in its relation to the great whole of things. And this great whole, this infinite, was not to be apprehended by man with his brief span of life and his imperfect intellectual equipment. It is man's curse—Amiel seemed to say—that he is forced to act and to decide while it is impossible for him to collect, in his brief span of life, all the data

necessary for action or for decision. These thoughts indeed are not peculiar to Amiel; they lurk in the path of every thinker, they form the *Sturm und Drang* of every clear-eyed soul. But in most men their force is only intermittent; the natural spell of life upon them is so strong that no flights of speculation make action less necessary to them, or fame and love and the mere energy of living less delightful. With Amiel, on the contrary, this insufficiency of everything that is not the whole, the best, everything that is not absolute and perfect, becomes a living creed which governs all his daily life. It makes it impossible for him to thrive in any piece of serious and organised intellectual work, it holds him off from love and marriage, and it makes him leave his pleasures half-tasted lest he should exhaust them and be brought up too roughly against the cold reality of human weakness and insufficiency.

And yet strange to say, in spite of this general bent of the nature, no one was ever more human than Amiel on certain sides, or more readily thrilled by the common motives of human character. Entirely fearless as a thinker, now speaking the language of the pure mystic, and now chilled by an awful suspicion of the universal indifference of nature, his *temperament* was before all things religious. All religious emotion in others drew and touched him, while its action upon himself may be seen by the way in which all his philosophical thought clothes itself ultimately in the glow and fervour of poetry. There was no moroseness about him. He delighted in friends, in children, in natural beauty, always indeed under protest as it were from his sceptical self, but still with a sincerity and *abandon*, while he allowed himself to be happy, which made him loved and welcome wherever he was well known. And for all his renunciations and his sterility it is evident that he at least felt himself compensated by those moments of

spiritual absorption and ecstasy which he has described to us in certain marvellous passages of the journal, as well as by that abiding intellectual passion, that *amor intellectualis*, which in the mind devoted to the search for speculative truth takes the place of sensuous pleasure in other men.

Here, then, we have a first general impression of the man whose innermost thought, as it has been laid bare to us since his death, is likely to live with that quiet tenacity of life which belongs to all the great utterances of the spirit. M. Scherer's preface adds a few facts as to the outward circumstances of his career, which may be brought into the picture before we fill it up by quotations from the journal itself. Henri Amiel was of Genevese parentage, and was left an orphan while still a child. His school-life seems to have been more or less unhappy. There must always have been something antipathetic in his nature to the positive temper and the delight in trenchant formulæ which are characteristic of the Genevese, whether as Rationalists and Republicans, or as Methodists and religious reformers. At any rate, the sensitive, poetic boy found himself much more at home in the German universities of Heidelberg and Berlin, whither he was sent after the completion of his school-days. "It was at Geneva," says M. Scherer, "that the child's rising needs of confidence and affection had been chilled by indifference or irony; it was at Heidelberg and Berlin that the world of science and philosophical speculation had opened upon the dazzled eyes of the young man. The four years which he passed at Berlin represented what he called his 'intellectual phase,' and, as he was very near adding, the happiest period of his life. He remained for a long time under the spell." Philosophy at Berlin was divided about 1846 between the school of Hegel and a younger race of thinkers, to whom physiological and chemical fact was infinitely more interesting than any of the Hegelian hypotheses.

That Amiel returned home deeply penetrated with the Hegelian spirit is clear from the journal. At the same time no form of speculation which might happen to come across a nature so sensitive and so receptive was likely to leave it altogether uninfluenced. To judge from the journal and from the extracts in M. Scherer's preface—for as to the bearing of his philosophical teaching at Geneva M. Scherer gives us no information—we may perhaps describe Amiel's thought to ourselves as Hegelianism rising on the one side into ecstasy and mysticism, and crossed and modified on the other by all sorts of influences borne in upon it from the world of positive science. At any rate the four years in Germany were years of vital importance to the young man's development. From the lecture-rooms in which the great figure of Hegel must have seemed still lingering, he brought back tendencies which could scarcely have developed in the dryer air of Geneva. Precision and sharpness of expression, and a cultivated cosmopolitan tradition, were his natural heritage as the son of a French-speaking community; and to these his German experience, working upon natural aptitude, had added profundity and subtlety of thought, so that to the friends who welcomed back the wanderer to Geneva in 1848 his future may well have seemed one of extraordinary promise.

Amiel, however, entered upon his Genevese career at an unfortunate moment. Three years before his return, in 1846, Genevese society had passed through a revolutionary crisis, ending in the overthrow of the Conservative *régime* which, subject to some modifications from 1842 onwards, had subsisted since 1814. The overthrow of the Conservatives had meant the ousting from power of the aristocratic families, and the supremacy of the Genevese *ouvriers*, led by their versatile and unscrupulous chief, James Fazy. The first act of the victors had been, as the Americans would say "to purify the civil service," and among

the 'functionaries dismissed or driven to resign, had been the majority of the professors at the Academy, then the centre of Genevese education, and the stronghold of conservative and aristocratic opinion. Several of the chairs remained vacant for some time, and in 1849, Amiel, just returned from Berlin, was offered and accepted the professorship of æsthetics. He had been an entire stranger to the political struggles of the preceding years, and could therefore accept the post from the Government of Fazy, without prejudice to any earlier ties or obligations.

None the less, his appointment made him a marked man in the eyes of the class which, although defeated politically, was socially and intellectually as strong as ever, and Amiel found himself shut out from the only circles in which he would have been naturally at home. "His isolation at Geneva," says M. Scherer, "was very great, and particularly cruel for a nature which we now know to have been always hungry for affection." To this isolation no doubt was due a certain amount of that incapacity for action which Amiel himself attributed to an overdeveloped speculative tendency. For some natures, everything depends upon the moral climate in which they find themselves. The climate surrounding Amiel's early maturity was harsh and unfavourable. And in the absence of much of the ordinary stimulus which keeps life healthy, speculative thought absorbed him more and more, his practical power weakened, and his journal became the only friend with whom it was possible for him to be altogether unreserved.

In 1854 he exchanged the chair of æsthetics for the chair of philosophy. During the twenty-eight years which elapsed between this change and his death, he published three volumes of poems, and one or two other slight literary performances, and in February, 1881, he died, after a long illness, at the age of sixty. His papers were bequeathed to his literary executor, M. Joseph Hornung, a well-known

brother professor at the Academy, and to a friend, to whose discretion the task of selection from the papers was specially confided. The result of their joint labours appeared in the publication of the first volume of the *Journal Intime*, preceded by M. Scherer's brilliant and interesting introduction, in the spring of last year. A second edition of the first volume has already appeared, and all Amiel's readers are looking anxiously for the second volume which is promised shortly.

The *Journal Intime* may be analysed into three main elements—that of philosophical meditation, that of religious and poetical description, and that of literary and political criticism. The first is the most striking element; we are seized, even in turning over the pages, by the speculative passion of the book. In our description of it we may begin with Amiel's power—a power which he shares with the mystics of all ages—of passing into the hidden life of things, and of exulting in the keenly realised community between his individual existence, and the living principle which animates the great whole of the universe. The mysteries of contemplative aspiration have never been expressed with a nobler eloquence. "Divine moments," he calls them, "hours of ecstasy, when thought flies from world to world, penetrates the great enigma, breathes with a respiration large, tranquil, and profound, like that of the ocean, and hovers serene and boundless like the blue heaven! Visits from the muse Urania, who traces around the foreheads of those she loves, the phosphorescent nimbus of contemplative power, and who pours into their hearts the tranquil intoxication, if not the authority, of genius; moments of irresistible intuition, in which a man feels himself great like the universe, and calm like God! From the celestial spheres, down to the shell or the moss, the whole of creation is, as it were, submitted to our gaze, lives in our breast, and accomplishes in its eternal work with the regularity

of destiny and the passionate ardour of love. What hours! what memories! the traces of them which remain are enough to fill us with respect and enthusiasm, as though they had been visits of the Holy Spirit. And then to slip back again from these heights with their boundless horizons into the muddy ruts of triviality,—what a fall! Poor Moses! thou also sawest before thee in the distance the undulating hills of the Promised Land; yet it was thy fate to lay thy weary bones in a grave dug in the desert. Which of us has not his promised land, his day of ecstasy and his death in exile! What a pale counterfeit is real life of the life beyond, of which we have only glimpses, and how these flaming lightnings of our prophetic youth make the twilight of our sad and monotonous manhood more dull and gloomy!"

There is the true mystical note in this, the note characteristic in some degree of all poetic and aspiring souls.

In Amiel, however, this power of rising beyond his immediate individuality into the general life, reached a far higher, and if we may so call it, more realistic point than this, and if we are really to grasp his special personality we must press this inner experience of his a little further. His descriptions of it will often, at first reading, have very little meaning to us. It is only as we come to dwell upon them, and to connect one passage with another, that we are able to penetrate and apprehend one of the strangest of spiritual dramas, whether we make it a mere matter of imagination, or whether we are willing to allow it any objective reality. For Amiel is capable not only of feeling his individuality in the great whole of things, but of stripping himself gradually of this individuality itself. The illustration of this point will bring us across some hard sayings, but they are indispensable to a real understanding of Amiel, and no one who has read the journal can doubt their absolute sincerity. In some scattered *pensées*

printed at the end of one of his volumes of poems he described a mental process to which he was accustomed to give different names, calling it sometimes "simplification," sometimes "re-implication," sometimes "Proteism," but of which the principle was always the same, a withdrawal to the deepest basis of personality, to the potential germ of life at the root of every existence. The thinker, he declared, is able, if he will, "to reduce himself to the condition of a germ, a point, a latent existence, to free himself from space and time, from the body and from life, to plunge from circle to circle till he reaches the darkness of his primitive being, and experiences through innumerable metamorphoses the sensation of his own genesis." M. Scherer was startled by this passage, and questioned Amiel as to its meaning. Amiel quietly replied that it represented a real experience.

In his journal indeed and in the extracts from other sources quoted in the introduction there is a perpetual recurrence to the same theme. "Mine is a Protean nature," he exclaims, "capable of endless metamorphosis and polarisation. It loves form and yet itself assumes no definite form. Subtle and fugitive as it is, no basis can wholly absorb or fix it, and from every temporary combination it reissues free, volatile, and despairingly independent. I have to make an effort to affirm myself, to personalise myself as it were. The abyss attracts and draws me perpetually. The infinite tempts me, the great mystery fascinates me, the unification, the *henosis* of Plotinus intoxicates me like a philtre. It is my opium, my haschich. With me, the disgust for individual life, and the swallowing up of my private will in the pure consciousness of universal activity is instinctive; it is my chief tendency, and my greatest weakness."

Or again, in still more wonderful language, of which M. Scherer says "we are assisting here at prodigies of speculative thought, described in a language not less prodigious."

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"I find no voice for what I experience. I feel myself profoundly withdrawn from outer life; I hear my heart beating and my life passing. It seems to me that I am become a statue on the banks of the river of Time, that I am assisting at some mystery, whence I shall issue old, or no longer capable of age. I feel myself anonymous, impersonal, with an eye fixed like that of the dead and a spirit vague and universal like the Absolute or the Nothing which enwraps us. I am as it were suspended; I am as though I were not. In these moments it seems as if my consciousness withdrew into its eternity. It sees circulating within it its stars and its nature, with its seasons and its myriads of individual things. It perceives itself in its very substance, superior to all form, containing its past, its present, and its future, a void which includes everything, a medium at once fertile and invisible, the virtuality of a world which disengages itself from its own existence in order to recover itself in its pure essence. In these sublime moments, the soul has returned to the state of indetermination, she has unravelled herself, she has become once more a divine embryo. Everything effaces and dissolves itself, resumes the primitive state, returns into its original fluidity, without form, without angle, without fixed plan. This condition is contemplation and not stupor. It is neither painful, nor joyous, nor sad; it is beyond everything special in feeling as it is beyond everything finite in thought. It is the consciousness of being, and the consciousness of the omni-possibility latent in the depth of being. It is the sensation of the spiritual infinite."

Such an experience is perhaps only intelligible to those who have a root of mysticism in them. To Amiel, however we may explain it, it was appallingly real. The tendency he describes coloured and shaped his whole life, and at times his sense of loneliness in the midst of a world of

thought whither no sympathy could follow him, was almost unbearable, and his awe and passion found expression in such splendid sentences as these:—"Is it the breath of eternal things which chills thee with the shudder of Job? What is man, this weed which a sunbeam withers? What is our life in the infinite gulf? A sort of sacred terror takes possession of me, and not only for myself but for my race, for all that is mortal. Like Buddha I feel the great wheel turning, the wheel of universal illusion, and in this dumb stupor there is a veritable anguish. Isis raises the corner of her veil, and he who perceives the great mystery is struck with dizziness. I dare not breathe. It seems to me that I am suspended by a thread above the unfathomable abyss of destiny. It is as though one were face to face with the Infinite, and with the intuition of universal Death."

It was impossible that such a tendency as this could coexist with a normal aptitude for practical life. Amiel suffers from his incapacity for action, or, as he would put it, for living. There are moments when the desire to express himself in literature or to appropriate to himself the common human joys of life and home becomes painfully strong. But he no sooner takes a step in either direction than reaction overtakes him. The inner life, with its boundless horizons, its indescribable exaltations, seems endangered. Is he not about to place between himself and the radiant vision of speculative truth some barrier of sense and matter? And the thought that he may so entangle and darken his own life, that he may come to feel himself and none other responsible for the loss of the divine presence and the enslavement of the spiritual faculty, is intolerable to him. One is reminded of Clough's cry under a somewhat similar experience:—

"If this pure solace should desert my mind,
What were all else? I dare not risk this
loss.
To the old paths, my soul!"

And so it came about that Amiel's life remained hidden and unknown till the moment came for it to render up its gathered wealth to the common store. "Let the living live," he had said to himself, while still young. "It is your business to leave behind you the legacy of your thought and your heart: you will be of most use so." As yet, in the account we have given of it, we have touched only the envelope as it were of this legacy. For under the shelter of his speculative habit, Amiel's nature was rich in all that makes spiritual fullness, in love, in self-devotion, in aspiration towards God and tenderness towards man. As we have seen, he had his moments of pessimism, of utter spiritual despondency. It is one of his greatest charms, this absolute sincerity of his, which, without any regard for a false consistency, or any consciousness of an audience to be edified, lets us see his thought swaying to and fro, as the thought of the true thinker must and does sway under the pressure of the manifoldness of experience. The doubt which is inherent in the very conditions of life touches him, as it touches every sensitive soul, and you have his instinctive cry of pain, his "intuition of universal death." But in general, what is most beautiful in him is the temper of springing hope, the unconquerable pathetic persuasion that all is yet well with the world, that the ideal order of things subsists, which interpenetrates all his thought and brings him near to every human joy and emotion. The faculty of transmutation, which enables him to throw himself into other experiences and existences, has its human and every-day as well as its mystical side. Living himself in the highest region of speculative debate, there is yet no wall of separation between him and the religious life around him. In a certain sense, every aspiration, every belief, was true and real to him. And his temperament was before all things receptive, religious, impressionable. The religious ideas which had moulded the civilisation from which he sprang were still intertwined with his own

being, and we may come across expressions in him as to "sin" and "grace," and tenderesses of religious feeling, which are in curious contrast to some of his bolder flights.

His religious language indeed expands and widens in proportion as the man becomes more and more identified with his thought, and many of his confessions of faith may well stand for typical utterances of that modern spirit which, in the midst of doubt, will neither sacrifice its knowing nor its believing, but clings passionately to both. Here are a few extracts which will illustrate both his speculative breadth and his fervour of idealist faith:—

"For many years past," he wrote, three months before his death, "the immanent God has been more real to me than the transcendent God. The religion of Jacob has been more strange to me than that of Kant, or even of Spinoza. It seems to me that what remains to me from all my studies is a new phenomenology of mind, an intuition of the universal metamorphosis. All special convictions, all clear-cut principles and formulæ, all ideas that may be taught to or imposed on others, are only prejudices, which may be useful in practice, but which are, after all, narrownesses of mind. The absolute in detail is absurd and contradictory. All political, religious, æsthetic, or literary parties are, as it were, excrescences of thought. Every special belief represents thought become stiffened and obtuse. But this consistency is necessary in its place and time. Our nature, in its capacity of thinking monad, frees itself from the limits of time and space, and from its historical medium, but in its individual capacity, and for the sake of action, it adapts itself to current illusions, and proposes to itself a determinate end."

Here we have the thinker. Now let us turn to the idealist and poet:—

"Each sphere of being tends towards a higher sphere, and has already revelations and presentiments of it.

The ideal under all its forms is the anticipation and the prophetic vision of this existence higher than its own towards which every being aspires. This higher and more dignified existence is more inward in its nature, that is to say, more spiritual. Just as volcanoes reveal to us the secrets of the interior of the globe, so enthusiasm and ecstasy are the passing explosions of this inner world of the soul, and human life is but the preparation and the means of approach to this spiritual life. The degrees of initiation are innumerable. Watch, then, disciple of life, and labour towards thy future development, for the divine Odyssey is but a series of metamorphoses more and more ethereal, where each form, the result of what precedes it, is the condition of those which follow it. The divine life is a series of successive deaths, in which the mind throws off its imperfections and its symbols, and yields to the growing attraction of the ineffable centre of gravitation, the sun of intelligence and love."

Or again—

"So you have returned to me, kind fragrances of spring! You gladden me again after a long absence. This morning the poetry of the scene, the song of the birds, the tranquil sunlight, the breeze blowing over the fresh green fields, all rose into and filled my heart. Now all is silence. Oh, silence, thou art terrible! Terrible as the calm of the ocean, which allows the eye to penetrate into its fathomless abysses. Thou lettest us see in ourselves depths which make us giddy, inextinguishable needs, treasures of suffering. Let temptations come! They agitate at least the surface of these waters, with their terrible secrets. Let passions blow! In raising the waves of the soul, they veil its bottomless gulfs. In all of us, children of dust, sons of time, eternity inspires an involuntary anguish, and the infinite, a mysterious terror. We seem to be entering a kingdom of the dead. Poor heart, thou desirest life, thou desirest love, thou art hungry for

illusions. And thou art right after all, for life is sacred. . . . Ah, let us feel and live, and beware of too much analysis. Let us put spontaneity, *naïveté*, before reflection, experience before study; let us make life itself our teacher. . . . Do no violence to yourself; respect in yourself the oscillations of feeling. They are your life and your nature; One wiser than you ordained them. Do not abandon yourself altogether either to instinct or to will. Instinct is a siren, will a despot. Be neither the slave of your impulses and sensations of the moment, nor of an abstract and general plan: be open to what life brings from within and without, and welcome the unforeseen; but give to your life unity, and bring the unforeseen within the lines of your plan."

Before we turn to his more mundane side, we may linger a little over a few short passages which show his poetical feeling at its highest and sweetest. Where shall we find a lovelier vindication of the place and power of reverie than this?

"We must know how to put occupation aside,—which does not mean that we must be idle. In an inaction which is meditative and attentive, the wrinkles of the soul are smoothed away, and the soul itself spreads, unfolds, and springs afresh, and like the trodden grass of the roadside, or the bruised leaf of a plant, repairs its injuries, becomes new, spontaneous, true, and original. Reverie, like the rain of night, restores colour and force to thoughts which have been blanched and wearied by the heat of the day. With gentle, fertilising power it awakens within us a thousand sleeping germs, and, as though in play, gathers around us materials for the future, and the images in which talent must clothe itself. Reverie is the *Sunday of thought*, and who knows which is the more important and fruitful for man, the laborious tension of the week or the life-giving repose of the Sabbath?"

The two following pieces have the

haunting force of poetry: they are full indeed of a Wordsworthian charm, of a sort of tender, yet austere, grace. Take this passage on Autumn:—"There are two forms of Autumn: there is the misty and dreamy Autumn, there is the vivid and brilliant Autumn; almost the difference between the two sexes. Is not every season both masculine and feminine in some fashion? Has it not its minor and its major scale, its two sides of light and shadow, gentleness and force? Perhaps. All that is perfect is double; each face has two profiles, each coin two sides. The scarlet Autumn stands for vigorous activity; the grey Autumn for meditative feeling. The one is expansive and overflowing; the other still and withdrawn. Yesterday our thoughts were with the dead. To-day we are celebrating the vintage."

Or this comparison, drawn from the lake which has inspired so many poetical souls:—" (From Vevey to Geneva.) What message had this Lake for me, with its sad serenity, its soft and even tranquillity, in which mountains and clouds repeated themselves with their cold and monotonous pallor? That disenchanted, disillusioned life may still be traversed by duty, lit by a memory of heaven. A clear and profound intuition awoke in me of the flight of things, of the fatality of life, of the melancholy which is below the surface of existence, and also of the deepest depth which is below all."

Two more quotations of a different kind must be added before we bring our short analysis to an end. They belong to Amiel's political and literary self, to the man who, with all his mysticism, was an excellent citizen, a warm friend, and one of the keenest and most delicate of critics. The one illustrates his attitude towards modern democracy—an attitude of misgiving on the whole—and the other is a criticism of Chateaubriand, whom he disliked, while rendering ample homage to his splendid talents. "*Imagination*

magnifique, mais mauvais caractère," he calls him.

"The time of great men is going; the epoch of the ant-hill, of life in multiplicity, is coming. The century of individualism, if abstract equality triumphs, runs a great risk of seeing no more true individuals. By continual levelling and division of labour, society will become everything and man nothing. As the floor of the valleys is raised by the denudation and washing down of the mountains, what is average will rise at the expense of what is great. The exceptional will disappear. A plateau with fewer and fewer undulations, without contrasts or oppositions—such will be the future aspect of human society. The statistician will register a growing progress, and the moralist a gradual decline; on the one hand a progress of things, on the other a decline of souls. . . . Is this indeed the fate reserved for the democratic era? May not the general well-being be purchased too dearly at such a price? Creation, which we see in the beginning, for ever tending to disengage and multiply differences, will she in the end return upon her steps, and efface them one by one? And equality, which in the dawn of existence is mere inertia, torpor, and death, is it to become at last the natural form of life? Or rather, above the economic and political equality to which the socialist and non-socialist democracy aspires, taking it too often for the term of its efforts, will there not arise a new kingdom of the mind, a church of refuge, a republic of souls, in which, far beyond the region of mere right and sordid utility, beauty, devotion, holiness, heroism, enthusiasm, the extraordinary, the infinite, shall have a worship and an abiding city? Utilitarian materialism, barren well-being, the idolatry of the flesh and of the self, of the temporal and of mammon, are they to be the goal of our efforts, the final recompense promised to the labours of our race? I do not believe it. The ideal of humanity is something different and higher. But the

animal in us must be satisfied first, and we must first banish from among us all suffering, which is superfluous and has its origin in social arrangements, before we can return to spiritual ideals."

This is in Amiel's characteristic tone. The criticism of Chateaubriand has a sharpness unusual to him.

"Essentially jealous and choleric, Chateaubriand from the beginning was inspired by mistrust, by the need of contradicting, of crushing and conquering; and this motive may always be traced in him. Rousseau seems to me his point of departure, the man who suggested to him by contrast and resistance all his replies and attacks. Rousseau is revolutionary; Chateaubriand therefore writes his *Essay on Revolutions*. Rousseau is republican and Protestant; Chateaubriand will be royalist and Catholic. Rousseau is *bourgeois*; Chateaubriand will glorify nothing but noble birth, honour, chivalry, and deeds of arms. Rousseau conquered Nature for French letters, above all the Nature of the mountains and of the Swiss and Savoyard lakes. He pleaded for her against civilisation. Chateaubriand will take possession of a new and colossal Nature, of the ocean, of America; but he will make his savages speak the language of Louis XIV.; he will bow Atala before a Catholic missionary, and will sanctify passions born on the banks of the Mississippi by the solemnities of Catholic ceremonial. Rousseau was the apologist of reverie; Chateaubriand will build the monument of it, in order to break it in René. Rousseau preaches Deism with all his eloquence, in the Savoyard vicar; Chateaubriand surrounds the Roman creed with all the garlands of his poetry in the *Génie du Christianisme*. Rousseau appeals to natural law and pleads for the future of nations; Chateaubriand will only sing the glories of the past, the ashes of history, and the noble ruins of empires. Always a rôle to be filled, cleverness to be displayed, a *parti-pris* to be upheld, and fame to be won. His theme,

one of imagination; his faith, one to order; but sincerity, loyalty, candour, seldom or never. Always a real indifference, simulating a passion for truth; always an imperious thirst for glory instead of devotion to the good; always the ambitious artist, never the citizen, the believer, the man."

Perhaps we have quoted enough to illustrate a few rapid general appreciations of his gift as a whole, and of the place which his work is likely to take in literature. Much no doubt depends upon the second volume. There are possibilities of monotony inherent in all writing of this kind; and repeated too often, some of Amiel's characteristic notes might become wearisome. M. Scherer however assures the present writer that the second volume, when it appears, will be open to no such reproach. In all probability indeed, and judging from the extracts given from it by M. Scherer, it will be of even greater interest than the first, for it will take us through Amiel's last illness; it will show us the sensitive, courageous soul as it bore itself under the sharpest and most searching appeals of experience, in its farewell to life and its submission to death. But if the later portions of the book do but carry on the quality of the earlier, there can be little doubt as to Amiel's claim on his generation. He has that gift of inwardness, of sensitiveness to all the large questions, which never demands attention in vain. Fresh spiritual experience thrown into noble form—this is what he has to offer us. It is the eternal contribution of the poets to the human store. And such natures as Amiel and Maurice de Guérin must rank with the poets. There is nothing in common between them and the *preachers* of literature, the men who speak, as it were, from a height to the crowd and in the interests of a particular set of convictions. Amiel has no wish to convince you, to discourse to you, or intellectually to do you good. In his own mind he is persuaded that all ideas which can be taught and infused "are in

their ultimate analysis prejudices, narrownesses of the mind." What he seeks is first of all to know and feel for himself, and then to throw his thought and feeling into shape, with his eye on the object all the time, and his whole nature bent on the struggle to seize and fix the fugitive intangible vision. And he succeeds, or succeeds as far as human thought and language, used not scientifically but poetically, can succeed, in grappling with the matter of the highest imaginative or speculative thought.

Can we give him higher praise? In a day of confusion and transition, is not the world more in need than ever of such inspirers and pioneers of thought, so free intellectually, so stable and satisfying morally? They stand, as it were, between the two certitudes, the metaphysical or the theological, with which they have practically nothing in common, and the scientific with which they have a great deal, but which yet is never able to obtain complete possession of them. For the scientific certitude proclaims that there is nothing knowable beyond phenomena. Whereas a mind like Amiel's, while intellectually it feels all the force of the arguments urged by science, is yet practically persuaded that beyond and below phenomena there is "a deepest depth" in which love and duty have their source, a Divine consciousness which is the root of ours. It is to these composite natures, one may prophesy, that the shaping of the future belongs. For the force of things is against the *certain* people. Again and again truth escapes from the prisons made for her by mortal hands, and in the van of the endless pursuit are the men of Amiel's type, clear-eyed, impetuous, untiring, their eager speech flashing back to us behind some dim conception of the great vision as it appears to them.

"And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear, this Vision—
were it not He?"

M. A. W.

THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XLVI.

WHILE Oona was standing on the verge of these mysteries a trial of a very different kind had fallen to Walter. They had exchanged parts in this beginning of their union. It was his to lead the two elder ladies into those rooms which were to him connected with the most painful moments of his life, but to them conveyed no idea beyond the matter of fact that they were more comfortably furnished and inhabitable than was to be expected in such a ruin. Even to Mrs. Methven, who was interrogating his looks all the time, in an anxious endeavour to know what his feelings were, there seemed nothing extraordinary in the place save this. She seated herself calmly in the chair, which he had seen occupied by so different a tenant, and looking smiling towards him, though always with a question in her eyes, began to express her wonder why, with Auchnasheen so near, it had been thought necessary to retain a dwelling-place among these ruins; but since Walter did from time to time inhabit them, his mother found it pleasant that they were so habitable, so almost comfortable, and answered old Macalister's apologies for the want of a fire or any preparations for their coming with smiling assurances that all was very well, that she could not have hoped to find rooms in such careful repair. Mrs. Forrester was a great deal more effusive. She was pleased beyond measure to see everything, which was what nobody on the loch had done for many years. Even on the occasion when the Williamsons invaded Lord Erradeen's solitude they had not been admitted to any investigation of this part of the house; and she examined every-

thing with a flow of cheerful remark, divided between Lord Erradeen and his old servant, with whom, as with everybody on the loch, she had the acquaintance of a lifetime.

"I must see your wife, Macalister," she said, "and make her my compliment on the way she has kept everything. It is really just a triumph, and I would like to know how she has done it. To keep down the damp even in my little house, where there are always fires going, and every room full, is a constant thought—and how she does it here, where it is so seldom occupied—— The rooms are just wonderfully nice rooms, Lord Erradeen, but I would not say they were a cheerful dwelling—above all, for a young man like you."

"No, they are not a very cheerful dwelling," said Walter with a smile, which to his mother, watching him so closely, told a tale of pain which she did not understand indeed, yet entered into with instinctive sympathy. The place began to breathe out suffering and mystery to her; she could not tell why. It was cold, both in reality and sentiment, the light coming into it from the cold north-east, from the mountains which stood up dark and chill above the low shining of the setting sun. And the cold affected her from his eyes, and made her shiver.

"I think," she said, "we must not stay too long. The sun is getting low, and the cold——"

"But where is Oona?" said Mrs. Forrester. "I would not like to go away till she has had the pleasure too. Oh, yes, it is a pleasure, Lord Erradeen—for you see we cannot look out at our own door without the sight of your old castle before our eyes, and it is a satisfaction to know what there is within. She must have stayed out-

side among the ruins that she was always partial to. Perhaps Macalister will go and look for her—or, oh! Lord Erradeen, but I could not ask you to take that trouble.”

“My lord,” said old Macalister aside, “if it had been any other young lady I wad have been after her before now. Miss Oona is just wonderful for sense and judgment; but when I think upon yon wall——”

“I will go,” said Walter. Amid all the associations of this place, the thought of Oona had threaded through every movement of his mind. He thought now that she had stayed behind out of sympathy, now that it was indifference, now—he could not tell what to think. But no alarm had crossed his thoughts. He made a rapid step towards the door, then paused, with a bewildering sense that he was leaving two innocent women without protection in a place full of dangers which they knew nothing of. Was it possible that his enemy could assail him through these unsuspecting simple visitors? He turned back to them with a strange pang of pity and regret, which he himself did not understand. “Mother,” he said, “you will forgive me—it is only for a moment?”

“Walter!” she cried, full of surprise; then waved her hand to him with a smile, bidding him, “Go, go—and bring Miss Forrester.” Her attitude, her smile of perfect security and pleasure, went with him like a little picture as he went down the spiral stairs. Mrs. Forrester was in it also, in all her pretty faded colour and animation, begging him—“Dear me, not to take the trouble; for no doubt Oona was just at the door, or among the ruins, or saying a word to Hamish about the boat.”

A peaceful little picture—no shadow upon it; the light a little cold, but the atmosphere so serene and still. Strange contrast to all that he had seen there—the conflict, the anguish, which seemed to have left their traces upon the very walls. He hurried

down stairs with this in his mind, and a lingering of all his thoughts upon the wistful smiling of his mother's face—though why at this moment he should dwell upon that was a wonder to himself. Oona was not on the grassy slope before the door, nor talking to Hamish at the landing-place, as her mother suggested. There was no trace of her among the ruins. Then, but not till then, Walter began to feel a tremor of alarm. There came suddenly into his mind the recollection of that catastrophe of which he had been told in Edinburgh by its victim; it sent a shiver through him, but even yet he did not seriously fear; for Oona was no stranger to lose herself upon the dangerous places of the ruin. He went hurriedly up the steps to the battlements, where he himself had passed through so many internal struggles, thinking nothing less than to find her in one of the embrasures, where he had sat and looked out upon the loch. He had been startled, as he came out of the shadow of the house, by a faint cry, which seemed to issue from the distance, from the other extremity of the water, and which was indeed the cry for help to which Oona had given utterance when she felt the wall crumbling under her feet, which the wind had carried far down the loch, and which came back in a distant echo. Walter began to remember this cry as he searched in vain for any trace of her. And when he reached the spot where the danger began and saw the traces that some other steps had been there before him, and that a shower of crumbling mortar and fragments of stone had fallen, his heart leaped to his throat with sudden horror, but it was calmed by the instant reassurance that had she fallen there he must have found her below. He looked round him bewildered, unable to conceive what had become of her. Where had she gone? The boat lay at the landing-place, with Hamish in waiting; not a flutter of a veil was to be seen to afford any trace of her; all was silence about and around.

"Oona!" he cried, but the wind caught his voice too, and carried it away to the village on the other bank, to her own isle away upon the glistening water, where Oona was not. Where was she? His throat began to grow parched, his breath to labour with the hurry of his heart. He stood on the verge of the precipice of broken masonry, looking now to the stony pinnacles above, where nothing but a bird (he thought) could have found the way; now over the ruined battlements to the ledge of rock upon which the waters rose and fell; now down, with an agonised gaze, into the interior, where—thank Heaven for so much certainty—she could not have fallen, but saw nothing, heard nothing, save the rustle of the awful silence which wounded his ear, and the vacancy that made his eyes ache with a feverish strain.

The two mothers meanwhile talked calmly in the room below, where Macalister had lighted the fire, and where, in the cheerful blaze and glow, everything became still more cosy and tranquil and calm. Perhaps even the absence of the young pair whose high strain of existence at the moment could not but disturb the elder souls with sympathy, made the quiet waiting, the pleasant talk, more natural. Mrs. Methven had been deeply touched by her son's all unneeded apology for leaving her. She could have laughed over it, and cried, it was so kind, so tender of Walter, yet unlike him, the late awakening of thought and tenderness to which she had never been accustomed, which penetrated her with a sweet and delightful amusement as well as happiness. She had no reason to apprehend any evil, neither was Mrs. Forrester afraid for Oona. "Oh no, she is well used to going about by herself. There is nobody near but knows my Oona. Her family and all her belongings have been on the loch I might say since ever it was a loch; and if any stranger took it upon him to say an uncivil word, there is neither man nor

woman for ten miles round but would stand up for her—if such a thing could be," Mrs. Forrester added with dignity, "which is just impossible and not to be thought of. And as for rough roads or the hillside, I would trust her as soon as the strongest man. But I would like her to see the books and what a nice room Lord Erradeen has here, for often we have been sorry for him, and wondered what kind of accommodation there was, and what good it could do to drag the poor young man out of his comfortable house, if it was only once in the year——"

"And why should he come here once in the year?" Mrs. Methven asked with a smile.

"That is just the strange story: but I could not take upon myself to say, for I know nothing except the common talk, which is nonsense, no doubt. You will never have been in the north before?" said Mrs. Forrester, thinking it judicious to change the subject.

"Never before," Mrs. Methven replied, perceiving equally on her side that the secrets of the family were not to be gleaned from a stranger; and she added, "My son himself has not yet seen his other houses, though this is the second time he has come here."

"It is to be hoped," said the other, "that now he will think less of that weary London, which I hear is just an endless traffic of parties and pleasure, and settle down to be a Scots lord. We must make excuses for a young man that naturally likes to be among his own kind, and finds more pleasure in an endless on-going than ladies always understand. Though I will not say but I like society very well myself, and would be proud to see my friends about me, if it were not for the quiet way that Oona and I are living upon a little bit isle, which makes it always needful to consider the weather, and if there is a moon, and all that; and besides that, I have no gentleman in the house."

"I never had a daughter," said Mrs. Methven; "there can be no companion so sweet."

"You mean Oona? Her and me," said Mrs. Forrester, with Scotch grammar and a smile, "we are but one; and you do not expect me to praise myself? When I say we have no gentleman in the house, it is because we cannot be of the use we would wish to our friends. To offer a cup of tea is just all I have in my power, and that is nothing to ask a gentleman to; but for all that it is wonderful how constantly we are seeing our neighbours, especially in the summer time, when the days are long. But bless me, what is that?" Mrs. Forrester cried. The end of her words was lost in a tumult and horror of sound such as Loch Houran had never heard before.

Walter was half distracted with wonder and alarm. He had looked in every corner where it was possible she could have taken refuge. He sprang now upon the very edge of the battlement, where there was precarious footing though the platform within had crumbled away, and stood out there between earth and sky, eagerly scanning the higher points of the ruin. Could she have ventured there, up upon those airy heights, where, so far as he knew, no one had climbed before for ages? Every kind of horrible fear overtook him as he stood and searched everywhere with his eyes. She might have fallen through some of the crevices into the honeycomb of ruin, half filled up, yet affording pits and chasms innumerable. She might, which was more terrible still, have been met by the master of those gloomy ruins and been driven to madness and disaster by the meeting. He stood up, poised between earth and sky, the loch sheer below lapping against the foundations of the castle, the tower rising grey and inaccessible above. Already from the village his figure was seen in mid air, rousing an idle little group round

the inn door to amazement and dismay. While he stood thus, it seemed to him that sounds suddenly broke forth from above—a voice bursting out, high, indignant, in words indistinguishable to him: and the voice was not recognisable. It was a human voice, and quivered with passion and vehemence, but that was all. The horrible question crossed his mind, was Oona there at the mercy of his enemy? when suddenly, without an interval, the sound changed into Oona's own voice, and into words of which he could distinguish one only and that was pardon. And before he had time to draw breath there suddenly flashed upon Walter's eyes a vision—was it madness coming upon him? for it could not be true. A vision—Oona, her dress and her hair streaming behind her, in the impulse of flight, passing like the wind within the ruinous balustrade, her light figure flashing across the dark openings, her foot scarcely touching the stones over which she flew. With a loud cry he threw out his arms to her, knowing it to be a vision, yet true. Behind her flying figure there flashed out, as if in pursuit, a great sudden blaze, the red mad gleam of fire in the sunshine, fire that flamed up to the sky and rolled along the masonry in a liquid wave of flame. He flung himself towards her he did not know how, and clutched at her wildly as she came flying over the ridges of ruin. Then sense and hearing and consciousness itself were lost in a roar as of all the elements let loose, a great dizzy upheaving as of an earthquake. The whole world darkened around him; there was a sudden rush of air and whirl of giddy sensation, and nothing more.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE explosion startled the whole country for miles around.

The old castle was at all times the centre of the landscape, standing sombre in its ruin amid all the smil-

ing existence of to-day. It flashed in a moment into an importance more wonderful, blazing up to the sky in fire and flame and clouds of smoke like a great battle. The whole neighbourhood, as far as sight could carry, saw this new wonder, and sprang into sudden excitement, alarm, and terror. Every soul rushed out of the village on the bank; servants appeared half frantic in front of Auchnasheen, pushing out in skiffs and fishing-cobbles upon the water which seemed to share the sudden passion of alarm, and became but one great reflection, red and terrible, of the flames which seemed to burst in a moment from every point. Some yachtsmen, whose little vessel had been lying at anchor, and who had been watching with great curiosity the moving figure on the height of the gallery round the tower, and afterwards the second adventurer on the battlement, with much laughing discussion among themselves as to the ghost and its movements, were suddenly brought to seriousness in a moment as the yacht bounded under their feet with the concussion of the air, and the idle sail flapping from the mast grew blood-red in the sudden glare. It was the work of another moment to leap into their boat and speed as fast as the oars could plough through the water, to the rescue, if rescue were needed. Who could be there? they asked each other. Only old Macalister with his wife, who, safe in the lower story, would have full time to escape. But then, what was that white figure on the tower? The young men almost laughed again as they said to each other, "The warlock lord!" "Let's hope he's blown himself up and made an end of all that nonsense," said the sceptic of the party. But just then the stalwart boat-load came across a wild skiff dashing through the water, old Symington like a ghost in the stern, and red-haired Duncan, with bare arms and throat, rowing as for life and death.

"My lord is there!" cried the old

man with quivering lips. "The leddies are there!"

"And Hamish and Miss Oona!" fell stammering from Duncan, half dumb with horror.

The young yachtsmen never said a word, but looked at each other and flew along over the blood-red water. Oona! It was natural they should think of her first in her sweetness and youth.

The two mothers in their tranquil talk sat still for a moment and looked at each other with pale awe on their faces, when that wild tumult enveloped them, paralysing every other sense. They thought they were lost, and instinctively looked in each other's faces, and put out their hands to each other. They were alone—even the old servant had left them—and there they sat breathless, expecting death. For a moment the floor and walls so quivered about them that nothing else seemed possible; but no catastrophe followed, and their faculties returned. They rose with one impulse and made their way together to the door, then, the awe of death passing, life rising in them, flew down the staircase with the lightness of youth, and out to the air, which already was full of the red flicker of the rising flames. But once there, a worse thing befell these two poor women. They had been still in the face of death, but now, with life saved, came a sense of something more terrible than death. They cried out in one voice the names of their children. "My boy!" "Oona!" Old Macalister, speechless, dragging his old wife after him, came out and joined them, the two old people looking like owls suddenly scared by the outburst of lurid light.

"Oh, what will be happening?" said the old woman, her dazed astonishment contrasting strangely with the excitement and terror of the others.

Mrs. Forrester answered her in wild and feverish volubility.

"Nothing will have happened," she said. "Oona, my darling! What

would happen? She knows her way: she would not go a step too far. Oh, Oona, where are you? why will you not answer me? They will just be bewildered like ourselves, and she will be in a sore fright; but that will be for me. Oona! Oona! She will be frightened—but only for me. Oona! Oh, Hamish, man, can ye not find your young lady? The fire—I am not afraid of the fire. She will just be wild with terror—for me. Oona! Oona! Oona!” cried the poor lady, her voice ending in a shriek.

Mrs. Methven stood by her side, but did not speak. Her pale face was raised to the flaming tower, which threw an illumination of red light over everything. She did not know that it was supposed to be inaccessible. For anything she knew, her boy might be there, perishing within her sight; and she could do nothing. The anguish of the helpless and hopeless gave her a sort of terrible calm. She looked at the flames as she might have looked at executioners who were putting her son to death. She had no hope.

Into the midst of this distracted group came a sudden rush of men from the boats, which were arriving every minute, the young yachtsmen at their head. Mrs. Forrester flung herself upon these young men, catching hold of them as they came up.

“My Oona’s among the ruins,” she said breathlessly. “Oh, no fear but you’ll find her. Find her! find her! for I’m going out of my senses, I think. I know that she’s safe, oh, quite safe! but I’m silly, silly, and my nerves are all wrong. Oh, Harry, for the love of God, and Patrick, Patrick, my fine lad! And not a brother to look after my bairn!”

“We are all her brothers,” cried the youths, struggling past the poor lady, who clung to them and hindered their progress, her voice coming shrill through the roar of the flames and the bustle and commotion below. Amid this tumult her piercing “Oona! Oona!” came in from time to time, sharp with the derision of tragedy

for anything so ineffectual and vain. Before many minutes had passed the open space in front of the house which stood intact and as yet unthreatened, was crowded with men, none of them, however, knowing what to do, nor, indeed, what had happened. The information that Lord Erradeen and Oona were missing was handed about among them, repeated with shakings of the head to every new-comer. Mrs. Methven standing in the midst, whom nobody knew, received all the comments like so many stabs into her heart. “Was it them that were seen on the walls just before? Then nothing could have saved them.” “The wall’s all breached to the loch: no cannon could have done it cleaner. It’s there you’ll find them.” “Find them! Oh, hon! oh, hon! The bodies of them. Let’s hope their souls are in a better place.” The unfortunate mother heard what everybody said. She stood among strangers, with nobody who had any compassion upon her, receiving over and over again the assurance of his fate.

The first difficulty here, as in every other case of the kind, was that no one knew what to do; there were hurried consultations, advices called out on every hand, suggestions—many of them impossible—but no authoritative guide to say what was to be done. Mrs. Methven, turning her miserable looks from one to another, saw standing by her side a man of commanding appearance, who seemed to take no share in either advice or action, but stood calmly looking on. He was so different from the rest, that she appealed to him instinctively.

“Oh, sir!” she cried, “you must know what is best to be done—tell them.”

He started a little when she spoke; his face, when he turned it towards her, was full of strange expression. There was sadness in it, and mortification, and wounded pride. She said after that he was like a man disappointed, defeated, full of dejection and indignation. He gave her a look of

keen wonder, and then said with a sort of smile—

“Ah, that is true!” Then in a moment his voice was heard over the crowd. “The thing to be done,” he said, in a voice which was not loud, but which immediately silenced all the discussions and agitations round, “is to clear away the ruins. The fire will not burn downward—it has no food that way—it will exhaust itself. The young lady fell with the wall. If she is to be found, she will be found there.”

The men around all crowded about the spot from which the voice came.

“Wha’s that that’s speaking?”

“I see nobody.”

“What were you saying, sir?”

“Whoever it is it is good advice,” cried young Patrick from the yacht. “Harry, keep you the hose going on the house. I’ll take the other work; and thank you for the advice, whoever you are.”

Mrs. Forrester too had heard this voice, and the command and calm in it gave to her troubled soul a new hope. She pushed her way through the crowd to the spot from whence it came.

“Oh,” she cried, “did you see my Oona fall? Did you see my Oona? No, no, it would not be her that fell. You are just deceived. Where is my Oona? Oh, sir, tell them where she is that they may find her, and we’ll pray for you on our bended knees, night and morning, every day.”

She threw herself on her knees, as she spoke, on the grass, putting up her quivering, feverish hands. The other mother, with a horror which she felt even in the midst of her misery, saw the man to whom this heart-rending prayer was addressed, without casting even a glance at the suppliant at his feet, or with any appearance of interest in the proceedings he had advised, turn quietly on his heel and walk away. He walked slowly across the open space and disappeared upon the edge of the water with one glance upward to the blazing tower, taking no more note of the anxious crowd

collected there than if they had not existed. Nor did any one notice this strange spectator going away at the height of the catastrophe, when everybody far and near was roused to help. The men running hurriedly to work did not seem to see him. The two old servants of the house, Symington and Macalister, stood crowding together out of reach of the stream of water which was being directed upon the house. But Mrs. Methven took no note of them. The only thing that touched her with a strange surprise in the midst of her anguish was to see that while her Walter’s fate still hung in the balance, there was one who could calmly go away.

By this time the sun had set; the evening, so strangely different from any other that ever had fallen on the loch, was beginning to darken on the hills, bringing out with wilder brilliancy the flaming of the great fire, which turned the tower of Kinloch Houran into a lantern, and blazed upwards in a great pennon of crimson and orange against the blue of the skies. For miles down the loch the whole population was out upon the roads gazing at this wonderful sight; the hill sides were crimsoned by the reflection, as if the heather had bloomed again; the water glowed red under the cool calm of the evening sky. Round about Birkenbraes was a little crowd, the visitors and servants occupying every spot from which this portent could be seen, and Mr. Williamson himself, with his daughter, standing at the gate to glean what information might be attainable from the passers-by. Katie, full of agitation, unable to undergo the common babble inside, had walked on, scarcely knowing what she did, in her indoor dress, shivering with cold and excitement. They had all said to each other that there could be no danger to life in that uninhabited place.

“Toots, no danger at all!” Mr. Williamson had said, with great satisfaction in the spectacle. “Old Macalister

and his wife are just like rats in their hole, the fire will never come near them; and the ruin will be none the worse—it will just be more a ruin than ever.”

There was something in Katie's mind which revolted against this easy treatment of so extraordinary a catastrophe. It seemed to her connected, she could not tell how, with the scene which had passed in her own room so short a time before. But for shame she would have walked on to Auchnasheen to make sure that Walter was in no danger. But what would he think of her—what would everybody think? Katie went on, however, abstracted from herself, her eyes upon the blaze in the distance, her heart full of disturbed thoughts. All at once she heard the firm quick step of some one advancing to meet her. She looked up eagerly; it might be Walter himself—it might be—— When she saw who it was, she came to a sudden pause. Her limbs refused to carry her, her very breath seemed to stop. She looked up at him and trembled. The question that formed on her lips could not get utterance. He was perfectly calm and courteous, with a smile that bewildered her and filled her with terror.

“Is there any one in danger?” he said, answering as if she had spoken. “I think not. There is no one in danger now. It is a fine spectacle. We are at liberty to enjoy it without any drawback—now.”

“Oh, sir,” said Katie, her very lips quivering, “you speak strangely. Are you sure that there was no one there?”

“I am sure of nothing,” he said, with a strange smile.

And then Mr. Williamson, delighted to see a stranger, drew near.

“You need not be so keen with your explanations, Katie. Of course it is the gentleman we met at Kinloch Houran. Alas! poor Kinloch Houran, we will never meet there again. You will just stay to dinner now that we have got you? Come, Katie, where

are your manners? You say nothing. Indeed we will consider it a great honour—just ourselves and a few people that are staying in the house; and as for dress, what does that matter? It is a thing that happens every day. Neighbours in the country will look in without preparation; and for my part, I say always, the more the merrier,” said the open-hearted millionaire.

The stranger's face lighted up with a gleam of scornful amusement.

“The kindness is great,” he said, “but I am on my way to the other end of the loch.”

“You are never walking?” cried Mr. Williamson. “Lord bless us! that was a thing that used to be done in my young days, but nobody thinks of now. Your servant will have gone on with your baggage? and you would have a delicacy—I can easily understand—in asking for a carriage in the excitement of the moment; but ye shall not walk past my house where there are conveyances of all kinds that it is just a charity to use. Now, I'll take no denial; there's the boat. In ten minutes they'll get up steam. I had ordered it, ready to send up to Auchnasheen for news. But as a friend would never be leaving if the family was in trouble, it is little use to do that now. I will just make a sign to the boat, and they'll have ye down in no time; it will be the greatest pleasure, if you are sure you will not stay to your dinner in the meantime, which is what I would like best.”

He stood looking down upon them both from his great height; his look had been sad and grave when he had met Katie, a look full of expression which she could not fathom. There came now a gleam of amusement over his countenance. He laughed out.

“That would be admirable,” he said, offering no thanks, “I will take your boat,” like a prince according, rather than receiving, a favour.

Mr. Williamson looked at his daughter with a confused air of astonish-

ment and perplexity, but he sent a messenger off in a boat to warn the steamer, which lay with its lights glimmering white in the midst of the red reflections on the loch. The father and daughter stood there silenced, and with a strange sensation of alarm, beside this stranger. They exchanged another frightened look.

"You'll be going a long journey," Mr. Williamson said, faltering, scarcely knowing what he said.

"In any case," said the stranger, "I am leaving this place."

He seemed to put aside their curiosity as something trifling, unworthy to be answered, and with a wave of his hand to them, took the path towards the beach.

They turned and looked after him, drawing close to each other for mutual comfort. It was twilight, when everything is confusing and uncertain. They lost sight of him, then saw him again, like a tall pillar on the edge of the water. There was a confusion of boats coming and going, in which they could not trace whither he went or how.

Katie and her father stood watching, taking no account of the progress of time, or of the cold wind of the night which came in gusts from the hills. They both drew a long sigh of relief when the steamer was put in motion, and went off down the loch with its lights like glow-worms on the yards and the masts. Nor did they say a word to each other as they turned and went home. When inquiries were made afterwards, nothing but the most confused account could be given of the embarkation. The boatmen had seen the stranger, but none among them would say that he had conveyed him to the steamer; and on the steamer the men were equally confused, answering at random, with strange glances at each other. Had they carried that passenger down to the foot of the loch? Not even Katie's keen questioning could elicit a clear reply.

But when the boat had steamed

away, carrying into the silence the rustle of its machinery and the twinkling of its lights, there was another great explosion from the tower of Kinloch Houran, a loud report which seemed to roar away into the hollows of the mountains, and came back in a thousand rolling echoes. A great column of flame shot up into the sky, the stones fell like a cannonade, and then all was darkness and silence. The loch fell into sudden gloom; the men who were labouring at the ruins stopped short, and groped about to find each other through the dust and smoke which hung over them like a cloud. The bravest stood still, as if paralysed, and for a moment, through all this strange scene of desolation and terror, there was but one sound audible, the sound of a voice which cried "Oona! Oona!" now shrill, now hoarse with exhaustion and misery, "Oona! Oona!" to earth and heaven.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

WHEN the curious and the inefficient dropped away, as they did by degrees as night fell, there were left the three youths from the yacht, Hamish, Duncan, and two or three men from the village, enough to do a greater work than that which lay before them: but the darkness and the consternation, and even their very eagerness and anxiety confused their proceedings. Such lamps as they could get from Macalister were fastened up among the heaps of ruins, and made a series of wild Rembrandt-like pictures in the gloom, but afforded little guidance to their work. The masses of masonry which they laboured to clear away seemed to increase rather than diminish under their picks and spades—new angles of the wall giving way when they seemed to have come nearly to the foundation. And now and then from above a mass of stones penetrated through and through by the fire, and kept in their place only by

mere balance, would topple down without warning, dangerously near their heads, risking the very lives of the workers; upon whom discouragement gained as the night wore on, and no result was obtained. After a while, with a mournful unanimity they stopped work and consulted in whispers what was to be done. Not a sound had replied to their cries. They had stopped a hundred times to listen, one more imaginative than the rest, thinking he heard an answering cry; but no such response had ever come, how was it possible, from under the choking, suffocating mass, which rolled down upon them as they worked, almost stopping their breath? They gave up altogether in the middle of the night in dejection and hopelessness. The moon had risen and shone all round them, appearing through the great chasms in the wall, making a glory upon the loch, but lending no help here, the shadow of the lower part of the house lying black over the new-made ruin. What was the use? No mortal could have fallen below those powdery heaps and yet live. They stood disconsolately consulting on the possibilities. If Walter and Oona were under those heaps of ruin, it was impossible that they could be alive, and the men asked each other, shaking their heads, what chance there was of any of those fortunate accidents which sometimes save the victims of such a calamity. The wall had been already worn by time, there were no beams, no archways which could have sheltered them—everything had come down in one mass of ruin. After many and troubled discussions they prepared reluctantly to abandon the hopeless work. "Perhaps, in the morning"—it was all that any one could say. The young yachtsmen made a last effort, calling out Walter's name. "If you can speak, for God's sake speak; any sign and we'll have you out. Erradeen! Erradeen!" they cried. But the silence was as that of the grave. A fall of powdery fragments now and then from

the heap, sometimes a great stone solemnly bounding downwards from point to point, the light blown about by the night air lighting up the dark group, and the solitary figure of Hamish, apart from them, who was working with a sort of rage, never pausing, pulling away the stones with his hands. This was all; not a moan, not a cry, not a sound of existence under those shapeless piles of ruin. The only thing that broke the silence, and which came now with a heart-rending monotony, because almost mechanical, was the cry of "Oona! Oona!" which Oona's mother scarcely conscious, sent out into the night.

The men stole softly round the corner of the house which remained untouched, to get to their boats, stealing away like culprits, though there was no want of goodwill in them. But they were not prepared for the scene that met them there. The little platform before the door, and the landing-place, were bright almost as day with the shining of the moon, the water one sheet of silver, upon which the boats lay black; the grassy space below all white and clear. In the midst of this space, seated on a stone, was Mrs. Methven. She had scarcely stirred all night. Her companion in sorrow had been taken into the shelter of the house, but she, unknown and half forgotten, and strong with all the vigour of misery, had remained there, avoiding speech of any one. With all her senses absorbed in listening, not a stroke had escaped her, scarcely a word—for a long time she had stood and walked about, not asking a question, observing, seeing, hearing all that was done. But as the awful hours went on, she had dropped down upon this rough seat, little elevated above the ground, where her figure now struck the troubled gaze of the young men, as if it had been that of a sentinel watching to see that they did not abandon their work. No such thought was in her mind. She was conscious of every movement they had made. For a moment she had

thought that this call upon her son meant that they had found some trace of him—but that was a mere instantaneous thrill, which her understanding was too clear to continue to entertain. She had said to herself from the beginning that there was no hope; she had said from the first what the men had said to each other reluctantly after hours of exertion. What was the good? since nothing could be done. Yet all the while as she said this, she was nursing within her bosom, concealing it even from her own consciousness, covering up the smouldering dying fire in her heart, a hope that would not altogether die. She would not even go towards the workers when they called out her son's name to know what it was; but only waited, waited with a desperate, secret, half-heathen thought, that perhaps if she did not cry and importune, but was silent, letting God do what He would, He might yet relent and bring her back her boy. Oh be patient! put on at least the guise of patience! and perhaps He would be touched by the silence of her misery—He who had not heard her prayers. She sat going over a hundred things in her heart. That Walter should have come back to her, called her to him, opened his heart to her, as a preparation for being thus snatched from her for ever! She said to herself that by and by she would thank God for this great mercy, and that she had thus found her son again if only for two days: but in the meantime her heart bled all the more for the thought, and bereavement became more impossible, more intolerable, even from that, which afterwards would make it almost sweet. As she kept that terrible vigil and heard the sound of the implements with which—oh, what was it?—not him, his body, the mangled remains of him—were being sought, she seemed to see him, standing before her, leaning upon her, the strong on the weak, pouring his troubles into her bosom—as he had not done since he was a child; and now he was lying crushed beneath

those stones. Oh no, no. Oh no, no—it was not possible. God was not like that, holding the cup of blessing to a woman's lips and then snatching it away. And then with an effort she would say to herself what she had said from the first, what she had never wavered in saying, that there was no hope. How could there be any hope? crushed beneath tons of falling stones—oh, crushed out of recognition, out of humanity! her imagination spared her nothing. When they found him they would tell her it was better, better, she the mother that bore him, that she should not see him again. And all the while the moon shining and God looking on. She was callous to the cry that came continually, mechanically, now stronger, now fainter from the rooms above. "Oona, Oona!" Sometimes it made her impatient. Why should the woman cry, as if her voice could reach her child under those masses of ruin? And *she* could not cry who had lost her all; her only one! Why should the other have that relief and she none—nor any hope? But all the sounds about her caught her ear with a feverish distinctness. When she heard the steps approaching after the pause of which she had divined the meaning, they seemed to go over her heart, treading it down into the dust. She raised her head and looked at them as they came up, most of the band stealing behind to escape her eye. "I heard you," she said, "call—my son."

"It was only to try; it was to make an effort; it was a last chance."

"A last——" though she was so composed there was a catch in her breath as she said this word; but she added, with the quiet of despair, "You are going away?"

The young man who was the spokesman stood before her like a culprit with his cap in his hand.

"My brothers and I," he said, "would gladly stay if it was any use; but there is no light to work by, and I fear—I fear—that by this time——"

"There is no more hope?" she said.

"I have no hope. I never had any hope."

The young man turned away with a despairing gesture, and then returned to her humbly, as if she had been a queen.

"We are all grieved—more grieved than words can say; and gladly would we stay if we could be of any use. But what can we do? for we are all convinced——"

"No me," cried Hamish, coming forward into the moonlight. "No me!" his bleeding hands left marks on his forehead as he wiped the heavy moisture from it; his eyes shone wildly beneath his shaggy brows. "I was against it," he cried, "from the first! I said what would they be doing here? But convinced, that I never will be, no till I find—Mem, if ye tell them they'll bide. Tell them to bide. As sure as God is in heaven that was all her thought, we will find her yet."

The other men had slunk away, and were softly getting into their boats. The three young yachtsmen alone waited, a group of dark figures about her. She looked up at them standing together in the moonlight, her face hollowed out as if by the work of years.

"He is my only one," she said, "my only one. And you—you—you are all the sons of one mother."

Her voice had a shrill anguish in it, insupportable to hear; and when she paused there came shrilly into the air, with a renewed passion, "Oona! Oona!" the cry that had not ceased for hours. The young man who was called Patrick flung his clenched hand into the air; he gave a cry of pity and pain unendurable.

"Go and lie you down an hour or two," he said to the others, "and come back with the dawn. Don't say a word. I'll stay; it's more than a man can bear."

When the others were gone, this young fellow implored the poor lady to go in, to lie down a little, to try and take some rest. What good

could she do, he faltered, and she might want all her strength for to-morrow—using all those familiar pleas with which the miserable are mocked. Something like a smile came over her wan face.

"You are very kind," she said, "oh, very kind!" but no more. But when he returned and pressed the same arguments upon her, she turned away almost with impatience. "I will watch with my son to-night," she said, putting him away with her hand. And thus the night passed.

Mrs. Forrester had been taken only half-conscious into Walter's room early in the evening. Her cry had become mechanical, not to be stopped; but she, it was hoped, was but half aware of what was passing, the unwonted and incredible anguish having exhausted her simple being, unfamiliar with suffering. Mr. Cameron, the minister from the village, had come over on the first news, and Mysie from the isle to take care of her mistress. Together they kept watch over the poor mother, who lay sometimes with her eyes half closed in a sort of stupor, sometimes springing up wildly, to go to Oona who was ill, and wanting her, she cried, distraught. "Oona! Oona!" she continued to cry through this all. Mysie had removed her bonnet, and her light faded hair was all dishevelled, without the decent covering of the habitual cap, her pretty colour gone. Sorrow seems to lie harder on such a gentle soul. It is cruel; there is nothing in it that is akin to the mild level of a being so easy and common. It was torture that prostrated the soul—not the passion of love and anguish which gave to the other mother the power of absolute self-control, and strength which could endure all things. Mr. Cameron himself, struck to the heart, for Oona was as dear to him as a child of his own, gave up his longing to be out among the workers in order to soothe and subdue her; and though she scarcely understood what he was saying, his presence did soothe her.

It was natural that the minister should be there, holding her up in this fiery passage, though she could not tell how. And thus the night went on. The moonlight faded outside; the candles paled and took a sickly hue within as the blue dawn came stealing over the world. At that chilliest, most awful moment of all the circle of time, Mrs. Forrester had sunk into half-unconsciousness. She was not asleep, but exhaustion had almost done the part of sleep, and she lay on the sofa in a stupor, not moving, and for the first time intermitting that terrible cry. The minister stole down stairs in that moment of repose. He was himself an old man and shaken beyond measure by the incidents of the night. His heart was bleeding for the child of his spirit, the young creature to whom he had been tutor, counsellor, almost father from her childhood. He went out with his heart full, feeling the vigil insupportable in the miserable room above, yet almost less supportable when he came out to the company of the grey hills growing visible, a stern circle of spectators round about, and realised with a still deeper pang, the terrible, unmitigated fact of the catastrophe. It was with horror that he saw the other mother sitting patient upon the stone outside. He did not know her, and had forgotten that such a person existed as Lord Erradeen's mother. Had she been there all night? "God help us," he said to himself; "how selfish we are, even to the sharers of our calamity." She looked up at him as he passed, but said nothing. And what could he say to her? For the first time he behaved himself like a coward, and fled from his duty; for what could he say to comfort her? and why insult her misery with vain attempts? Young Patrick had pressed shelter and rest upon her, being young and knowing no better. But the minister could not tell Walter's mother to lie down and rest; to think of her own life. What was her life to her? He passed her by with the

acute and aching sympathy which bears a share of the suffering it cannot relieve. For his own suffering was sore. Oona, Oona, he cried to himself silently in his heart as her mother had done aloud—his child, his nursling, the flower of his flock. Mysie had told him in the intervals, when her mistress was quiet, in whispers and with tears, of all that had happened lately, and of Oona's face that was like the Sabbath of the Sacrament, so grave yet so smiling as she left the isle. This went to the old minister's heart. He passed the ruin where Hamish was still plucking uselessly, half-stupefied, at the stones, and Patrick, with his back against the unbroken wall, had fallen asleep in utter weariness. Mr. Cameron did not linger there, but sought a place out of sight of man, where he could weep, for he was old, and his heart was too full to do without some natural relief.

He went through a ruined doorway to a place where all was still green and intact, as it had been before the explosion; the walls standing, but trees grown in the deep soil which covered the old stone floor. He leaned his white head against the roughness of the wall, and shed the tears that made his old eyes heavy, and relieved his old heart with prayer. He had prayed much all the night through, but with distracted thoughts, and eyes bent upon the broken-hearted creature by whose side he watched. But now he was alone with the great and closest Friend, He to whom all things can be said, and who understands all. "Give us strength to resign her to Thee," he said, pressing his old cheek against the damp and cold freshness of the stones, which were wet with other dews than those of nature, with the few concentrated tears of age, that mortal dew of suffering. The prayer and the tears relieved his soul. He lifted his head from the wall, and turned to go back again—if, perhaps, now fresh from his Master's presence

he might find a word to say to the other woman who all night long, like Rizpah, had sat silent and watched her son.

But as he turned to go away it seemed to the minister that he heard a faint sound. He supposed nothing but that some of the men who had been working had gone to sleep in a room, and were waking and stirring to the daylight. He looked round, but saw no one. Perhaps even then there came across the old man's mind some recollection of the tales of mystery connected with this house; but in the presence of death and sorrow, he put these lesser wonders aside. Nevertheless, there was a sound, faint, but yet a human movement. The old stone floor was deep under layers of soil upon which every kind of herbage

and several trees grew; but in the corner of the wall against which he had been leaning, the gathered soil had been hollowed away by the droppings from above, and a few inches of the original floor was exposed. The old man's heart began to beat with a bewildering possibility. But he dared not allow himself to think of it: he said to himself that it must be a bird, a beast, something imprisoned in some crevice. He listened. God! was that a moan? He turned and rushed with the step of a boy, to where Patrick sat dozing, and Hamish, stupefied, worked on mechanically. He clutched the one out of his sleep, the other from his trance of exhaustion—"Come here! come here! and listen. What is this?" the old minister said.

(To be continued.)

A SERBIAN POET.

On the 22nd July last there took place in the Austrian empire a noteworthy event, which was known to hardly anybody in England, but which stirred the hearts of those rising nations of South-Eastern Europe, who are vaguely known to us by the generic name of the Southern Slavs. On that day the ashes of Branko Radichevich, a poet, whose name is still a household word amongst the Serbian people, were solemnly removed from Vienna, thirty years after his decease, and reinterred in his native land amidst enthusiastic manifestations, by the Slavonic patriots who assembled at Karlovtsi to pay this tribute to his memory, of their veneration and lasting gratitude for the work which he had done.

Beyond a brief paragraph which was published in a weekly literary journal, no account of this national Serbian celebration of Radichevich's memory appears to have found its way into any English paper. Now, however, that the public have been made aware, by the Croatian risings which began in August last, and have since recurred at intervals, that a chronic insurrectionary movement, which may eventually come to be of European importance, exists in one, if not more, of the Austrian provinces peopled by the Serbo-Croatian nationality, in whose poetic literature the name of Radichevich stands pre-eminent, a suitable opportunity seems to present itself for offering for consideration some particulars respecting both the life of the great Serbian poet and the nationality with whose progress his work is inseparably connected.

The accounts of the rising in Croatia, which have appeared in the newspapers, have been such as to convey to people in England a very indistinct idea of what has been really going forward there. Telegraphic and other reports from Vienna and Pesth, and from

"own correspondents" of English journals, have transmitted the most bewildering statements, according to which a great part of "Hungary" has appeared to be overrun by bands of turbulent peasants and other "rioters," who have been represented as occupying themselves in simultaneously pulling down or defacing the royal Hungarian insignia, attacking and pillaging the Jews and the landlords indiscriminately, marching about the country "singing the songs of 1848 and proclaiming Communistic sentiments," and putting into practice their alleged Communistic or Socialistic principles by appropriating whatever they could lay their hands on. A distinguished French writer, M. Victor Tissot, has well given to his book of travels in the Magyar country the appropriate title of "*Unknown Hungary*." For Hungary and the adjoining Slavonic countries are so little known to us, that, notwithstanding the great political changes which have taken place in Eastern Europe since the time of the historian Gibbon, his words respecting Albania—"a country within sight of Italy, and yet less known than the interior of America," are hardly less applicable now than when he wrote, not only to the lands bordering on the eastern shores of the Adriatic, but to those further north, on the Danube. It is therefore all the more necessary that it should be explained that the disturbances in the kingdom of Hungary and its dependencies have arisen from two separate movements, which are entirely distinct from each other, although it may suit the convenience of certain interested politicians in the Austrian empire, and of some of the correspondents of English newspapers, to purposely confuse one movement with the other.

The two movements then, are, first, the anti-Semitic agitation of the

Magyars, the principal non-Slavonic nationality in the kingdom of Hungary, against the Jews ; second, the political and nationalist insurrection on the part of the Serbo-Croatian nationality in Croatia against the Magyars, who are the ruling race in the eastern or Hungarian half of the Austrian empire, which includes, besides the purely Magyar region, Croatia and other Slav provinces. The first of these movements is a social rather than a political difficulty, arising from the antipathy which is felt by the Magyars towards the Jews, and which is a development of the mania known as the *Juden-hetze*, or *Jew-baiting*, which has already disgraced civilisation in Germany, Russia, and other countries ; and the outrages in which it has found vent in Hungary appear to be mostly confined to the central portion of the kingdom, which is almost exclusively peopled by the Magyars. The Croatian insurrection, which broke out in August last, on the other hand, was not directed, like the other agitation, against some scattered members of a race of friendless aliens like the Jews, universally despised and hated for their extortionate usurious practices. It was a political rising of a part of a subject Slav nationality against their foreign Magyar masters, who grind them down with heavy taxation, and seek to denationalise them by forcing the use of the Magyar language upon their country to the exclusion of the Serbo-Croatian, the native tongue of the population of Croatia and other Slav provinces in the south of Austria-Hungary.

The journalistic expression above quoted, "singing the songs of 1848," coupled with the words "and proclaiming Communistic sentiments," doubtless had reference to the political events which took place in Austria in that eventful year, but which had nothing whatever to do with Communism or Socialism, any more than had the recent risings. This is an instance of the manner in which ignorance and prejudice are apt to misrepresent facts

by the use of terms which are irrelevant and misleading. It is a matter of history that when, in 1848, the Hungarian insurrection (*i.e.* of the Magyars) broke out against the old traditional Austrian system of government, under which the German element in the empire was supreme and despotised over the Magyars and all the other nationalities subject to the house of Habsburg, the Slavs in the Austrian provinces of Croatia, Slavonia, and the Banat of Temešvar, which had for a long time been dependencies of Hungary, took up arms on behalf of the imperial dynasty against the insurgent Magyars. But after the Magyar insurrection was suppressed, by the intervention of Russia, in 1849, and the German ascendancy over Hungary was restored in the Austrian empire, the Yugo-Slav subjects of the House of Habsburg were repaid for their support, by ingratitude. Croatia, Slavonia, and the Hungarian littoral (*i.e.* Dalmatia, &c.) were formed into a so-called kingdom as part of the empire ; but, as M. Louis Léger, the distinguished French historian and authority on Slavonic affairs, writes, in his *Histoire de l'Autriche Hongrie*, p. 536, "they fell from the Magyar yoke under the German ferule" of Austria. This Teutonic supremacy over the various nationalities of the empire continued until 1867, when the Magyars succeeded in establishing their present autonomy, mainly through the efforts of their great compatriot, Francis Déák.

By the celebrated *Ausgleich* or Compromise of that year, the Austrian empire was divided into two parts, viz., Cis-Leithania, under the rule of the German element ; and Trans-Leithania, under the ascendancy of the Magyars. Croatia and Slavonia, which were included in the latter half, have since been allowed a special minister to represent them at Pesth. But the Hungarian government has evinced an increasing tendency to Magyarise these Slav provinces. The

Serbs of Hungary have been especially subjected to political persecution; and their patriotic countryman, Dr. Miletich, member of parliament and editor of the Serbian Nationalist journal, the *Zastava* (i.e. *Standard*) of Novi-Sad (German, *Neusatz*), has broken down under the weight of Magyar tyranny. The recent affair of the setting up of the Hungarian insignia upon the government buildings in Croatia, in alleged violation of the constitutional law, and their consequent defacement or destruction by the excited people, is now too well known to the public to be here gone into. It has yet to be seen, however, whether the present insurrectionary movement will subside and prove to have been a merely local outbreak, or whether it will yet develop into a general attempt on the part of the Southern Slavs to shake themselves free of foreign domination, and to realise their dream of a free Yugo-Slav federation.

The poet Branko Radichevich, although a Serb by nationality, was legally a subject of Austria, as he was a native of the province of Slavonia, which, although peopled by Serbs, is still politically separated from its proper fatherland, the present kingdom of Serbia, and is to this day part of what, to adapt an Italian expression, may be called "*Serbia Irredenta*." Radichevich was born on the 27th of March, 1824, at Brod, on the Save. His baptismal name was Alexije (the Serbicised form of the Greek Alexis), in place of which he adopted the synonymous Serbian equivalent "Branko" (either name signifying "a defender"). He was educated from 1830 to 1832 at the Serbian school at Zemun (German, *Semlin*), near the confluence of the Danube and the Save, and during the next three years at the German school there. He was afterwards sent to Karlovtsi (German, *Karlowitz*), on the Danube, near Petrovaradin (German, *Peterwardein*), the historical scene of the assembling of the warriors of the First Crusade by Peter the Hermit. He

completed his studies at the gymnasium at Karlovtsi in 1843, and afterwards attended lectures on philosophy at Temešvar, in the Banat. After residing at Karlovtsi, Vienna, Zemun, and Belgrade, he commenced studying law at the Austrian capital; but in 1850 he relinquished this pursuit for the study of medicine, with which he occupied himself at the university of Vienna, until his death, from consumption, took place, on the 30th of June, 1853, and prevented not only the completion of this course of study, but also the full development of the poetic genius for which his name is now celebrated in the literature of the Serbian nation.

So little is generally known in this country concerning the extensive and copious literatures of the Slavonic nations, with regard to whom the temporary interest excited in England by the political events of 1876-1878 appears to have now almost died away, that to explain the importance of the brief literary career of Radichevich it is necessary to refer first to the work of his great predecessor and master Karajich, as well as to that of the equally eminent philologist Danichich. Vouk Stephanovich Karajich, commonly known amongst his Serbian countrymen as "Vouk," (equivalent to the German *Wolfgang*), according to their familiar custom of using the Christian name in speaking of their great men, was born in 1787. This patriot-poet of a nation which is imbued with the poetic instinct worked in the earlier part of his life in the cause of his country's freedom, as secretary to several Serbian chiefs, in the revolution which took place at the beginning of this century, and which eventually led to the restoration of Serbia to her ancient position as a free European state, after more than four centuries of Turkish thralldom. After 1813, the year of the downfall and flight of the illustrious dictator of Serbia, Kara-George, whose arduous task of establishing the independence of Serbia was subsequently under-

taken by Milosh Obrenovich, the founder of the present royal dynasty, Karajich devoted himself to the work of compiling and publishing collections of the ballads, songs, proverbs, and folk-tales of Serbia, and writing a grammar of the language, into which he translated the New Testament. A portion of his collection of national songs ("Srpske Narodne Pjesme") was translated and made accessible to English readers by Sir John Bowring in a volume entitled *Servian Popular Poetry*, in 1827. Vouk's great achievement was the introduction into the national literature of the use of the popular language, which, in the face of great opposition, he succeeded in making classical, in place of the various and arbitrary methods of writing which had hitherto been used by the learned in Serbia and other Slav countries. Karajich altered the mode of spelling, which had been contrary to the spirit of the language, and he set the example of writing Serbian as actually spoken by the people instead of as invented by the literary men of his time, who would not condescend to write according to the common speech of the country, and styled themselves "Slaviano-Serbski litteratori." Against these he declared war. He reformed the Serbian alphabet and orthography, and eliminated foreign elements from the language, which he simplified and systematised; and he settled its form much in the same manner as Dante fixed the form of the Italian language, and Luther that of the German tongue. Many other Serbian writers supported Karajich in his linguistic reforms, and carried on his work after his death, which occurred in 1864. Among these were Juro Danichich, and Novakovich, two of the most eminent of modern grammarians of Serbia.

Branko Radichevich, whilst at Vienna, became acquainted with Vouk, and also with Danichich, who was at that time himself a student. This acquaintance had an important influence upon the development of Branko's

great poetical talent. It was Karajich and Danichich who created the modern literary language, but it was Radichevich who actually introduced and used it in literature, and who, by employing it as the vehicle of his national poetry, ensured its success. The three may therefore be jointly considered the reformers and creators of modern Serbian literature. Branko left only one volume of poems, but they are said to be the best in the Serbian language, and have been repeatedly published. He is probably the most generally read poet of Serbia. He elevated the national taste by abandoning the pseudo-classical style which had been dominant in Serbian literature, and by taking as his model the popular ballads. His poetry is chiefly lyrical, but there are some short epics among his works, and his greatest wish was to visit Kóssopolje, the scene of the fatal battle fought on the 15th June, 1389, which resulted in the subversion of the ancient Serbian kingdom by the Turks. "I will write an epic," he used to say, "but not before seeing Kóssovo; our Serbian epos must be what the Greek is; all our customs, &c., must be interwoven in it." But he died before he could carry out this purpose.

The best of Branko's poems is his *Jachki rastanak* ("the Students' Parting"), which possesses poetical beauties of the highest order, and in which he describes, in a lively and skilful manner, student life and society. Although he did not in his poetry appeal to his countrymen's aspirations for freedom from the Austrian yoke, and for national unity, in the manner in which Arndt aroused the enthusiasm of the German people for the independence of their fatherland, Radichevich chose such subjects as the *Haiduk* or brigand-patriot of the old days of Turkish tyranny; and in the *Students' Parting* he proclaims the idea of the unity of all the Serbs, at a time when no one thought of advocating it in literature. In his private character

Radichevich was friendly, cheerful, and modest. The career of this laborious student and poet, whose productions led his countrymen to form many expectations for his future, was cut short by his untimely death, from consumption, in his twenty-ninth year. He died at Vienna on the 30th June, 1853, and was buried in St. Mark's cemetery. On his monument were inscribed these words from his *Students' Parting*: "Much wished, much begun, the hour of death frustrated all."

Branko Radichevich had expressed a wish to be buried in his native province, Slavonia, at Strazhilovo, near Karlovtsi, where he had spent some of his happiest days; but it was not until thirty years after his death that his ashes were transferred from Vienna to their final resting-place amongst his Serbian countrymen. In 1877 a Mr. Stephen V. Popovich proposed that they should be transferred before the twenty-fifth anniversary of Branko's death, which would recur in the following year. With the co-operation of Mr. Zmaj J. Jovanovich a committee for the purpose was formed at Karlovtsi. But the time was not opportune. The committee, composed chiefly of members of the "Zora," or Students' Society, was at length in a position, this year, to arrange for the removal of the poet's mortal remains; and the event accordingly took place on the 22nd of July, 1883. Deputations from all parts of Serbia, free and still enslaved, assembled and participated in this national, solemn celebration of Radichevich's memory. The fact that such enthusiastic and sympathetic homage was rendered by the Serbian people in general to the memory of Radichevich, who, as before pointed out, was not a subject, nor even a native, of the kingdom of Serbia, but of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, suggests the inquiry, what are the reasons for the profound sympathy existing between the subjects of two such different states?

It must be observed that the three Southern branches of the great Slav race, known by the general term of Yugo-(southern) Slavs, are the Slovenes or Wends, the Serbo-Croats, and the Bulgarians. Of these, the Serbo-Croat or Serbian nationality, to which our poet Branko belonged, and which is one of the most important branches of the Slav family, consists of about eight and a half millions of people, comprising the Serbs and Croats. The language of these two peoples is practically identical. Almost the only difference between them is in their religion and their alphabet; the Serbs to the east being for the most part "Pravoslav," or Orthodox, and using the Cyrillic characters; while the Croats, westwards of them, are mostly Roman Catholics, and use the Latin alphabet.

Of these 8,500,000 of Serbo-Croats about 3,000,000 inhabit the Turkish Empire (*i.e.* in Bosnia and Herzegovina, Stara (old) Serbia, and northern Macedonia); about 3,500,000 dwell within the Austrian Empire; and about 2,000,000 form the populations of the Kingdom of Serbia and the Principality of Montenegro. The districts of Austria inhabited by the Serb nationality are—the province of Slavonia, the Banat of Temesvar, southern Hungary, Croatia, southern Istria, and Dalmatia. (The "occupied" Serb provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina are here considered as still nominally subject to Turkey, as they legally are.)

Under the existing dual system of government established in the Austrian Empire by the *Ausgleich* or Compromise of 1867, by which the monarchy was divided into "Cis-Leithania" and "Trans-Leithania," which are respectively dominated by the Germans and the Magyars, the numerous other nationalities under the sway of the Habsburgs are necessarily subject to the supremacy of one or the other of those two ruling elements, according to whether they inhabit the half of the empire governed by the Germans, from Vienna, or the other half,

governed by the Magyars, from Pesth. The Croats, it is true, have been allowed by Austria a certain measure of autonomy. The fact of their being Roman Catholics may perhaps account partly for greater favour being shown to them than to their Orthodox Serb fellow-subjects in Slavonia and the neighbouring districts in the south of Hungary.

But both the Croats and the Serbs in Austria must feel the contrast between their own subordinate condition and that of their fellow-countrymen in the independent native Serb states on the other side of the Save, namely, Free Serbia and Montenegro. Though an artificial political frontier line separates the Serbs of Austria from their free brethren, it cannot limit the current of national sympathy which exists between them. It is, then, this bond of a common nationality which connected Radichevich with the whole Serbian family, and which, moreover, must sooner or later bring about the political union of all those members of the nation which are under foreign rule, 6,500,000 in number, with the other 2,000,000 of Serbs in the free states, whose capitals are Belgrade and Cetinje. For the present, of course, the realisation of Serbian National Unity is prevented by the debasing dominion of the Ottoman power, and by the denationalising rule of Austria, over "*Serbia irredenta*," as the unification of Italy was hindered in former days.

In Austria-Hungary the subordinate position of the Serb population of Croatia and Slavonia is aggravated by the national antipathy existing between them and the Magyars, the present ruling race in the Trans-Leithanian or Hungarian half of the empire, within which division these provinces fall; but the Croatian insurrection which recently broke out showed how strong is the Nationalist feeling against oppression by the Magyars, who pursue the unfortunate policy of repressing the aspirations of their Slav fellow subjects, just as the

German rulers of the empire formerly despotised over the Magyars until they obtained autonomy in 1867.

The sentiment of Serbian nationality is strong also in Dalmatia and other provinces within the Cis-Leithanian or "German" half of the monarchy. The Crivosian Serbs of the Bocche of Cattaro, in Dalmatia—who in 1869 heroically and successfully resisted the powerful Austrian forces sent against them to forcibly carry out an unjust law of conscription, and who in 1881-2 again withstood, for months, the attempts of the Austrians to force them to render military service—still cherish the desire for political reunion with the kindred state of Montenegro, with which their country was incorporated (but only for a short time), *by British aid*, in 1813. In Bosnia and Herzegovina also—the government of which is administered by Austria, for the Sultan, in a truly Austrian-German fashion peculiarly exasperating to the Slav inhabitants—the latter would not, in the event of a favourable opportunity arising, fail to renew the struggle for national freedom which they made at the time of the "occupation" in 1878, and again on the occasion of the introduction of the conscription into these provinces and Dalmatia in 1881-2. Indeed, rumours have been current during the recent Croatian risings that revolutionary attempts had taken place in Bosnia also; but the facts are of course hushed up or withheld from being made known to Europe, by the Austrian authorities, for obvious reasons.

Other signs are not wanting to indicate that the monopoly of power in the Austrian Empire, enjoyed by the Germans and Magyars, cannot last. The Slovenes or Wends, that South-Slavonic nation, 1,250,000 in number, inhabiting the Austrian provinces of Carniola, Carinthia, southern Styria, and northern Istria, and whose political centre is Ljubljana (in German, *Laibach*), are endeavouring to assert the political rights of their small but ancient nationality.

In the south-east of the empire the Roumanians or Wallachs, in Transylvania and southern Bukovina, aspire to political unification with their brethren in the independent kingdom of Roumania. In the south-west the aspirations of the Italians of the Trentino for the liberation of "Italia Irredenta" are well known. In the north of the monarchy there are four Slav nationalities, namely, the Czechs (in Bohemia and Moravia), the Slovaks (in north Hungary), the Poles (in western Galicia), and the Ruthenians, Russniaks, or Malorussians (in eastern Galicia and in northern Bukovina). Of these, the Czechs, an important and progressive people, are gradually breaking down the supremacy of the German element, and striving to establish the federal autonomy of a Czech kingdom of Bohemia, which would probably be enlarged, by the adhesion of the Slovaks, into a Slav state of about 7,000,000 inhabitants. The Poles, it is unnecessary to say, aspire to freedom in a revived kingdom of Poland. The Ruthenians have a tendency to unite with their Malorussian compatriots in the Ukraine, within the Russian frontier. Moreover, it is not impossible that European events may bring about the absorption of the German provinces into their neighbouring fatherland, the present empire of Germany. The Magyar or Hungarian nationality, as may be inferred from the preceding ethnographical details, is very far from occupying the entire area of the kingdom of Hungary, much less that of the Trans-Leithanian half of the empire, which comprises that kingdom and other districts, and in which the Magyars are the dominant element.

The Magyars are one of the two or three nationalities of the patchwork Austro-Hungarian monarchy which are complete in themselves, and not separated fragments of the nationalities which exist as independent nations outside the Austrian frontiers. They are about 5,700,000 in number.

The Slovenes and the Slovaks are perhaps the only other peoples of the

Austrian empire which are found in their entirety within its borders. But the Slovenes, though a complete and compact Slav nationality, have tendencies towards federation, though perhaps not towards fusion, with the "Great Serbia" of the future, and must look for help to Belgrade, not to Vienna or Pesth: while the truest interests of the Slovaks, in north Hungary, lie in connecting themselves with their kinsmen, the Czechs, whose future ideal kingdom of Bohemia is probably destined to extend itself beyond the present northern frontiers of the Austrian empire, so as to include the 60,000 Czechs in Prussian Silesia.

The Magyar or true Hungarian region is situated in the very heart of the Austro-Hungarian empire, and is surrounded by all the other nationalities under the sway of the Habsburgs. There is no other neighbouring state to which the Magyars can be attracted by the magnetic force of Nationality, for the reasons above indicated. In this respect, then, they differ from all the other peoples of Austria, every one of whom has a natural tendency to break away from the foreign thralldom of Vienna and Pesth, and to unite itself with other members of the same nationality or race.

If, therefore, the German and other non-Magyar elements of the Habsburg monarchy ultimately carry into effect their centrifugal tendencies, the present Austrian Empire will of necessity be dissolved, and new *national states* will occupy its place. The Habsburgs must then identify themselves with the Magyar nationality, as Kings of Hungary, if they are to continue to wield a sceptre. Pesth, therefore, and not Vienna, is their future true centre of gravity. But, even as kings of a loyal Magyar nation, they may find their political existence threatened by the waves of Slavonic progress, which are even now slowly but surely advancing both on the northern and the southern borders of Hungary. The Czechs and other Slavs on the north,

and the southern Slavs, now mistrusted and repressed by Austria, will one day, when they have succeeded in establishing the strong Slavonic States or Confederations which they aspire to form, be powerful neighbours, who might be useful allies, but will be made enemies if the present hostile Austro-Hungarian policy is continued. But the Habsburgs and their Magyar subjects are threatened by a real, though little suspected, danger, in the secret intrigues of another Power, whose aims are inimical to the interests of Magyars and Slavs alike. That Power is the German empire of Prince Bismarck ; a military despotism which does not represent nor satisfy the truer and nobler aspirations of the German nation itself, which it cripples and dwarfs. The German *Reich*, though generally regarded as the firmest ally of Austria, is in reality using her as a mask or stalking-horse to conceal the secret prosecution of ulterior designs of German encroachment in the Balkan Peninsula. Austria is in reality being employed as a means of pushing forward the German *Drang nach Osten* in the direction of Constantinople.

It is therefore to the real interests of the Magyars and of their Habsburg rulers, to forget their differences with the Slavs, and instead of repressing the national aspirations of the latter, to conciliate their friendship, and to prepare the way for a defensive alliance between the future and rightful possessors of the Danubian and Balkan lands, that is to say, *the peoples who themselves inhabit them*—Magyars, Roumans, Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Bulgars, Albanians, and Greeks. If these nationalities could obtain their just rights, the present Roumanian State would be so expanded as to contain all the Roumanians still outside its borders. The Kingdom of Serbia, and the Principality of Montenegro would be enlarged by the annexation of all the Serb provinces yet under foreign yoke ; and, with the Bulgarian State, increased by the in-

corporation of the Bulgarians south of the Balkans, would probably join with the Slovenes and Croats in a Yugo-Slavonic Confederation. Greece must sooner or later obtain the northern Hellenic territories to which she is entitled, and thus be extended to her full limits ; and the Albanians would probably consent to autonomy in federation with the Hellenic State.

A pacific alliance of these four governments—Magyar, Roumanian, Yugo-Slav, and Greek, in a Balkanic League or Confederation, similar to that of Switzerland, would afford the best means of mutual defence against encroachments southwards on the part of either the German or the Russian empire. In the present state of Central Europe, when the existing Austro-German military alliance is lauded as the best guarantee for European peace, and the clamours of nationalities for their rights are stifled by foreign bayonets, it will probably be considered Utopian to anticipate such a Balkanic Confederation as that above indicated. But such ideas, founded as they are upon a personal knowledge of what are the most cherished aspirations of the sincerest patriots in the countries of South-Eastern Europe, must ultimately be realized.

In the meanwhile the Austrian government will pursue the wisest policy if it accords to the Serbo-Croatian and every other nationality within the empire, autonomous rights, equal to those now monopolised by its Germans and Magyars. By thus conciliating the Slavs and Roumans, and by adopting the principle of Federation throughout the empire, the causes of discontent and of open rupture between its various component parts would be lessened, and the way would be prepared for the gradual and peaceful development of the new political state-systems, which, by the working out of the principle of Nationality, are certain to ultimately supersede the existing Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.

ALFRED L. HARDY.

A LADY'S RAILWAY JOURNEY IN INDIA.

IN these days of rapid travelling, the journeys which, to our elder brothers were serious undertakings, have become to us, their younger sisters, mere pleasure-trips wherewith to beguile the tedium of winter, and escape its rigours. So it befell, that leaving England one bleak November morning, I found myself safely landed in Calcutta ere Christmas morning, and heard the old familiar anthems chanted in a cathedral, where wide open windows and swinging punkahs told of a climate very different from that which we are wont to associate with Christmas-tide. After a pleasant week in that hospitable city, I started with friends on a sight-seeing expedition, determining to see as much as possible of the wonderful old historic cities, till the heat of April should warn us to ascend to cooler regions, in the glorious Himalayan ranges, arriving there in time to see the scarlet rhododendron trees in full blaze of blossom.

Before leaving Calcutta, it is necessary for every one to lay in his own supply of bedding, as no house is supposed to keep more than the stock necessary for its own inmates. So whether you go as a guest to your friend, or as a lodger to an hotel, you will, in nineteen cases out of twenty, find that the sleeping accommodation provided for you, consists only of a *charpoy*, that is, the very simplest form of small bedstead, merely a wooden frame, with coarse tape laced across it. Hence it is necessary to invest at once in blankets, sheets, pillow, and a couple of *rossis* (wadded quilts, one of which will act as your mattress), and if you are wise, you will invest likewise in a strong waterproof case, which will alike secure your bedding from rain, and from the clouds of fine penetrating dust.

Any one coming direct from England would do well to bring all such necessary articles with him, as every species of European goods costs at least double the home price, and in many cases far more. An artist, for instance, finds it very irritating to have to pay three or four shillings for a small cake of paint, and everything else is in the same proportion. The same advice applies to the few medicines which every traveller should carry—such as a good large bottle of quinine in case of fever, sulphuric acid to avert threatening of cholera, chlorodyne, Bunter's nervine in case of toothache, strongest ammonia for poisonous bites, or whatever other specific he may care to have in store against the many ills that flesh is heir to.

Crossing the river by steamboat one early morning, we made our first acquaintance with an Indian railway station, thronged with natives, starting on some pilgrimage—for the facilities of travelling have developed a curiously locomotive tendency in the Hindoo. Their old proverb that "No one is so happy as he who never owed a debt, nor undertook a journey," is quite out of date; and now whole families start from one end of the country to the other, on the smallest pretext, carrying with them their poor stock of worldly goods, tied up in a little bundle, together with their cooking-pots and brazen drinking cups. Their bedding is simply a blanket-cloak of gay colours, though the poorest have literally nothing but a piece of coarse canvas. So amazed are they by the punctuality of the trains, and so greatly in dread of being late, that they generally assemble at the station some hours before the time for starting—often overnight.

Then they just lie down on the pavement, wrapping their cloak or canvas tightly over head and body, so that they look like rows of corpses laid in order. Presently these chrysalides begin to stir, and shake themselves up, revealing a long pair of lean black legs, surmounted by a bundle of raiment, out of which gleam two glittering black eyes. For, so long as their heads and shoulders are warm, they seem to care little for any chill about the lower extremities.

The carriages are ticketed off, for natives, native women, and Europeans. Some of the upper classes still find themselves sorely perplexed how to combine railway travelling with the seclusion of women. I was one day in a carriage set apart for ladies, when a wealthy native brought his wife, and her ayah, both closely veiled, and shut them in. The former was richly dressed and loaded with jewels, and I hoped at last to get a glimpse of a real native lady. The jealous husband stood at the door, till the train was actually in motion, when he stepped in, chuckling on having got safely into a carriage where no other man dare follow. The officials were, however, on the watch, and stopping the train, desired him to get out, as the carriage was for ladies only. In vain he battled and raged, and finally sooner than leave his wife in my dangerous society, he made her and her attendant get out, with all their bundles, and go with him into another carriage.

Night travelling, or journeys so long as to involve two or more nights without a break, are provided for in the arrangement of the carriages, which are not divided like ours, but made so that you can lie full length on the seat. The padded back is the mattress of a similar berth, which straps up to the ceiling, so that each carriage allows good sleeping accommodation for four persons. Then the bundle of bedding comes into play, and the basket of provisions.

The baggage laws of the company

are singular. They only allow each person so much luggage as can go under his own seat, that is, a parcel about eighteen inches square; all else must be paid for and booked, and the loss of your booking ticket involves your being unable to rescue one atom of the luggage that lies temptingly before you. One result of this "no luggage allowed" system is to incline folk not overburdened with wealth to travel second-class, which (at any rate as regards carriages reserved for ladies, most of which are provided with small dressing-rooms) is quite as comfortable, and exactly half the expense.

All the windows have projecting shades to keep off the burning sun, and the carriage has a double roof of white for the same purpose. Some are provided with tanks of cold water, not merely for the comfort of washing (though that is very great), but as a measure of safety in the fearful heat, when the constant application of wet cloths to the head is one of the best safeguards for such as are compelled to travel. Of the risk involved you can in some measure judge from the number of persons who in the summer months are lifted from the train either stupefied or dying. So constantly does this occur, that while we were revelling in the cool, delicious hills, we heard that the railway authorities found it necessary to keep coffins ready at every station, to give immediate burial to such as thus too quickly reached their journey's end.

For the benefit of ladies who may intend to travel in India, I may speak one word of warning in the matter of dress, namely, that the black or dark-coloured silks, which in Europe make such good travelling gear, are a mistake in this world of pale grey dust, which would find its way in at every crevice even if you were to shut the windows, which no one would dream of doing. Once in India, you must make up your mind to be in a chronic condition of dust, and dress accordingly (nothing so serviceable as light grey tweeds), for you cannot brush

against a wall, or sit down, or rise up, without being powdered, and in this stoneless country the whole soil seems to float about at will. So entirely alluvial is the land, that within four hundred miles of the sea no stone the size of a pebble is to be found, save where the Ganges, after its inundations, forsakes its old channel and chooses a new bed, leaving a stony watercourse to mark where it once flowed. Every building therefore is either of mud or of brick, except in such cases as where stone has been brought from afar.

For the first few hours after leaving Calcutta our route lay through rich vegetation and fertile land, made more beautiful by the early lights and the clear golden sunrise, while the fresh morning air was still cool and balmy. Hedges of aloes and tall sirkee grass surround picturesque villages, overshadowed by banyan, palm, tamarind, and neeme trees, or by clumps of waving bamboo. The cottages are half hidden by large-leaved yellow gourds trailing over them, or by the tall glossy plantains clustering round, while groups of odd little brown children, carrying babies as big as themselves, glance up as the rushing train whirls past. Everywhere we see the inevitable Brahminy kite, and varieties of brown kites. Then every mango tope is alive with thousands of chattering green parrots—exquisite creatures, glittering like radiant gems. Bright russet birds sit on the telegraph wires, and blue jays, a thousand times more brilliant than our own, flash in the sunlight with strange metallic lustre. Golden-crested hoopoes also abound; golden orioles and blue kingfishers, black flycatchers, doves, pigeons, and crows by turns attract our attention. The flat rice or paddy fields are all swamped, and in the shallow waters multitudes of spirit-like white cranes, or paddy-birds, paddle about. This very Irish designation is the name given to rice in the husk. The true name of this graceful bird, which haunts the rice

fields, is the aboo-gerdan. One of its favourite feeding grounds is the back of a buffalo, where it finds a good store of insects. You rarely see a herd of the ungainly brutes without several of these ministering spirits in attendance, their delicate snowy plumage contrasting strangely with the hideous and dirty creatures on which they perch. The buffalo's highest notion of bliss is standing for hours in a muddy tank or stream, with only his nose and his back above water, so that all the small game seek refuge on that dry ridge, and well do the white cranes know what sure covert those little black islands afford.

What chiefly strikes us, as we whirl along, is that the general effect of the country is like that of the midland counties of England. The masses of foliage are especially English. At a very short distance a mango tope might pass for a group of sycamores; while the neeme, tamarind, peepul, &c., more or less resemble oak, ash, or poplar—only you notice that the crops are richer and taller than those of Britain. Fields of dall, or Indian corn, or of tall sugar-cane, banana gardens, all with rich foliage; and every field is guarded by several watchers, who sit, each in his solitary lodge—a thatched hut—either perched on a tree, or raised on bamboos, that he may be above reach of the wild beasts, whom he is bound to scare away from the crops.

We passed many groups of date palms, with a dozen or more of the graceful hanging nests of the "baya" sparrow—sometimes fastened to the leaves by a cord nearly a yard long, and swinging in the breeze. The nest is the shape of a chemist's glass retort, and hangs, mouth downwards, to cheat the cunning monkeys, the grey squirrels, the tree-climbing snakes, and other foes which might glide along the bough. Thus the wise old birds rear their brood in safety in this dainty cradle. The weaver-birds and tailor-birds build similar pensile nests with delicately interwoven fibres of grass, hanging from the light tip of a palm

leaf; or sometimes they choose a leaf of the great elephant creeper, and fold and stitch it together with grassy thread or downy cotton, which, with their long bill and slender feet, they twist till it becomes a fine cord. It is said that at night they stick a fire-fly in the wet clay at the mouth of the nest to give them light!

Our first halting point was to be near the ancient city of Moorshedabad. We therefore left the main line of rail at Nulhattee (where we noted a strangely picturesque old bridge), whence a branch line brought us to the river Bhagarithi, an offset of the Ganges. Here a troop of natives quarrelled over our baggage, and finally landed us and it in an open boat, and so we crossed the river. It was a brilliant moonlight, and the steep banks of the stream were lighted by many fires, round which squatted groups of wild-looking creatures, all attractive to the artistic eye. A two hours' drive followed, through scenes to which the misty moonlight lent a rare fascination. We passed a succession of old temples, half hidden by rank vegetation, native houses, and bazaars—red firelight and dark figures, white mosques and great buildings appearing through the tall trees. Here and there we came to an open space where great weird-looking elephants were quietly feeding under the dark trees. This was our first sight of these grisly beasts, so it had all the charm of a new sensation.

We were, in fact, passing through the town of Moorshedabad, which Clive described as being a city as extensive, rich, and populous as London. The fall of the Mohammedan Empire, however, shook its glory, and the fearful famine of 1770 tended further to its decay, so that there are now few remains of the grand old city. The chief lion is the immense new modern palace of the Nawaub Nazim of Bengal, who, with his sons, paid so long a visit to the murky shores of Britain, hoping to induce Parliament to secure to his descendants

the same position as he himself still retains, *i.e.* a sort of monarchy under British supervision. It was said that his chances of success were small indeed, yet he believed them sufficient to compensate for his long voluntary exile from his luxurious home, his noble stud of horses and elephants, and all his Oriental splendour, and for the dreariness of many winters in London or Sussex, where wondering rustics followed his priest to the butcher's shop to watch so strange a ceremony as that of blessing the animals about to be slain in the name of God, thus making them lawful food for the faithful.

From the great dome in his marble-paved hall hangs a chandelier, a gift from the Queen. Here, too, is his ivory throne (for the carved ivory work of Moorshedabad is famous). On the river float his pleasure-boats of divers form, draped on gala days with rich and brilliant hangings, well in keeping with the gay dresses of the dusky beauties within. One of the boats is shaped like a peacock.

Among the ruins of the ancient city are a few arches of a once magnificent palace of black marble, built by Suraja Dowla, who brought the materials thereof from the ancient Buddhist city of Gour, which is not far distant, and near the Ganges. It was once the capital of Bengal, and is now a wondrous heap of ruins, wave after wave of change having swept over it. First the Brahmins overwhelmed the Buddhists, and appropriated their temples. These were next used as quarries by the Mohammedans, under whose rule the city waxed great and stately, and of exceeding wealth. It was twenty miles in circumference, and surrounded by a wall sixty feet high. Here beautiful enamelled bricks were manufactured, like those which embellish the ruins of Delhi. On every side were great fortifications and mosques. On the river floated craft of all sizes and forms. There were fantastic pagodas, towers, and floating gardens, which, on the

great festivals, were lighted up, and glittered like some fairy scene. But three hundred years ago an awful pestilence broke out. Thousands died daily; burial became impossible; Hindoo and Mohammedan were alike thrown into the river, and the contagion spread far and wide. The city was deserted; rank weeds overspread the palaces; thick forests have sprung up in the streets where the wars of conflicting faiths once raged. Now, you can scarcely force your way through this wilderness of deserted halls by reason of the mass of tangled creepers and green things of the earth—an uncared-for jungle, where the tiger and the wild boar revel unmolested. Even the arable land for miles round is just brickdust. The brilliant river festivals are things of an almost forgotten past; only at the feast of Beira the Hindoo maidens still float their tiny lamps in cocoa-nut shells adorned with a few flowers, and watch the fortune of their love.

In almost the very same words I might describe many another once stately Indian city, to several of which we found our way, and spent weeks of delight in exploring tombs, temples, and palaces, once centres of busy life, but now all overgrown with tropical forest, yet retaining the primitive beauty of their exquisite marble carvings and richly coloured tiles, their sculptured columns and grotesque imagery, all the more striking from contrast with the desolation that now reigns around them. To the artist, the archæologist, and the students of strange mythologies, these deserted cities, so fascinating in their ruin, offer an inexhaustible store of interest, while the sportsman and the naturalist each find there a rich field wherein to follow their own bent, for many shy and beautiful creatures—birds, beasts, and reptiles—now make their homes in forsaken palaces, or wander at large in the gardens where veiled and jewelled ladies held their dazzling festivals, and life was one long dream of Oriental splendour.

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One of the perpetually recurring aggravations of travelling in India is the impossibility of getting definite information as to what things and places are really best worth seeing; it is so very exceptional to find any one who takes the smallest interest in anything native, unless it has reference to coining rupees. Consequently, the majority of our countrymen generally tell you that a city is or is not worth visiting according to the recollections of their commissariat, or the weather, or something equally irrelevant. Thus I have constantly been assured that there was literally nothing to see at such and such a place, and yet have found there materials of beauty and of interest that have afforded me a perfect feast of delight. Some of the old native cities are, however, so very beautiful, both as regards their architecture and the surrounding scenery, that even the most casual observer cannot withhold his meed of praise—such are the cities of Jeypore, Ajmeer, and Oodeypore.

The fact, however, that these cities lie a short distance from the line of rail adds so much to the difficulty of reaching them, that we were compelled to give up all thought of seeing these, and many like them, and content ourselves with visiting such places of interest as lie along the line. Even from these we very quickly gathered such a store of varied impressions as few Anglo-Indians of the last generation had a chance of accumulating in a long life time.

A week in wonderful Benares gave us such a glimpse of a purely Hindoo city as fairly bewildered us—a glimpse of life in a city, wholly given to idolatry, whose countless strange domes and pyramids tell of the innumerable temples, where day and night idolatrous rites are celebrated, and altars reek with the blood of goats and buffaloes offered to the dread goddess Doorga or the great Siva. There we first beheld heathendom in triumphant riot; vast crowds of devotees,

bent on the great work of securing their salvation by worshipping at every shrine in the vast city, pressing on with deafening shouts, blowing horns or conchs, ringing bells, reiterating the praises of the gods, a crowd in which each individual is a study for an artist; a bronze statue, lightly draped and flower-bedecked, or, if a woman, gracefully veiled, and just revealing her quaint ornaments or jewels seen through a film of fine muslin.

Our week in Benares was like one long dream, in which ten thousand strangely incongruous scenes were all jumbled and blended in inextricable confusion. Sacred white oxen with dark, sleepy eyes, helping themselves, unhidden, to the grain-merchant's stores, or munching the rose garlands of their worshippers; troops of sacred monkeys descending from the house-tops to accept the offerings of the faithful; grotesque images of strange gods; mystic dragons; pure fountains, where ceremonial washings are done in public—scrupulous legal cleanliness, combined with indescribable neglect of the simplest municipal regulations; elephants with gorgeous trappings passing silently along streets, so narrow that they literally touch the houses on either side, some indeed so very narrow that only the *ton-jawn* carried by men can pass along them; tall houses of six or seven stories, with richly-carved fronts and projecting verandahs of dark wood, literally meeting overhead, so that only here and there can you catch a glimpse of the blue sky overhead; temples and shrines where millions of great yellow African marigolds and other blossoms are daily offered; quaint shops and bazaars where Eastern wares of all sorts are offered for sale, simple objects for familiar daily household use, which to us offered all the fascination and temptation of curiosity shops, beautifully engraven brass lotas, or pots, curious incense-burners, grotesque idols, quaint figures supporting lamps, boxes, plates, and vases of inlaid

metals, silvery vases for the hubble-bubble or water-pipe, which we turned to better account by filling them with roses. Half the charm of the Eastern shops is that they are open to the street, and the beautiful or curious objects offered for sale all add to the general decoration.

So day after day we wandered through the labyrinth of wide streets and narrow streets, big gods and little gods, among gorgeous peacocks and ridiculous monkeys, shaven Brahmins and beturbaned crowds, mingling in strange scenes and watching processions of every description—alike only in their picturesque novelty and oddity,—strangest of all when seen by moonlight or illumined by coloured lanterns and sacred bonfires, but always with the same accompaniment of horrible musical instruments, the same clamorous crowd of priests and beggars, the one demanding, the others craving, backsheesh but both alike clamorous.

Each morning at early dawn we found our way to the river, the Ganges, whose broad, calm stream is the object of deepest adoration to every Hindoo—the visible representative of the beneficent goddess Ganga. So to her shores come all the faithful to bathe and worship at sunrise, men, women, and little children, who crowd down the steep flights of long stone stairs to the bathing *ghauts* or platforms, where they bathe and worship, filling their brass lota with water from the sacred stream, which they pour out as an offering to the sun, then falling prostrate with their forehead in the dust, they worship in silence.

No Hindoo would touch his morning food till after he has prayed, and he dare not pray till he has bathed, so that cleanliness and godliness are necessarily near neighbours in a certain degree. Moreover, in his strict obedience to this rule, as well as to the intense religious earnestness and self-denying humility of his daily life, the Hindoo assuredly puts to shame many of those who despise his creed and pride themselves on their superior

knowledge—a dead faith which does not betray itself by one symptom of practice.

Here, on the river bank, are enacted all kinds of strange ceremonies, social or religious—curious penances are practised, marriage processions come and go, funerals, and cremations. Day and night films of blue smoke rise from the burning ghaut, and corpses wrapped in scarlet or cloth-of-gold are laid on funeral pyres, round which weeping relations march in sun-wise procession, with bitter wailing: then one applies the sacred torch to the dry wood, and a little later a handful of ashes is sprinkled on the river, and the worshipper of Ganga thus finds his last resting-place on her bosom.

Here and there, along the banks, are huge idols, fashioned of Ganges mud; and devout worshippers model little images for themselves, of mud or of sacred cow-dung. On these they gaze fixedly while praying, then throw them in the stream as being of no further use—for an educated Hindoo will tell you that he worships an invisible spirit, without reference to any created matter, but this outward symbol helps him to concentrate his thoughts, which else would wander over the vast heaven.

Along the brink of the river are planted groups of huge grass umbrellas, like gigantic mushrooms, beneath whose shade are squatted groups of bathers and worshippers. The town extends for several miles along the river, facing the rising sun, so that its earliest rays light up that marvellous pile of temples, bathing ghauts, palaces, pinnacles, red or gilded pyramidal spires, pigeon roosts, green trees telling of shady gardens, steep flights of stairs, and broad landing-places. On the stream float quaint boats of all sorts, for use or for pleasure, from the grain-boat of the merchant to the peacock-shaped boat of the maharajah. There, too, float objects less pleasant to sight and smell—bodies of the very poor, whose relations could not afford to buy wood for

a funeral pyre, and so committed their dead, unburnt, to the great mother, who received their sacred charge unquestioningly.

All day long white and brown kites wheel around us with sharp cries, or quarrel noisily over some dainty offal. Pilgrims, wading knee-deep in the river mud, walk round the holy city in sun-wise circuit. Milk sellers swim across the broad stream, floating a light raft whereon are set their milk jars; and day and night there rises from the city a ceaseless clang of trumpets and tom-toms, and *sunkhs* (holy shells) and big drums, and the murmur of oft-told prayers, and shouts and discordant sounds of every sort. So existence goes on day after day, year after year, like a marvellous kaleidoscope, whose curious combinations of motley life are indeed inexhaustible.

All too quickly came the day when we must leave this strange city; so, crossing the broad river by the bridge of boats, we once more found ourselves on the track of the new civilisation, and the swift railway carried us away from the Hindoo city; and ere its strange impressions had faded from our minds, we woke to find ourselves in the Mohammedan city of Agra, which, in its architectural loveliness, seems inspired by the grand calm of its monotheism.

The same feeling invariably suggests itself in passing from a Hindoo to a Mohammedan city. The incongruities that pervade the worship of a thousand grotesque idols seem as though they must find expression in a confused jumble of grotesque spires, and cones, and pyramids, while the grand simplicity of Mohammedan architecture, and the scrupulous cleanliness of its mosques (to which the worshippers bring neither animals nor flowers as offerings), seems, as it were, the reflex of the broad unity of the creed it typifies.

Strangely impressive is the grandeur of the massive red sandstone fort, built by the Emperor Akbar, in whose

honour the natives to this day call the city Akbar-abad, the town of Akbar. It was this fort which Bishop Heber described as a "fortress built by giants and finished by jewellers." And, in truth, that massive red rock is but a setting for the exquisite jewelled marbles with which the interior is adorned. Zenana pavilions of fairy-like loveliness, perched like turrets on the great sandstone wall overhanging the river; the wide projecting roof, the pillars and balconies, are all of purest white marble, carved with such marvellous skill as to resemble fairy frost-work suddenly petrified.

Within the fort also lies the most exquisite of all mosques, called the *Motee Musjid* or pearl mosque, truly a pearl of architecture. From all parts of the neighbourhood you see its five domes of snow-white marble rising above the mighty walls of the fort, gleaming in dazzling light against the deep-blue heavens, while the beauty of its internal decoration is a source of marvel even to the people of the land. The Mohammedan emperors had no idea of doing things on a small scale. This vast fort is a mile and a half in circumference, and its great outer walls are eighty feet high, presenting a frowning exterior well calculated to awe besiegers to whom modern artillery was as yet unknown, and rendering doubly secure the imperial palace within, with its costly and tasteful buildings.

But excelling all else in its beauty is the peerless Taj Mahal, the white marble mausoleum of an emperor's adored wife, a thing of dreamlike beauty, which alone would be worth the whole journey from Britain, whether seen in the golden dawn, or cutting clear against the blue of the mid-day sky, when it gleams like a giant pearl; or, best of all, in the calm moonlight, when it stands before you as the very embodiment of the spirit of purity. It were hard to tell, whether it seems most beautiful when you stand on the opposite shore

of the river, whose blue waters mirror each dainty minaret and cupola—or whether it is still better to stand in its own garden, beneath dark trees, festooned with rich masses of lilac-leaved creepers (*bougainvillia*) forming an exquisite frame for so fair a picture. Like the *Motee Musjid*, it is set in red sandstone—that is to say, a massive wall, richly carved with groups of arabesque flowers, incloses the lovely garden (forty acres in extent) and rises perpendicular from the blue waters of the river Jumna. The carved niches of that red wall appear to be inlaid with some device of emeralds, which on a nearer approach prove to be living gems, myriads of green parrots, which flash past us in the sunlight.

The tomb rests on a great platform of white marble 900 feet square and forty feet high. From its four corners rise four tall and slender minarets, 150 feet high, of pure white marble, capped with marble domes. They gleam like pillars of light against the soft blue sky. It is all of the purest highly polished marble, crowned with one grand white dome, like a gigantic pearl, round which nestle a cluster of pearly snow-white domes. The great central dome rises to a height of two hundred feet. But neither figures nor description can give any idea of its loveliness. It seems as though it were a visible embodiment of that intensely loyal devotion to the dead, to which it owes its existence; and its calm beauty conveys a feeling of repose, which seems as though the builder had striven to symbolise that great peace into which his loved one had entered.

To those who desire to know how such feelings can find expression in stone, I can but offer my humble advice, that instead of journeying to the Nile or such half-way regions, they should extend their flight, and behold for themselves the cities of the Mohammedan emperors of India.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

A NOTE ON A GOOD WORK.

THOSE who have travelled by the South-Western Railway last summer and autumn, may have met, going to or returning from, the New Forest, merry parties of little boys and girls travelling without escort, but, for the most part, carefully and conspicuously labelled, and kindly looked after by the railway officials. Those coming from London were pale and thin, but eager with expectation; those returning, rosy and bright, and laden with flowers, and looking pleased with themselves and with all the world. Some two hundred and twenty-five of these little town folk spent three weeks in the New Forest among us last year. It has been a pleasant and a good work for all who had to do with it, from those who added a zest to their own pleasure by contributing towards that of poor London children, down to the homely cottagers, who entertained them with a hospitality more in proportion to their own warm impulse, than to the fair, but not over liberal sum, five shillings a head, afforded by the fund. Those who have helped, as well as those who have noticed our visitors, may like to hear a word or two about their stay among us, and perhaps others, hearing of it, may think next summer of enhancing their own holiday enjoyment by extending it to the little ones around them.

In 1882 a subscription was made in the neighbourhood of Lyndhurst, with the object of inviting down London children, needing change of air and scene, for a three weeks' stay in the New Forest. A few respectable cottagers were found, able and willing to give them lodging and wholesome food (including good milk) at five shillings a head. The plan was found to answer, and the next year a paragraph was put in a widely-circulated weekly paper with the object of

obtaining from the public donations to enable a larger number of children to get change of air. The response was immediate and most liberal, almost over-taxing the resources of those who had pledged themselves to work the project. I should like to say something about the experiment, in the hope that the notion may be carried out on a still better footing another year.

Perhaps people rather like a scheme which is not organised in the sense of having a committee and a secretary, and spending money in circulars and subscription lists. And this, after all, may do very well for a small beginning, but to carry out a scheme on a large scale without such apparatus will end in defeat. In one respect I sincerely hope that our little scheme will never lose its homely simplicity. I hope that the essence of it will always consist in the readiness of rural cottagers to open their homes to the little visitors. As it is, elderly people, who had perhaps long ago sent their young fledglings out into the world; and couples, who had never had the even tenour of their lives, or the trim neatness of their homes interfered with by young ones, have vied with each other in making them happy, and even, in some cases, have over-indulged them. It has been delightful to hear the interest excited among our country friends by the things that their little guests had to tell of their London life, and to see their wonder at its troubles, and their pity for them. Nor was it less delightful when the children returned home well and happy, laden with country spoils, to hear of the gratitude of the London parents, and the interchange of friendly letters. Such contact makes a link between town and country, enlarges human sympathies, makes people forget to be selfish. Old hearts were warmed by the

practice of the kindness to which they were unused, and some perhaps secretly cherished the little ailing one for the sake of "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that was still." It seemed with most of them a real labour of love. Of course all were not alike. Some could gain by it, and probably knew they could, when they undertook it. But I think it was money fairly earned; for in all cases I believe they did their duty thoroughly by the children. I have been in at all hours, and have seen "father and mother" or "uncle and aunt" (as they called them, for they all seemed to take at once to their adopted relations), sitting at table, surrounded by the little strangers, all sharing the same savoury dish. In one case, where the adopted family was numerous, the real son sat at a little side table. All looked happy and contented. The only complaints I heard were, that the little new comers did not do justice to the country fare.

As for the little folk themselves, there was no need of a key to unlock their confidence. They chirped away freely, like their fellow-citizens, the London sparrows. We had not to deal with the lowest or most degraded class. All those with whom we had to do, however poor they may have been—and some were miserably poor—had been in some form or another brought under the elevating influence of some of the better class, either the clergy or others. On the whole, though I could not yet recommend poor country children to go for three weeks' change of air to London—their London—yet I think, taking mind and body together, that the London children were in a healthier state—a state, I mean, in which all their powers of mind and body are in more active use, than those of their brothers and sisters in the country. Of course, where there is more use, there is more friction, and more wear and tear. Faults in the machinery, in the shape of organic diseases, are more quickly developed. Unless the needful rest is given, the life may be

shorter, but it is more complete, and, under favourable circumstances, may develop into a healthier humanity. This is some consolation for the fact which we so often hear deplored, that town children are every day vastly increasing in numbers compared with country ones. If London produces the precocious imp, with his early crop of misdemeanours, there is a set-off in the stupidity and indifference too common among those who drag out dull existences in the country. If there is restlessness in the town, is it worse than the dull unreasoning contentment of the rustic?

When originally it was proposed to invite our little town friends into our country homes we thought first of the danger of bodily infection: of course where there is freer communication there must be more risk of this. It is, however, an evil which I suppose all holiday-seekers and promoters have decided to be less than the evil of staying at home. But in this case great care in selection and despatch can reduce the danger to the minimum possible under the circumstances. Perhaps those who send them dread, with as much reason, our *laissez-aller* style of country drainage and innocent simplicity in sanitary affairs, with their evil effects on more sensitive temperaments. But besides this we thought, and even said, many severe things about their bad moral influence; they would teach our children bad words, bad thoughts, knowledge unnatural to their years. I do not believe it was so; I think if they taught them anything it was not what was peculiar to a few, but what was noticeable in all, namely, quickness of observation, readiness to draw conclusions, to label shrewdly things and persons, to derive enjoyment from all they saw. As for lying, stealing, and destructiveness, I believe that there was less of all this than there would have been in the case of a good many of our country children. I do not like to hazard an opinion as to their aptitude for religious ideas; but surely we may suppose that a healthy intelligence must

be favourable to the grasp of great spiritual truths. If all this is true in any measure, it is hopeful enough. If town children are coming into the country, we are, perhaps with fear and trembling, sending up our youth for work in the great centres of industry. Even where we do not do this, the mixing of town with country people will produce effects that we need not regret.

We are apt to think of all the temptations that life in towns offers to the young, but we forget the dull blank of a mind in which the powers are left dormant and unstirred; and the gratification of the senses and appetites is the main object and resource. One of the speakers at a recent congress observed that a large percentage of crime might be set down to temper. We may be sure that nothing is more calculated to breed and intensify faults of temper than leaving the intelligence vacant and without interest. It is in the empty and unoccupied mind that there is least chance, either of effectual self-control or of awakening any desire of improvement.

Having said thus much of my little friends, let me say a word to the kind people who took so much trouble in sending them down to us, to the clergymen, lay-helpers, sisters, district visitors, and others, in every part of London. In one case a clergyman came up from his holiday by the sea-side, to see that the little travellers started in good order. The public would hardly realise the amount of trouble they took, the small worries they had to encounter, and the unpleasant details they had to settle. The doctor's certificate was to be procured. Decent clothes were to be got, including the formidable item of strong boots for the country. The practices of cleanliness were to be enjoined. If any of these things had been neglected, what was intended to give pleasure would only have ended in anxiety and mischief.

Notwithstanding my respect for

sisterhoods and the way in which they perform arduous work, I may perhaps be allowed to complain a little that they did not always do their business in a business-like way. For instance, Sister A. or Sister B. may be very well inside the walls, but for a correspondent who is in communication with several sisterhoods, there is a pretty obvious awkwardness in the receipt of letters only signed by a not uncommon Christian name. Nor was an undated letter so unusual as it ought to have been. Again, if children have to be sent to two different stations in one neighbourhood, and they are despatched to the wrong one, or even despatched without any clear address at all, what was meant for kindness may end in real misery. By good fortune, we found, that where either senders or receivers made a mistake, guards, porters, and drivers were ready to advise and direct. Still it is a serious thing to send bands of inexperienced and excitable youngsters to travel without escort at a time when stations and trains are crowded. This may be remembered for another year.

The children were not the only persons, we may hope, who were the better for what was done for them. The doers were surely not the worse. The rich holiday-makers may well have enjoyed their own recreation the more, for having been mindful of the pale faces and joyless lives of their little fellow-citizens. The girl who got her own outing, or was disappointed of it, had the satisfaction, either as extra or as substitute, of knowing that she had procured one for a little brother or sister. If the bereaved mother who sent us the two little purses with the savings of her lost darling, was too sick at heart to enjoy a holiday of her own, the thought will not have failed her that the money collected for their sakes may have called the roses to some other darling's cheeks.

F. NORRIS.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

EVENTS have moved so rapidly in Egypt since the beginning of the year that the situation to-day is almost as different from what it was then, as the situation then was from that defined in the disastrous and short-sighted Joint Note of January, 1882. On January 2, the Egyptian Government addressed a note to the British Government, calling for a final decision as to the Soudan, and intimating that if England refused assistance, the Khedive was determined to abandon to Turkey the Eastern Soudan. Four days later, the British Government informed the Khedive and his Ministers in reply that they did not object to the retrocession of the Eastern Soudan to Turkey, and that they urged the abandonment of the Soudan, and the permanent withdrawal of their forces from all points south of Wady Halfa or the Second Cataract. Of course, under the circumstances, advice was only another name for an imperative request. The public has not been informed for certain whether this strong act of intervention was prompted by Sir Evelyn Baring or was an inspiration from Downing Street. It is believed, however, that the latter is the true account, and that the idea did not emanate from our agent. The delivery of the English Note was followed by the resignation of Chérif and his Egyptian colleagues on the next day (January 7). On general grounds they protested against a system which allowed England to dictate every detail of policy and administration without undertaking executive responsibility. On the more particular issue, they resisted the order to abandon Khartoum, and publicly to announce the surrender of all territory beyond Wady Halfa. The subsequent action of the British

Government has been no small justification of these views of the Egyptian ministers. Before many hours had elapsed, people in England bethought themselves that it would have been wiser not to let the insurgents know that they had won, until the garrison and the Europeans in Khartoum had been extricated from peril. Rash exultation at the deposition of Chérif was followed by an intense anxiety as to the probable consequence of not letting Chérif's views prevail. After three or four days of keen preoccupation of the public mind in England, Ministers agreed to despatch General Gordon to the scenes of his former heroic exploits in the cause of humanity. He has gone on his hazardous errand without extra military support; the precise nature of his proposed operations is not very intelligible; and to anxiety for the safety of the people at Khartoum will soon be added anxiety quite as sharp for the brave and heroic man who has gone to their rescue.

What will be done in case of failure in the mission that General Gordon has so chivalrously undertaken, is not known. In Egypt we do one thing at once, and from beginning to end it has been assumed at each step that was taken, that our expectations would be fulfilled, and it has been thought superfluous to calculate deliberately beforehand what the proper step would be if they should happen to miscarry. As no single expectation, save the success at Tel-el-Kebir, has yet come true, it would seem that the time had arrived when the past method might be advantageously dropped. Supposing that General Gordon's designs should fail, that Khartoum and its inhabitants should fall into the hands of the insurgent tribes, are we, with British and Indian forces, going to subjugate the

Soudan? If so, is beggared Egypt, or India, or Great Britain, to pay the expenses, which will be enormous? It took thirty thousand French troops to do their business in Tunis, and the troops are still there. When the work is done, are we going to take the administration of the Soudan on our shoulders, or to hand it back to Egyptian misrule? These are only one or two out of a score of questions that will soon have to be answered as a consequence of our departure from the original policy, on which intervention was justified in the first instance and on many public occasions since.

We used to be told that Great Britain was all for leaving Egypt to the Egyptians, setting the Khedive on his legs, and handing him over to the real national party, headed by Chérif or Riaz, as distinguished from the pseudo-national party of Arabi. But instead of leaving Chérif to his own counsels, we have just tripped him up by first rejecting them, and then quietly acting on them. "To my mind," said General Gordon to Sir S. Baker, "patience and diplomacy are far more needed than arms." So they were from the first; and if we had allowed Chérif to diplomatise with the Mahdi and his chiefs, instead of peremptorily insisting on open surrender, the situation would pretty certainly have been much better, and could not have been any worse. The clever Frenchman at Cairo will not be slow to turn the sentiment of such men as Chérif and Riaz to account. The dismissed ministers have become the centre of intrigue, and our position as the real masters behind Nubar and his phantom colleagues makes it inevitable that this intrigue should be uniformly, constantly, invariably hostile to us. It is proposed that we should openly announce our intention of remaining in Egypt for five years. Of course, during the whole of that time Nubar, or any other minister that we chose to support, would be making inveterate enemies of the ablest Egyptians, and the moment that our back was turned

would be the moment for his overthrow and the subversion of his reforms. To go into Egypt for five years is to remain there for an indefinite period, and those who advocate this limitation are well aware in their inner minds that the occupation would be practically unlimited. For the hour there is a temporary relief in this country at the signs of what is called a drastic policy on the part of the Government. The partisans of annexation are confident, and even the opponents of annexation are sinking into a state of passive acquiescence. The reaction will come later, when inevitable circumstances have awakened the English public to the full measure of the costly responsibilities into which they have stumbled.

So much for North Africa. In South Africa our troubles are not at an end. The negotiations between the delegates from the Transvaal and the Secretary of State have been long protracted, and they have reached a further stage in a road which leads nowhere. The delegates have made the best fight they could for their notion of a proper western boundary. Lord Derby could not accept it, and pressed a boundary of his own. This the Boers will not definitely accept. They will in plain truth return to their country, as might have been expected, *re infectâ*, leaving things in essential features much as they were when they started. Negotiations are idle when one of the parties has neither advantages to offer nor penalties to threaten. We are in that position. Mr. Gladstone made it plain, in his important speech last March, that we are not going to treat the affairs of the southwestern borderland of the Transvaal as serious concerns of ours. We may send an officer there as we have sent one there before now, but he will pretty certainly in time disappear unobtrusively from the scene as he disappeared then. The Opposition will again be able to say what they said last spring, that we have a choice between the

disgraceful desertion of native allies, or the most serious war ever undertaken by Great Britain in South Africa. "Only speak firmly to the Boers," said Mr. Forster, "and you will have no occasion to resort to the sword." "But what," asked Mr. Gladstone in reply, "would be our predicament, if, after holding that firm language, we had to support our remonstrances by a difficult, a costly, and almost hopeless military expedition? We decline to undertake a military expedition for the purpose of rectifying disorders in a country which has always been disorderly, although we know that those disorders are now aggravated partly by the intervention of Boer freebooters. That is a responsibility we cannot assume and which we will not impose upon the people of this country" (March 16, 1883). With these passages in their minds, and with the consciousness that they represent the general sense of the English constituencies, the Transvaal delegates might be excused if they regarded the whole of the present controversy between themselves and Lord Derby as really very hollow. The proposed Commissioner will only represent a Government that does not mean effectually to back him up in an emergency. That is perfectly certain. If the Transvaal Government cannot do what it has not hitherto been able to do, namely, restrain the sources of outrage and lawlessness on the south-western frontier, the British Government will not on that account throw itself into conflict with the sentiment of the mass of that Dutch population which has so considerable a majority in the European settlements of South Africa. It can only be for purely Parliamentary reasons, and in order to have an ostensible reply to the assaults of the Opposition, that Lord Derby has attempted to insist on a settlement that gives us a colourable responsibility for the frontier. If the native chiefs are wise, they will look out for themselves and lean as little as may be on the Commissioner. As for

the trade route from Cape Colony to the north, it is of the smallest practical concern whether it is inside or outside of the Transvaal boundary. The Transvaal Government would agree either to neutralise it, or would assent to a limitation of the right to levy tolls upon it. Once more, as we are certainly not going to plunge into a serious war for such a point as this, we may be sure that the exclusion of the route from the nominal boundaries will not affect the power of the Boer Government over it, if they or their difficult borderers should choose in whatever form to meddle with it. But anybody can see both that the Cape Colony has most interest in the freedom of the road, and is most favourably placed for dealing with the Transvaal Government in respect of it, by virtue of the presence of the powerful element of common nationality. Perhaps the time will come when Parliament will insist that the distant communities that have been endowed with responsible government shall really undertake responsibility in its fullest sense. Basutoland has not, it is true, formed a very satisfactory experiment, but the circumstances of the failure were principally due to the fact that the Imperial Government was in the background. Of course, those who, in both of the English political camps, call aloud for an assertion of Imperial authority, whether to protect natives or trade routes, will be loudly thankful for small mercies in the shape of nominal suzerainties, paper conventions, and shadowy Residents. But the force of circumstances is too strong for their illusions, and great problems of race and dominion will work themselves out in South Africa without much regard either to the exalted talk of Imperialists or the bitter cry of bellicose philanthropists.

These outlying topics, of vital importance as they are to the well-being of the country, are for the time secondary to the renovation of the

governing machine at home. It is the new projects of Parliamentary Reform that now engage the attention of most politicians. The struggle is of great moment, for it involves not only an intensely exciting Parliamentary conflict in the present, but a decisive battle between rival political principles and social forces in the future. Of this we shall have enough to say in many months to come.

It is more than a curious coincidence that the question of Parliamentary Reform should be open in so many countries at the same moment. Italy settled it not long since, and there the extension of the suffrage was favourable to good government and Parliamentary stability. In Belgium the vote is only given to a man who pays forty-two francs in direct contribution, but there is a movement for universal suffrage started by the Radicals, and not opposed by the Catholics, who declare that it will work there as it does in Germany, where the Clericals win nearly all the elections to the Reichsrath from the Catholic provinces. In France M. Ferry amazed both his friends and his enemies by his declaration before the Recess that he was in favour of a revision of the Constitution. He has since explained his view of the three questions involved. The Senate ought not, in his opinion, to be deprived of its power of criticising the Budget, but after it has introduced its amendments, and they have been considered by the Chamber, then it is the Chamber that is to have the last word. The Senate, again, ought not to be deprived of its prerogative of nominating a certain number of its own members, but the members who are chosen by such a process of co-optation should not be allowed to sit for life, as at present, but should have a term of nine years like the rest of the Senatorial body. As for the burning question of *Scrutin de liste*, that he hopes may be left over, and not introduced into the project of revision at all. It is not clear what

are M. Ferry's motives for taking the weapon of Revision from the armoury of his foes on the extreme Left. His manipulation of the telegram in the Tonquin debate does not show a very scrupulous temper; and according to some authorities he admits that he only took up revision as a point in a Parliamentary manœuvre, to be dropped when it had served its purpose. Meanwhile, he lives on the success at Sontay. The French forces seem to make no way, but they suffer no repulse, and the relations between the French and Chinese Governments are in the same confused and intricate condition in which the most conscientious reader of telegrams and despatches vainly strives to see a ray of daylight. M. Ferry's own position seems to be stronger than that of any administration for the last eight years. He has, for the time at least, secured support enough from the Centre to be able to defy those groups on the furthest Left who have hitherto been the destroyers of governments while unable even to approach within measurable distance of a Government of their own.

In Italy the position is of a precisely similar kind. Not long ago it might have been truly said that the average duration of a Ministry did not exceed six months. The Depretis-Mancini Ministry has been in office for three years, and does not seem to have reached the end of its tether. Signor Depretis, like M. Ferry, has cut himself off from the Radicals, and, in company with a section of the Left, has rallied to the Centre, with the view of proving that a Party of Government or Party of Business should become the great aim, as it is the necessity and the difficulty of every country that has been saved by a Party of Revolution. In Italy, as in France, the Minister is blamed by those who were once his allies for his severity towards the Radicals, and his complaisance towards their enemies. The topics are as much alike in the

two countries as is the Parliamentary situation: reform of higher education, improvement of the judiciary, reorganisation of self-government in the communes. In foreign policy alone there is a difference of tone between Italy and France. Practically no Parliamentary opposition is offered to the reserve and the self-control with which the Ministers watch the work of France in Tunis. In abstaining from any restless desire of retaliation for that bad turn, Italy shows a sober political intelligence that her friends might well covet for France. Her admission to the Austro-German alliance gives her security for the present and hope for the future. These temporary advantages do not, it is true, check the assiduity with which Italian Governments, with the approval of political sections of every shade, press on their military and maritime defences. Most foreign onlookers condemn so large an outlay for these purposes, and ask why Italy does not leave ironclads alone, and devote herself to economic remedies for the devastating mischiefs of the pellagra, of mendicity, and of abnormal emigration. The answer, to which we may attach what weight we please, is that it would be madness for Italy to neglect her defences as long as so restless a neighbour as France watches her frontier on the north-west and is so powerful on her sea flank, while Austria, with all the uncertain elements in her policy, is in a still stronger position on the north-east.¹

Whether it would not have been wiser to trust to skilful and pacific diplomacy instead of resorting to provocative armaments, the Italians have ceased to ask. Meanwhile they have peace within their borders. The elements of revolutionary organisation which exist in all the Latin countries are at present suppressed in Italy. No statesmen have been more adroit than Cavour and

his successors in utilising the forces of revolution for solid purposes. At present the Ultras of patriotism, who are for the recovery of the Trentino, Trieste, Malta, Corsica, do not happen to be wanted, and so they are rigorously kept in order. The Clerical party is less dangerous there than in France, because its avowed aims are known to be frankly impossible; the pretensions of men who can be content with nothing short of the destruction of the great work of Italian unity, are so enormous that they cease to be serious.

The third of the Latin nations of Europe seems to be on the eve of more exciting events than either of the other two. Spain, too, like them, has been the scene of a deadlock among Parliamentary parties, and here, as elsewhere, revision of the Constitution and universal suffrage formed a battlefield for contending factions. The Liberals have had three Cabinets of their own in three years, and all three have gone down from incurable divisions among the various groups nominally professing the same principles and using the same watchwords. After a prolonged and confusing debate, a Coalition Ministry has fallen. The real issue turned upon the party to whom the King should give the power of dissolving the Cortes, for Spanish elections go so uniformly in favour of the Government of the day that to be the Minister presiding over a dissolution is to have a majority for the day, though the majority never holds together for a year. This is accepted so much as a matter of course that it caused comparatively little amazement when, at a certain turn in the intrigue of the debate, Canovas del Castillo let it be known that he had little objection to universal suffrage, and could govern as well with that as with any other system. The Conservatives, he said in the Cortes, would accept universal suffrage with the counterpoise of the due representation of various interests,

¹ The Italian point of view is presented in an instructive volume recently published on *Military Italy*, by an English writer, bearing the heroic name of Charles Martel.

as in the German Empire. This is the Spanish version of the line of the English Conservatives in refusing to extend the franchise unless they have a properly managed redistribution and proportional representation.

The result of the intractable feuds among the groups making up the Liberal majority has been to give the King a colourable right, instead of sending for Sagasta, the head of the victorious party in the decisive division, to intrust the government to Canovas del Castillo and the reactionaries. He has taken two ultra members of the reactionary party into his Cabinet, one of them the leader of the Black Ultramontanes. Time will be given to him to secure all the keys of the administrative position, and in the late spring he will have his elections, unless heavy troubles should intervene, and either the Constitution or the King should disappear. According to official communications to the public prints, the King's motive in putting the Reactionists into power is his desire to give the Liberals a chance of healing their differences and forming a strong party in whose hands he may ultimately place the government of the country. This, of course, is mere moonshine. The King knows where to look for his friends, and he can no more rely with honest confidence on the Liberals, than our own Charles II. would have made Ministers of Russell and Sidney.

Though there have been loud professions of satisfaction in financial circles, the outlook is profoundly menacing. There is incessant movement of the troops from town to town in the northern provinces. The generals are believed to be faithful to the monarchy, but the disposition of the subordinate officers and of the rank and file is doubtful. It is hardly possible that the crisis should pass without a certain display of military disorder, and the only question is how far it may fall short of revolution. The new President of the Ministerial Council, in the course of the recent

debate, dwelt on the necessity of having military traitors shot, and from his firm temper it is believed that he will be as good as his word. More often than not, however, it has been found that threats of severe discipline rather exasperate than terrify. It will not be forgotten, moreover, that Dominguez, the War Minister in the fallen Government, had introduced a Bill raising the pay of all the officers in the army, from sergeant to colonel. The Republicans are justified by experience in their satisfaction at the creation of a reactionary Ministry, for reaction is what best favours their cause. Parisian critics of Spanish affairs are not quite disinterested, but this time they are probably not far wrong in interpreting the King's last step as the Spanish version of the famous Sixteenth of May in their own country. The French may at any rate be satisfied by the reflection that, as prudent observers foresaw plainly enough at the time, King Alfonso's entry into Prince Bismarck's league of circumvallation will be no very formidable fact for the French Republic. The King will for a long time to come have his own throne to look after.

The historian of our century will certainly find one of its most important features in the struggle that in every country of Europe attends the long effort to transfer the English Parliamentary system to Continental Governments, and even to maintain it in its own home. This, it may be, is the true clue to the leading movements of the age. Russia will be connected with such a clue by the stubborn or helpless resistance of its ruler to the forces that are drawing his country, last of all, towards the sphere of a constitutionalism which, as he cannot but perceive, works with so much apparent friction and confusion wherever it is tried. Yet the troubles of Parliamentarism are slight when compared with those of despotism.

Events in Russia are again justifying those who have for long been predicting that, if some advance were not made in the path of constitutional freedom, Terrorism would change from a superficial symptom into an organic disease, and become inveterate and incurable. The murder of the Chief of the Secret Police at the end of December has revived all the dismay and apprehension of three years ago, and the hopes of peace that grew up from the successful escape of the Czar during the barbaric mummeries of his coronation at Moscow, have again been rudely dashed to the ground. The proclamation addressed by the Czar to his people on that occasion was not easily capable of a liberal interpretation, though attempts were made to read it in a popular sense. Whatever may have been intended, nothing has been done. If under the auspicious excitement of the hour the Czar then seriously thought of permitting some extension of the rights of self-government to his people, the purpose was quickly extinguished. Not a step has been taken in that direction, and where the Government has not been passive its action has been repressive. Count Tolstoi is the modern representative of that school of statesmanship which three centuries ago was typified in the sombre figure of Philip II. of Spain. He dreads and hates freedom of thought, and with honest stupidity believes that he can stamp it out. In municipal councils, in the assemblies of the communes, in newspapers, the expression of free opinion is in every shape equally odious to him. At the annual meeting of the Academy of Sciences this month, a complete account of the speeches was not allowed to be made public because one of the speakers referred to the difficulties which Turguénieff had to encounter in Russia as a man of letters, and which caused him to live and do his work abroad. The Universities are to be thrust back into the conditions of 1863. Professors will be required to submit

their programmes to the authorities. The students will cease to be regarded as members of the University, and will become mere individual scholars, having no more corporate status than pupils attending the elementary schools. At present, again, the students may in theory assemble for common purposes. In practice they have no right of meeting at all; the curator prohibits an assembly, the police dissolve it if persisted in. For the future the prohibition will be statutory as well as administrative. The history of Russia alone, to say nothing of more civilised lands, is enough to show that this is the best possible way of sowing the revolutionary seed in a new generation. Newspapers are visited with official warning for the slightest display of individuality. To-day it is the *St. Petersburg News Sheet*, tomorrow the *Souffleur*, yesterday the *Russkoja Mysl*. Even the Lettish press is being subjected to a rigorous censorship, having lately shown a tendency to indulge in inflammatory language. The *Golos* is still under the ban of suppression, and the authorities decline to sanction its reappearance unless each number is submitted to the Censor before it is printed.

But the Terrorist prints cannot be suppressed. The *Universal Cause* makes its appearance with articles warning the Czar that, if he would exchange his gloomy prison-life at Gatchina for the happiness of Copenhagen, he must exchange despotism for constitutionalism. "A very large and varied crop," says one trustworthy correspondent, "of secret and revolutionary prints and newspapers is springing up here this winter in all directions. There are proclamations, printed, lithographed, hectographed, and in manuscript, circulating from hand to hand." New bands are organising themselves, and the circle of secret activity is widening. The Union of the Youth of the Will of the People is one of the most recent of these confederacies. It is to be a milder adjunct to the formidable party of action; to

concern itself with the business of propagandism in St. Petersburg and the provinces ; to be a school of revolution ; and to "form the rearguard of the party of the Will of the People." Though not immediately adopting the maxims of violent practice, there can be little doubt that all such organisations tend to throw out Terrorist rings, just as Fenianism tends to manufacture Invincibles. At Moscow, partly in connection with the murder of Soudeikin, and partly on other grounds, police raids were made among the students, and hosts of arrests ensued. Documents were seized, proving, to the satisfaction of the police, at least, the existence among the students of a formal league with revolutionary aims. Travellers tell how in the desolate steppe they come upon colporteurs carrying Bibles and Testaments, but secretly distributing revolutionary leaflets. The old movement of the Pilgrimage to the People is again at work, and in Central and South-eastern Russia the propagandism is active.

One correspondent writes that what has struck him most during a considerable absence from St. Petersburg is the transfer to the provinces of the gloomy pessimism of the capital. It has fallen to his lot, he says, to be in the richest cities of the Empire, and to traverse the finest parts of the black-earth zone. He has visited the Caspian fisheries, been a guest amongst the *raskolniki*, and received the hospitality of the German colonists. Whole weeks he has lived in Tartar villages and Calmuck encampments. Yet a hopeful or encouraging view of the domestic situation in Russia he declares that he has never once heard. "The country is suffering from a severe visitation of disappointment. Five months may be a short time in which to pass judgment on the post-coronation reforms, but, so far as I have been able to observe, judgment has been passed, and passed once for all. The sectarians are dissatisfied with the smallness of the

concessions made to them ; the peasants, with much less ground for complaint, speak of the future with despair."

It is said that the Czar was on the very point of conceding some measure of popular reform when the murder of Soudeikin interrupted his beneficent design. If it were so, that event would be the best reason for hastening it. But according to the most favourable story, all that the Czar intended was the institution of a State Commission, whose approval should be required for the validity of any law or measure. Its members were to have been Loris Melikoff, Ignatieff, Milutine, Abasa, and Pobedonotseff. That is to say, this precious reform for the regeneration of the land was a narrow and bureaucratic Council of State. As for the last named gentleman, he is about as much of a reforming statesman as Archbishop Laud. Yet it is into the hands of blind and stupid reactionists of his stamp that one of the most difficult tasks of modern statesmanship has fallen. The Czar is reported to have summoned Count Tolstoi to his presence, and to have reproached him in violent terms for his incapacity. A high functionary, conversing with M. Pobedonotseff, casually used the term "to-morrow." M. Pobedonotseff interrupted impatiently : "To-morrow ! None of us know whether we shall not be where Colonel Soudeikin is by to-morrow." Every incident is made the subject of exaggerated rumour and preternatural suspicion. The accident to the Czar in stepping from his sledge grew to be a shot-wound inflicted by a Nihilist. Count Tolstoi, the reactionary minister, has received warnings, and he meets the threat by the doubtful expedient of an increase of his bodyguard to thirty men. Other high functionaries have had the same terrible notice served upon them by the emissaries of the Executive Committee. The efforts of the police to discover Soudeikin's murderers have been successfully baffled so far, in spite of their bound-

less powers. The murder itself is an exposure of the fraud which was attempted on Russian and European opinion when the famous Third Section was announced to be at an end. The name was abolished, but the institution, its agents, and its methods remained in the Secret Section of the Prefecture of which Soudeikin was the head. Romantic accounts have been published of his skill, daring, and delight in his terrible game, but he seems all the time to have been in truth the dupe of his intended victims. It is probably an exaggeration of the conspirators that whenever he went on a visit to Odessa, Kief, Charkoff, every trip he made cost hundreds of men and women their liberty or life, all who were captured being either delivered over to special courts or sent to Siberia. But he had doubtless done enough to incur the bitter enmity of dangerous foes, and that he should have fallen into the trap that they laid for him is only another illustration of the well-known fact that no police is so blundering as the police that is most lavishly entrusted with arbitrary powers.

Meanwhile, through the dim and sinister twilight in which Russia is enveloped, we get occasional glimpses of what is going on. A schoolmaster at Irkutsk was thrown into prison for expressing sympathy with the political exiles around him. The Governor-General of Eastern Siberia summoned him from his cell, and reproached him in violent language. The schoolmaster, in impotent exasperation, struck his tyrant. Within four-and-twenty hours he was taken out and shot. It is hardly surprising that the Moscow students should have

taken up the story in their journal. Nor is it surprising that violent anger should be excited by such recitals as the following of the brutal behaviour of Siberian officials towards a simple exile:—

“A certain doctor was detained as a criminal in the Tiukalinsk province of Tobolsk, and forbidden to practise. On October 23 he received an order that he was to be removed to another locality. Being very ill and completely bedridden, he at once got two doctors to certify that he could not leave in his then state of health. This testimony was utterly disregarded, and on the following day the assistant police-master, with a number of police and soldiers, entered the dwelling, and ordered him to get up. He said that he was too weak to rise. The assistant police-master said he would make him. He asked for the attendance of the Judicial Procureur, but was told that such a request was superfluous. His request to be taken to the hospital was treated with contempt, and on his observing that he should die on the road the police official said it was all the same to him. He was thereupon carried out on the mattress, in his bare nightdress, and pitched into a cart standing ready horsed at the door. The bystanders were so moved by this unnecessary brutality that some loudly expressed their anger, and one man took off his fur coat and threw it over the all-but naked sick prisoner as he was being driven away. His young child, still at the breast, was thrown on one side like a piece of wood, and the mother's hands bound while her husband was being carried off. On arriving at his destination—for he survived the journey—he was found to be dangerously ill with typhus fever.”

The story may not be literally true. Some facts may be exaggerated, others may be omitted. But then it is one of the consequences of the repressive *régime*, in whatever country it is practised, that men come to believe authority capable of any outrage; the faculty of criticism is stifled; and credulity as against the Government is boundless.

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MARCH, 1884.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1884.

JAMES HOPE-SCOTT.

WHILST I was reading, with more anger I confess than becomes my age, some ill-natured comments on my collected poems, by one of those infallible paragraph-mongers who dispose of your life's work in a single insolent sentence, the memoir of James Hope-Scott was sent to me. At the very touch and sight of the book my mood changed at once—it was as if by the waving of an enchanter's wand a magic mirror before me had been filled with all the shapes of the past, of which past he once formed so prominent a part. I looked back through my whole life, with its hopes and disappointments, its successes and failures, its joys and sorrows; and my momentary wrath was soon followed by a profound self-contempt that I had suffered myself to be moved, for however short a time, by the idle utterances of those anonymous *ιδιώται*. Not that the retrospect, as far as Hope is concerned, was without its own share of pain. I felt with renewed bitterness of regret how a wall of separation had gradually grown up between us, and how our once intimate friendship, though never extinguished, as I hope and believe, had gradually drifted into abeyance. In the meantime, having read the book, what awakens in me gratitude towards Mr. Ornsby is the admirable manner in which he has illustrated Hope-Scott's distinguishing characteristic—I mean his unquenchable, and if I may say so

without irreverence, his Christ-like, beneficence. I am not prepared, however, to concede to Mr. Ornsby that the Roman Church is to be credited with the birth and development of this beautiful quality, inasmuch as it was displayed in at least equal vigour before he joined that communion. Indeed, I can give an instance of how it was exercised on my own behalf whilst he was yet a fellow of Merton. Of course as we were still intimate, though even then less closely united than we had been, it does not amount to much, still many a sincere friend might have done less, with perfect self-satisfaction on his part, and complete acquiescence on mine. My father, whose health had been long declining, was seized with fatal symptoms at the end of November, 1839. Hope, who was warned of this at Merton, came over about nine o'clock to the common room at All Souls', where I then was, with a post-chaise he had already procured. He broke the sad news to me with the utmost tenderness; and then, during the inclement winter night that followed, insisted on accompanying me to town and soothing me, to the best of his power, during the dreary journey. On reading the book before me I feel now, even more than I did then, that this was a necessity of his nature, and that he would have done for other men under the same circumstances what he did for me, not so much from motives of friendship, as because the warmth of his benevolence always led him to give up his time, his sym-

¹ *Memoirs of James Hope-Scott, of Abbotsford.* By Robert Ornsby, M.A. London: John Murray.

pathy, and his money, to any one in distress. This I must acknowledge is the one feature of the book in which I take a real interest, Bishop Gobat and the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill being not much to my taste; and as for the Apostolical Succession, I must frankly own, though I know it will be considered a pestilent heresy, that to me the successors of the apostles are those who inherit most nearly their gifts, graces, and powers, and not a set of men, good, bad, and indifferent, who come one after the other under a sort of celestial deed of entail. This notion, in my judgment, belongs to a very technical, if not to a somewhat unspiritual, creed. However, let us leave these general reflections and begin at the beginning.

I must start by correcting an unimportant mistake of Mr. Ornsby's. He says, "In 1824 James was removed to the Rev. Edward Polehampton's preparatory school for Eton, at Greenford Rectory; among his companions there were Lord Selkirk and the present *Sir Francis Doyle*." In 1824 I was already at Eton, and so far from having been at Mr. Polehampton's with Hope, I never heard him mention the reverend gentleman's name. My first acquaintance with Hope was in 1825, when he came to the house of Mrs. Holt, our dame. He was about two years younger than I was. I gave him my advice for what it was worth, about his verses, private business, and the like. He was wonderfully handsome and agreeable-looking, with very charming manners. We associated with each other, however, mostly in the house, I naturally taking my exercise and amusements with boys nearer my own part of the school, who were friends already made. For some reason or other, perhaps from indolence—an indolence which Mr. Ornsby attributes to the effects of a severe typhus fever that attacked him when in Italy—he was not particularly keen about school distinctions of any sort. I was driven to literature and verse-making because I was as blind

as a bat, and somewhat lame from an early accident; but there was no apparent reason why he should not have figured conspicuously in the playing fields, or rowed in the boats. But to the best of my recollection, he didn't do any great things in that line; nor, on the other hand, did he show much zeal for Greek and Latin; nor again, what I always regretted, would he join the debating society either at Eton or Oxford. This explains why his acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone at that time was so comparatively slight. Mr. Ornsby says he was given to punning, and I recollect the punning reason he gave for refusing to join our discussions at Oxford. He said the place was only fitted for "*des bêtes*;" however, as the first speech that he made was almost as great a success as Erskine's, practice beforehand would not probably have been of much use. Mr. Coleridge, his tutor, in a letter, (pp. 13, 14), complains of his insufficient scholarship. If this is true he probably lost some at Eton, because, as he got a double remove into the fifth form shortly after he came there, Mr. Polehampton must have sent him up very well prepared. The fact is that, though Eton was a good school of its kind, it was not one of the orthodox kind—its merits, as I have said elsewhere, were quite different from those of Shrewsbury and Winchester. A boy who learnt quickly by heart, and acquired the power of putting the Virgil and Ovid which he had learnt by heart into tolerable verses, was not obliged to do anything else. This subjected us to great disadvantages at the university; we had no more chance against the Shrewsbury boys of winning the university scholarship than a half-trained horse has of carrying off the Derby; and it took us our whole three years to acquire a sufficiently accurate knowledge of Greek to go into the schools with any hope of success. This, perhaps, was one of the reasons why Hope would not attempt honours. Mr. Ornsby quotes some Latin verses of his from a copy

which was sent up for good at Eton. I am rather amused at one of the expressions, because it is borrowed from a line which I recollect showing him some fifty-seven years ago, and certainly have never thought of since. In an old Eton prize poem (there were no prize poems in our time, more's the pity), was to be found a very graceful passage about the Thames—

“*Rodit arundineas facili sinuamine ripas,*” &c.

Hope, in the verses cited by Mr. Ornsby, borrows the words *facili sinuamine*, making a very harmonious cadence; but I own to a doubt whether *sinuamen* belongs to the Augustan era, and to that we were as closely confined in general as a pet squirrel is to his cage. As, however, Keats and Coleridge passed it over fifty-seven years ago, this is not of much importance now. Either I catch, or I imagine that I catch, a faint sigh of regret coming from Mr. Ornsby, when he recalls those Eton and early Oxford days, and does not find in them a stronger religious element. I should rather have expected this regret from a Baptist than a Roman Catholic. Hope, of course, might have been one of those early pietists enriching a tract (I do not mean one of Dr. Newman's tracts, quite the reverse), and dying young in the odour of sanctity. To me, I confess an Eton boy who looks upon the devil as his special adversary, instead of “that awful left-handed Harrow bowler,” and whose meditations are how to save his soul from the assaults of sin, instead of his wicket from the impulse of a leg shooter, is no object of admiration. Moreover, if Hope had been all that ultra-Calvinists desire, instead of a brilliant, handsome lad, full of spirit and promise, beloved by all about him, and showing signs of real talent to those who rightly knew what he was, Mr. Ornsby should reflect that all tractarians of that kind die in their teens, and die Protestants—so that the “fisherman's net” would have

failed to secure one of its most valuable captives. At Oxford our friendship was even closer than at Eton, as we lived together both in doors and out. Our principal relaxation was riding on Oxford hacks, whose absolute duty it was always to gallop, so that they had almost forgotten the arts of trotting and walking. We read a good deal together in our rooms, principally Plato, and used to discuss him afterwards according to our lights. This still interests me as connected with almost the last flashing up of our half-extinguished friendship. A poem of mine, *The Vision of Er, the Pamphylian*, founded upon a legend in the Republic of Plato, was privately printed before I gave it to the world. I sent it to him—this was after his conversion—with a letter to this effect—

“MY DEAR HOPE,—Circumstances have caused us to drift asunder, but I do not see that there is anything in that to prevent me from forwarding to you these verses, in memory of the books we read and the thoughts we interchanged whilst friends at Christ Church.”

I received in return an affectionate reply, accompanied by an invitation to Abbotsford. This invitation I was unfortunately obliged to decline, so that I never saw him in his own house after he became a Roman Catholic. Yet, as I have said before, I hope the old feelings still lived with him as with me. Indeed I was assured as much as this by Manning (since Cardinal). Manning, whom I had known fairly well at Oxford, once called upon me, if I recollect rightly, three times in one week, and on the last occasion asked me to take a walk with him in the park at some future time, to which I gladly consented; but when the day came his zeal for it had somehow evaporated, and the proposed expedition never came off. During one of our conversations I expressed my deep regret that Hope and I had become estranged, adding

that as I was sure the estrangement was altogether a religious, and not a personal, one, I had never felt the smallest resentment. Manning confidently asserted in return that Hope still cherished for me the strongest regard, and went on to say that his position towards Gladstone was exactly the same as mine towards Hope; then putting on his wonderfully insinuating manner, which would have conquered me at once if I had been a woman and not a man, he continued thus: "Oh, how I wish we could get up a religious Grillon's, don't you?" Of course I did, and I told him so, fancying nevertheless that his endeavour to impress me that *he* was likely to aim at establishing such an institution was a compliment addressed to my heart rather than to my understanding. On considering the matter afterwards I have no doubt that the feeling which dictated this somewhat anomalous wish was perfectly sincere; still, if grace before and after meat be an act of devotion in which all at table join, it would have been not a little difficult to manage even this slender rite at the Barmecide feasts of his imaginary club.

And now to return to Oxford and to my friend Hope. We rode and we walked; we read and talked and dined together; we confided to each other our hopes and longings, and never, I suppose, were two men on more confidential terms than he and I, until the rift in the lute began to show itself. The gloom that fell upon him after his first year at Christ Church, and turned him from the most brilliant youth of his day into something like a hermit, made no difference as far as I was concerned, although it grieved me much. I can read now between the lines of my letter (pp. 72, 73) what it was I feared; still, if there was any danger of this, which I do not assert, it was entirely averted by his giving up the idea of taking orders, and entering upon a career of great and continuous activity. When I made my recommendation that, if he

went into the Church, he should occupy himself with some important ecclesiastical or philosophical work, I had in my mind the legend about Bishop Butler, who devoted himself, as we are told, to deep and earnest thinking day after day because he doubted otherwise whether he could keep himself of perfectly sound mind. In time Hope passed off to Merton, and I to All Souls', but we still saw a good deal of each other.

Our undergraduate days having ended, Hope became a fellow of Merton in 1833. Owing to circumstances now unimportant I was not elected to All Souls until 1835, and hardly ever went to Oxford in the meantime; hence, though we still continued friends, our opportunities for intercourse were no longer the same. I am unable, therefore, to state with any precision when that sense of religion, which brought into light the deeper and grander aspects of Hope's character, began to act upon him. It certainly was not in operation during his tour on the Continent with Leader in the summer and autumn of 1832. It does not seem necessary to dwell at any length upon the years that immediately followed. After various struggles and vacillations he was called to the bar, and began at Merton and elsewhere to lead a life that may fairly be called an admirable one.

Not only did he grow more religious, but an overwhelming sense of duty constantly urged him to work hard for some high purpose. The sense of what he owed to the founder of Merton induced him to undertake the proposed reform of that college. I am not aware that this effort was of any great practical importance, except that it led him to study with care the history of other religious foundations also, and to master the law of the Church. These studies equipped him with the utmost completeness for his great speech in favour of the cathedral chapters when the Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Bill came before the Lords in 1840. Whilst this

speech was being delivered, Lord Brougham exclaimed, "That young man's fortune is made!" And so it was. How, when the money came in, he gave thousands of pounds away in charity, how he laboured to promote emigration among the wretched classes of London, how he helped to establish the college of Glen Almond—all these things may be read of in Mr. Ornsby's work, but I confess that to me they are less interesting than the exquisite tenderness which he showed to individual sufferers, as, when Miss Hope, his cousin, in a letter to Lady Henry Kerr writes thus: "I cannot remember details about James's extreme care to both his father and mother; only the impression is as if an angel had been in those sick rooms. Whilst we had this sad influenza in the house, it was still more severe in the village, and I found that James was giving his unwearied attention there also; James thought of every one, and only a hint from the doctor sent him to any cottage." Again, in 1841, he made acquaintance with a certain Mr. Watson in Italy, who was dying of consumption. Hope insisted on taking charge of him, and they were proceeding to Malta when on April 15th Mr. Watson died suddenly at Naples. Once more, we are told that when an old servant of the family was seriously ill with an ulcerated leg, Hope carefully attended to him, dressed his wounds himself, and after he had recovered took care to make him comfortable for life. Finally, when his earliest tutor Mills, of Magdalen, was going to Madeira in a hopeless condition, Hope offered at once to accompany him there, and soothe his dying hours in that somewhat melancholy island. All these things recall to me our night journey in 1839, and add new warmth to that old friendship, which I, at least, never let go. The fresh element which gave colour to his life during his passage through the high Anglican doctrines was the brotherly friendship which arose between him and Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone in a letter to Miss

Hope-Scott says:—"At Oxford we were contemporaries, but acquaintances only, scarcely friends, and yet I have to record our partnership on two occasions in a proceeding which in Oxford was at that time singular enough. At the hazard of severe notice, and perhaps punishment, we went together to the Baptist chapel of the place, once to hear Dr. Chalmers, another time to hear Mr. Rowland Hill." I suppose Mr. Gladstone is sure of his facts; he took *me*, then an intimate friend, to Rowland Hill, and he took me also to Chalmers, and it is a curious coincidence that he should have done the same thing for Hope, of whom he knew very little, on two other occasions. He was perhaps in Hope's company when startled by Rowland Hill's famous peroration (I think he told me some time after our enterprise that he was present when it was delivered)—"On Sunday next the Rev. Mr. Jones will preach, on the Sunday after the Rev. Mr. Robinson, but as for me, this place is so hot, and you are all so inattentive, that I don't know when I shall preach again." Anyhow it was not till 1836 that their real friendship began, to continue without abatement till Hope became a Roman Catholic. For ten years or so they were associated in promoting worthy objects, and in trying to elevate our Erastianised establishment to that position which, as a true branch of the Catholic Church, they conceived she was bound to occupy. How these hopes and aspirations gradually failed the book will tell those who care to know, but Glen Almond College, in Perthshire, still remains as a memorial of their joint labours. In the meantime Hope was drifting gradually to Rome, and the following passage in a letter dated 1841:—"Ah, S., there may be abuses and scandals at Rome, but there are higher regions and wider views in the governing part," would have shown to anybody who considered the matter what the end would probably be. Still some may think that his conversion might never have taken place but

for Cardinal Newman. That great man's ardent zeal and extraordinary genius drew all those within his sphere, like a magnet, to attach themselves to him and his doctrines. Nay, before he himself became a Romanist, his mesmeric influence, as it were, acted not only upon the Tractarians, but even in some degree upon outsiders like myself. Whenever I was at Oxford I used regularly to go and listen to his sermon at St. Mary's in the afternoon, and have never heard such a preacher since. I do not know whether it is a mere fancy of mine, or whether those who know him better will accept and endorse my belief, that one element of his wonderful power developed itself after this fashion. He always began as if he had determined to set forth his idea of the truth in the plainest and simplest language—language, as men say, intelligible to the meanest understanding; but his burning zeal and his fine poetical imagination were not thus to be controlled. As I hung upon his words I thought I could trace behind his will, and pressing against it, a rush of thoughts and images which he ever struggled to keep back; but in the end they were generally too strong for him, and poured themselves out in a torrent of eloquence all the more impetuous for having been so long repressed.

The effect of these outbursts was irresistible, and carried his hearers beyond themselves at once. Even when his efforts at self-restraint were more successful than usual, that very effort gave a life and colour to his style which riveted the attention of all within reach of his voice. It does not seem to me of much importance to dwell upon the gradual steps by which Hope's change of religion was brought about. The appointment of Bishop Gobat to the Anglo-Prussian see at Jerusalem, the Gorham controversy, and Lord John Russell's Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, shook his confidence in the Church of England, and he became a Romanist before Easter

in 1851. His conversion was the cause of much sorrow among his friends and relations, and though, even before that time, their friendship was not quite the friendship of old, as might have been expected, it particularly affected Mr. Gladstone. I quote one or two passages from his letter to Miss Hope-Scott. "Regarding (forgive me) the adoption of the Roman religion by members of the Church of England as nearly the greatest calamity that could befall Christian faith in this country, I rapidly became alarmed when these changes began On June 18, 1851, he wrote to me the beautiful letter No. 95. It was the epitaph of our friendship, which continued to live, but only, or almost only, as it lives between those who inhabit different worlds."

Of the three events which shook Hope's faith in the Church of England, the first, viz., the Anglo-Prussian bishopric, was the only one about which Hope ever said a word to me. He was, I know from himself, extremely angry at certain unnamed differences between the English and German documents, purporting to be identical, which were issued for the regulation of the see. He accused some person or persons of intentionally deceiving both nations, and strongly opposed the measure on that ground, though the Erastian character of the arrangement would have been quite sufficient to secure his hostility at any rate. I believe the experiment ended in a complete failure.

The only other time I ever heard it alluded to was when a friend of mine came back from Jerusalem, and informed me that he had attended divine service once, but as the bishop would persist in saying "Let us *bray*," he had declined to enroll himself in such a congregation. In taking leave of Hope as a Protestant, I think this is no unfit place to quote some remarks of Lord Blachford, which seem to me absolutely perfect in their skilful and delicate analysis of his character:—

"Of course he [Mr. Hope-Scott] had many noble characteristics in common with others. But what was unequalled, or at least unsurpassed, in him was his power of charming and persuading everybody he came across. Over and above the wit, temper, and courtesy, the advantages of personal appearance, voice, and graceful manner, which go to make up pleasantness, there was a kind of grave, playful tenderness which he could infuse into his manner, neither too much nor too little, but according to persons and circumstances, which was peculiarly irresistible. And beyond this he had not only a pleasure in pleasing, but a pleasure in serving. He was always ready to take up people, to see them through difficulties, to use his interest or exert his mind, and give up his time for them. I remember particularly in Rome (where there is plenty to do and to see) how he devoted himself to a young friend then in a consumption; making it a point to spend part of every day with him, and finally accompanying him to Malta,¹ where he died. . . ."

Though he had a fine taste as to painting, and a cultivated pleasure in music and architecture, he was not, I think, much affected by the external magnificence of the Roman Church, but rather the contrary. The finished solemnities of the Sistine Chapel would have affected him less than a rude midnight mass of Carthusians. But what did affect him was the coherent system and organisation of Rome—the exactness of law and doctrine, the completeness of theory, the careful adjustment of details, and the steady adherence to what was laid down. With these it made him uneasy and dissatisfied to compare the loose "rule of thumb procedure which is characteristic of everything English. This at least was my impression while we were drifting apart."

In the meantime we may go back a little and speak of his professional success. The gifts and qualities which

¹ This is a mistake, he died at Naples. See *infra*.

secured it to him are admirably described by Mr. G. S. Venables, Q.C., who has, I think I may say, unequalled opportunities for arriving at a correct judgment. This letter will be found at page 100 in the second volume. These triumphs were gained in the Drang und Sturm period of railway development. It would have been fortunate for him and for us if he had lighted on a quieter time. His talents would have been just as much recognised, he would have secured a sufficient income, and might still have been among us to delight and improve the present generation. We cannot read without great pain how day after day, on returning home, he tumbled into a stupor rather than into a sleep, was often unable to appear at dinner, and earned for himself, as the physicians told him, "the heart of an overworked brain," which was the beginning of the end. In 1847, however, by his marriage with Miss Lockhart, he secured to himself the happiest years of his life. He became, as every one knows, through her, shortly afterwards, the representative of her illustrious grandfather, Sir Walter Scott. It was in 1853 that she inherited the possession of Abbotsford, which he made his usual residence in after years. In referring to this marriage, I may say that his High Church friends mourned over it as a departure from the high ideal which they thought he had proposed to himself, and that Mr. Ornsby, by not speaking of this effeminate superstition with the contempt that it deserves, seems, negatively at least, to countenance their protest. That Hope should have sacrificed his wife and his children—the choicest earthly gifts that God can bestow upon any man—and have lived, when not immersed in briefs, as a sort of recluse or mystic, though in the world, is shocking to any man of common sense who knows what he was. This ascetic element, not traceable in the character of our Saviour Himself, whether it crops up in the T. P.'s of Methodism, howling against Shake-

speare and secular amusements, or in the monks and hermits of the Roman Church, shutting themselves out from human interests, and allowing the better and higher parts of their nature to be absorbed into mere personal selfishness about their state in the next world, has always seemed to me one of the mischievous excrescences on Christianity. It is partly derived from older sources, I suppose—some of the grimmer Hebrew prophets perhaps, and the Jewish sect known as Contemplative Essenes. It culminated, I fancy, when the early Fathers gave utterance to that awful doubt (was it ever more than a doubt?), whether sin after baptism were remissible. The adherents and semi-adherents of Christ, who left Paganism to welcome the dawn of the new faith, seem to have divided themselves into two classes. Those among them whose organisations were more timid, sensitive and scrupulous, devoted themselves with trembling anxiety to religion and religion alone. The best of these more earnest disciples, and wisest, perhaps, were the salt of the earth, but too many of them became slaves rather than servants of God—a God, moreover, not “our Father which art in heaven,” but one who was the offspring of their own misguided imaginations. There is a book called the *Vitæ Patrum* in which you may read the stories of some such men, and very sad reading it is. Promising youths, whose after years might have been valuable to themselves and to mankind, refused, under what they thought divine influences, to touch the hand of a mother, or look a sister in the face, and then fled away to the desert, in order that by feeding on roots, living like beasts, shirking all public duties, and quenching all human affections, they might secure, as they thought, the safety of their individual souls.

No meaner specimens of the human race, so far as I am capable of judging, are to be found in the records of history. On the other hand, the “ordinary Christians and eaters of

beef”—among whom we may include the greatest of the Fathers, St. Augustine—jogged on very comfortably as catechumens, refusing to be baptised till old age “had clawed them in his clutch,” or, at any rate, till the common pleasures and amusements of life had lost much of their savour. It is from the other class, however, that the taint of asceticism—the idea that the God of love is a jealous God, and grudges earthly happiness to His creatures—has been passed on to so many good people in the present generation; and it is in their spirit that Mr. Ornsby just “hesitates dislike” to Hope’s entering the marriage state. Surely if men like Hope, and the women who correspond to such men, could be persuaded that celibacy was, if not a duty, at least a high privilege to be sought and cherished as the blessing and crown of life, the centuries to come would announce themselves to the universe in a very melancholy fashion. I might also mention that Hope married when the pressure of his business was extreme, four years before his conversion, so that if when he came home utterly exhausted he had found no tender hand to minister to him, no loving conversation to relieve the tension of his brain, he might have died before 1851, and the fisherman again have missed his prize. This marriage with Charlotte Lockhart, whether ideally Christian or not, increased the happiness of Hope’s life, and probably lengthened it. And though I cannot help smiling when I think how that gallant old Presbyterian, Sir Walter Scott, had he been suddenly called back, would have stared and grumbled to find himself surrounded, in his beloved Protestant castle, by a swarm of black gowns and tonsured heads, still, a better successor to him than Hope could hardly have been found, and the humorous way in which he explained to Scott’s surviving henchman, who, when the boy was christened, did not like his re-introducing the ominous

name of Michael into the family, how Michael had been an archangel before he was a wizard, must have reminded him of his old master. Yet happily as this marriage began and continued, its end was a sad one. Mrs. Hope-Scott died on the 26th of October, 1858, and was speedily followed to the grave by her two younger children, Margaret Anne, a baby, and the boy above mentioned, Walter Michael, just a year and a half old, whom all Scotland and all England had joyfully accepted as the representative and heir of the great, and, alas! the unreturning Sir Walter. Some beautiful and touching verses composed by Hope about Christmas time, 1858, make us feel how terribly these blows had fallen on the bereaved husband and father. He abandoned his professional duties for a year, and then returned to them as his best resource with renewed energy. In relation to this marriage I am very grateful to Mr. Ornsby for having inserted a letter from Mr. Lockhart to his son-in-law on his conversion, dated April the 8th, 1851. It is valuable as being a complete refutation of certain ill-natured rumours which floated about London in the spring of that year, as to the means resorted to for forcing Mrs. Hope-Scott into the Romish Church. This letter of Mr. Lockhart, coupled with the fact that to his dying day he remained on the most affectionate terms with Hope, sufficiently prove how absurd and calumnious such reports must have been. Before his first wife's death Hope had purchased an estate, since called Dorlin, in one of the remotest parts of the west Highlands. The population, belonging to the Clan-Ranald Macdonalds, is almost wholly Roman Catholic. I happened to be in the neighbourhood about two years ago, and made the acquaintance of the Rev. Charles Macdonald, of Mingarry, a man universally beloved and revered by all who know him, and whom, I trust, I may call my friend. From him, who had been intimately acquainted with

Hope, I heard all that he had done to make his tenants happier, better, and more comfortable. In January 1860, Hope was married a second time, to Lady Victoria Howard, and life again looked brighter before him; but after some years his own health began to fail decidedly, and when, after giving birth to a son, Lady Victoria died on the 20th of December, 1870, this time he never recovered the shock; his disease, as he himself expressed it, "made a stride," and during the time that remained to him, he lingered on rather than lived. In the two years that followed Lady Victoria's death he resided chiefly at Abbotsford, and devoted part of his leisure in the first year to preparing an abridgment to Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. But his illness still kept gaining ground. In the month of October, 1872, he was removed to London with the greatest difficulty, and after struggling through the winter, died on the 29th of April, 1873. I was deeply gratified on receiving, through Cardinal Manning, an affectionate message from Hope when on his death-bed. So passed away one of the most remarkable and most charming men of my time. In conclusion, I can congratulate Mr. Ornsby on having successfully portrayed a very noble and lovable character, but still the impression made upon me when I close the volume is one of deep sadness. In spite of Catholic emancipation, in spite even of the abolition of the Irish Church, it is clear that the gulf between our Roman fellow-countrymen and ourselves is wider and deeper than ever. Nay, when I see how a man, naturally so wise and moderate as Hope, flings back the last of his great relief measures into Mr. Gladstone's face, and assures him that he will have done nothing until he has replaced the Roman Church in Ireland just where it was before the Reformation, I cannot but think that this utterance of his was, and is, ominous of evil.

FRANCIS H. DOYLE.

A NEW EDITION OF KEATS.¹

IN this busy world with so much to read, with its hurry of new books and of thoughts which if not new are at least newly garbed, some loss of familiarity with the old greatnesses of literature is constantly overtaking us whether we will or no. A book, therefore, which either by the importance of its material, or by its literary force, makes a claim upon us on behalf of any of the acknowledged chiefs of thought or poetry, strong enough to compel us, as it were, to exchange our blurred knowledge of a great subject for the full intimacy which can alone do it justice—such a book is always to be cordially welcomed. There are not many new editions capable of supporting such a claim. We live in an age of reprints rather than editions in the proper sense of the word. In a society possessed of so large and wealthy a leisured class as ours, temptations to bookmaking are necessarily strong. Shelves must be filled on the one side, and great names are attractive and respectable, while on the other there are the necessities of livelihood, and a very wide-spread capacity for a kind of labour which, as it is often practised, makes no demand upon anything but a little industry of a common-place kind. Our modern editions tend too much to be mere uncritical reproductions of past work, and make but a poor English substitute for the elaborate volumes which the French are never tired of devoting to their men of letters. Much has been done for our early literature and for Chaucer by the work of two vigorous societies; much too for the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by Mr. Arber and

Dr. Grosart. But the voluminous work of Dr. Grosart will all have to be done over again by future students better trained in an exact and scrupulous critical method. Mr. Arber's books, admirable as they are, can scarcely be called critical editions in the modern sense of the word, while with the exception of Shakespeare and a certain number of separate plays, our Elizabethan drama is practically inedited, and the great mass of our post-Miltonic poetry, save in a few conspicuous instances, is still waiting for that legion of unborn scholars who shall set to work upon Goldsmith, or Crabbe, or Cowper, as a German professor sets to work upon his Bion or his Theophrastus. There is a certain terror in the prospect of these future volumes with their critical apparatus, their notes and variants, making too often "a monstrous deal of nothing," but they will be written nevertheless. For the tendency of things is that way, and though the English critical sense in literary matters develops slowly and irregularly in comparison with that of other countries, *pur si muove*, and our poets will inevitably some day or other serve an English appetite for research just as their French brethren have long fed and stimulated the French appetite for all that is laborious and ingenious.

"I never remember a time," said M. Renan, a little while ago in the course of conversation, "when there was so little original production among us, and so much zeal for hard work." There indeed is the dominant note of our modern literary activity. Romanticism has had two children—realism in art, antiquarianism in research; and the writers who once stimulated the imagination or the passion of the century tend to become, more and more, so many subjects

¹ *The Poetical Works and other Writings of John Keats*. Edited, with Notes and Appendices, by Harry Buxton Forman. 4 vols. London: Reeves and Turner.

upon which to practise its scientific inventiveness.

But that a critical edition may serve not only to satisfy a reader's and a writer's love for order and for minute and precise detail, but also to awaken in both a warmer and more sympathetic sense of the artistic aspects of the subject than would have been possible without it, is abundantly proved by the new edition of Keats, which is the occasion of the present paper. Mr. Buxton Forman indeed found himself the heir of a great opportunity. In the case both of Shelley and Keats he has been led across subjects of no mere antiquarian importance, but of living interest to all who read and think, while at the same time sufficiently removed from the present moment to be susceptible of a treatment at once critical and exhaustive. In both cases there was room and demand for a comprehensive edition, embracing all that had gone before and adding to it whatever materials still existed for a careful textual criticism. With regard to Keats, a certain number of fresh letters and of scattered poems remained to be gathered up; the MS. material, of which very little use had been made by Lord Houghton, was rich and accessible; and we are now sufficiently removed from Keats's death, and from the literary circle that surrounded him, to make it very desirable to bring together, as Mr. Forman has done, all the documents bearing upon the estimate of Keats, formed both by his personal friends and his famous contemporaries. Such have been the grounds of the present edition, and it is not too much to say that Mr. Forman's industry has not only satisfied the wish for information which belongs to the scientific side in us, but that it ought very much to quicken and stimulate in all lovers of Keats their sense of his marvellous poetic growth, and their perception of some of the finest and most delicate qualities in his genius.

Not that Mr. Forman has himself

much to say directly as to this poetic growth. Whether he has seen the drift of his own evidence or not, he has in any case neglected to draw those general conclusions from it which ought to have found a place in his preface. He is a better editor than critic, and we shall not find in him many of those suggestive remarks in which a man of high literary gifts sums up and makes luminous a mass of converging impressions. But what he has done is only less valuable than this rare and highest kind of editing. By the most careful and painstaking use of whatever manuscript material still exists, whether in Sir Charles Dilke's possession, his own, or elsewhere, he has enabled each reader for himself to follow the composition of Keats's finest work, from the first upgrowth of fancy in the poet's mind to the complex and perfected whole; and he has thrown great light, especially in the notes to *Endymion*, upon the genesis of the controlling and judging faculty in Keats, and upon that whole process of development which Keats himself described as the "genius of poetry working out its own salvation in a man." Then for the satisfaction of those who desire to know Keats, not only as a poet, but as a man in contact with ordinary human life, he has republished all the letters which have hitherto appeared, adding to them some sixty new ones from MS. sources. And for the convenience of the student who had till now to look up his Keats literature in all sorts of out-of-the-way quarters, he has put together in his appendices whatever reminiscences of Keats have been made public by his various friends, all the more important contemporary criticism of his work, including the famous *Quarterly* and the *Blackwood* attacks, besides whatever evidence remains as to Keats's relation to his two great contemporaries, Shelley and Byron. From this mass of material one section only could have been well spared; it is that which contains the

letters to Fanny Brawne. Mr. Forman was originally responsible for publishing them, and is apparently impenitent on the subject, as he now includes them in what will remain for many years to come the standard edition of Keats. But they never ought to have been published, and they form now the one blot on these volumes. What Keats's feeling would have been could he have foreseen in a sane moment that such morbid, half-frenzied utterances would ever be exposed to the public gaze, it is no less easy than painful to imagine.

The only serious omission in the book is that Mr. Forman has attempted no systematic analysis of the sources of Keats's diction. That diction, however, is so remarkable, its peculiarities so strong, that it ought to have formed one of the chief subjects of discussion for a critical editor. Mr. Forman's notes, indeed, give a great deal of scattered information on the different words and phrases as they arise, but the whole wanted drawing together into a study of the different poetic influences brought to bear upon Keats, and of the proportion in which his genius yielded itself to each in turn. Was Keats an arbitrary coiner of new words, or simply a loving student of Elizabethan and Miltonic verse, reproducing Elizabethan forms because they answered to the same needs in himself which had originally led Spenser, or Browne, or Chapman to strike them out? As an artist is he working in the main in harmony with older traditions and precedents of English verse, or are we to regard the diction of *Endymion* as to a great degree individual and freakish? What is especially wanted is a careful drawing out in detail of Keats's debts to Spenser, to Browne, to Chapman, to Milton,¹

¹ While this paper has been in course of preparation the advance-sheets of a study of Keats, in which precisely these problems are attacked at some length, and with a result altogether favourable to Keats's poetic conservatism, have passed through the writer's hands. The study, which will form the in-

always provided indeed that the student who undertakes it is not only industrious in collecting facts but possessed also of that delicate sense of inference and connection which alone enables a man to give his work voice and meaning.

"That which is creative must create itself," said Keats, writing to Mr. Hessey on the subject of the *Quarterly* review of *Endymion*. It is the chief interest of Mr. Forman's book that the fresh material collected in it tends to throw light upon this work of self creation and upon that wonderful play of counter-influences and associations of which poetic style is the ultimate product. Possibly to some among the lovers of a poet such unveiling of the birth-processes of genius may be unwelcome. They will choose rather to be ignorant of how a poem was built up than to lose anything of the sense of spontaneity, anything of that impression of happy instinctive perfectness which radiates from what is finest in verse. They would rather have that "artful humour" of the poet, which is indispensable indeed, but which the poets themselves would willingly believe in as little as possible, kept in the background; it seems to them to take away from what they feel to be the delightful rightness and inevitableness of a beautiful poem if they are made to turn their attention to those points in it where the poet has struggled through failure or partial success to his ultimate triumph. At bottom we all of us cherish our belief in inspiration, in the incommunicable, the untaught; the touch of mystery which marks off the poetic gift from other gifts is dear to us as a kind of earnest and pledge of the mind's high destinies, a breath from a world be-

troductory to a new edition of Keats for popular use, is by Mr. W. T. Arnold, who some years ago edited *Hyperion* for the Clarendon Press.

yond our seeing, in which beauty has its source.

It has been well said, however, "Look twice if what you want is a just conception; look once if what you want is a sense of beauty." After all there are two elements in poetical appreciation—there are the quick visitings of pleasure, the swift flame-like impression which to most of us are of the essence of poetic delight, and there may be also, if we care to gain it, the "just conception" slowly gathered, of the poet's triumph over the difficulties of language, or any other obstacles which may oppose themselves to the free passage of his thought. Such notes as Mr. Forman has supplied to *Endymion* and the *Eve of St. Agnes* produce the same impression upon us as a gallery of sketches by the great Italian masters. In the one case it is the imperfect dawning beauty of the saints and madonnas, the bending angels and clinging children of world-famous pictures which appeals to us; in the other, the half-formed loveliness of lines emerging like Madeline's beauty itself from one veil after another. And just as nothing is so stirring to our moral sympathy as some visible and tangible strife between good and evil, so nothing is so stimulating to our intellectual sympathies as such traces of an artist's struggle with his stubborn materials, such witnesses to that long and patient effort by which alone the great things of genius come to be. The pleasure to be got out of observing processes of growth is a cooler and soberer pleasure than that which waits upon the vision of the perfect whole, but it is true and legitimate nevertheless; there is no indiscretion in it, no disrespect for great things; it tends to bring us nearer to the artist as a man burdened like his fellows with man's limitations, and to awaken in us a mood which is not so much admiring as grateful and affectionate.

The principal impression with regard to Keats which is borne in upon us by these volumes is one precisely opposite to that embodied in certain

well-known lines of Mrs. Browning. In *Aurora Leigh* she speaks of Keats as—

"the man who never stepped
In gradual progress like another man,
But turning grandly on his central self
Enspired himself in twenty perfect years,
And died, not young,—"

What is really true of Keats is that from the day that he began to write to that when his hand laid down the pen for ever, his whole course was one of gradual and conscious progress, both within and without, both in spiritual wealth and in artistic resource. His letters are full of testimonies to his own vivid consciousness of inner growth and deepening power—a consciousness which is naturally reflected with peculiar force in those written during the interval between the completion of *Endymion* and the composition of most of the important poems included in his last volume. We shall return to this point later; meanwhile, we may notice that Keats was accustomed to speak of *Endymion* after its publication as written *without judgment*, as a thing thrown out only to be left behind and surpassed. In a letter written in 1818, just after its completion, he speaks of "a change which has taken place in my intellect lately;" of "a gradual ripening of the intellectual powers," than which "nothing is finer for the purposes of great production." Fresh from the copying out of his poem he sits down to read *King Lear* over again, and "the bitter-sweet of this Shakespearian fruit" acts upon him with bracing and tonic force. It stirs in him a sense of experiences untried, of problems unattempted, and, for a while at least, the melting music and shimmering imagery of his world of Greek fancy seems to lose its charm. "Leave melodising on this wintry day," he cries, apostrophising his "fair-plumed siren," "golden-tongued romance"—

"Let me not wander in a barren dream,
But when I am consumed with the Fire,
Give me new Phoenix-wings to fly with my desire."

And a little later—"I know nothing, I have read nothing, and I mean to follow Solomon's directions, 'Get learning, get understanding.' I find earlier days are gone by. I find that I can have no enjoyment in the world but continual drinking of knowledge. I find there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good to the world." Other men in their various ways are "dutiful to the command of great nature: there is but one way for me. The road lies through application, study, and thought. I will pursue it."

There is abundant confirmatory evidence in Keats's last volume of the increase of mental power, the deeper insight to which such passages as these bear witness. "Golden-tongued romance" indeed was there, and all that magic web of lovely words of which he alone knew the secret; but nobody comparing the two earlier volumes with that containing *Hyperion* and *Isabella* can fail to be struck with the enormous advance shown by the later volume alike in matter and in manner. To quote Lord Houghton, "Day by day his imagination had been extended, his fancy enriched, his taste purified. Every fresh acquaintance with the motive minds of past generations had led him a step onwards in knowledge and in power." And in the *Hyperion* volume "we approach the consummation of this laborious work." In the old tragic, familiar manner of genius, almost the whole of this development had been intertwined with suffering and pain. And the suffering and pain were in the end to prove too strong for so fragile and impressible a spirit. Death came, and the splendid blossom was nipped. But if Keats had lived, probably in no great poet would the early, immature self have been more clearly marked off from the ripened and masterful self, which is the child of strenuous spiritual experience.

And if this is true about the *stuff* of his work, about the foundation of thought and sentiment on which his poetical performance was built, it is equally true as to his mastery of

manner and expression. In the first volume published by Keats, containing verse written apparently between the ages of nineteen and twenty-one, there are a great number of passages of extraordinary finish and perfectness; there is the great sonnet on Chapman's *Homer*, and, in general, evidence more than enough to convince any one with eyes to see that here was another poet risen upon the world. But the unevenness of the work is of course very apparent. Just before that noble, melodious passage in *Places of Nestling Green for Poets Made*, beginning—

"He was a poet, sure a lover too,"

lines worthy to rank, for felicity of diction and clear brilliancy of fancy, beside almost anything in Keats's later poetry, we have the poor description, "conceited" in the worst Elizabethan sense, of the influence upon men's imaginations of the legend of Endymion.

"Coming ever to bless
The wanderer by moonlight, to him bringing
Shapes from the invisible world, unearthly
singing
From out the middle air, from flowery nests,
And from the pillow's silkiness that rests
Full in the speculation of the stars."

Marred as *Endymion* is with what Mr. Rossetti calls "perverseness," the evidence given in Mr. Forman's extracts from the earlier rejected versions of the poem make it at least very probable that Keats would have treated a passage like this as it deserved a little later in his career. To take another instance, the poem beginning—

"Woman, when I behold thee flippant, vain—"

is full of extravagances and faults of taste, perfectly natural and excusable in the early verse of such a poet as Keats, but which enable us to form some conception of his advance in the mere *technique* of his art when we come to place them side by side with almost any page opened at random in the volume of 1820. The strongest proof, however, of Keats's rapid growth in poetical mastery between 1816 and

1820 is afforded first of all by the extracts from the first draft or drafts of *Endymion* to which we have already referred, as compared with the finished poem; and secondly, by the relation to the fragment of *Hyperion* of that interesting sketch, *Hyperion, a Vision*, first published by Lord Houghton in 1857. The faults of the earlier volume of poems were not, in many respects, the common faults of young poetry. There was very little smooth and finished copying of other people, no Byronism, none of the facile despair to which almost all young poetical imaginations are inclined. A strong Elizabethan leaven is everywhere perceptible in it, echoes of Spenser and of Browne which show clearly enough in what school of English verse Keats's poetical taste had been formed. But the faults are not those of an imitator, they are Keats's own. We shall find them in a certain *naïveté* which robs a stanza or a passage of dignity and ease; in a too great "luxuriousness," as Keats himself would have called it, a tendency to revel in one rich image after another, forgetting the whole in the parts and blurring the central outline with irrelevant ornament; and in a certain insensibility to, or avoidance of, the graver tones of fancy and sentiment. By the time that Keats came to work upon the rough draft of *Endymion* and to transform it for publication, he had become aware of all these defects, and was on his guard against them, although he was not yet sufficiently master of his art to be able to free the finished *Endymion* from them, as a little later, he was able to free *Hyperion*. We may illustrate this statement by two quotations—they might be indefinitely multiplied. In the MS. of the poem the following cancelled passage originally described Peona's attempts to comfort Endymion:—

"Putting her trembling hand against his cheek
She said: 'My dear Endymion, let us seek
A pleasant bower where thou mayst rest
apart
And ease in slumber thine afflicted heart;

Come, my own dearest brother; these our
friends
Will joy in thinking thou dost sleep where
bends
Our freshening river through yon birchen
grove;
Do come now!' Could he gainsay her who
strove
So soothingly to breathe away a curse?"

We shall all agree that whatever other qualities these lines may have (Mr. Forman calls them "sweet and tender") they are singularly wanting in dignity, and in that grace which is the child of measure and self-restraint. "*Do come now!*"—one feels a moment of vague passing sympathy as one reads, with the brutal author of *The Cockney School of Poets*. There is something indescribably *banale* and suburban in the whole turn of the passage. But fortunately Keats's maturing instinct could not let it stand. He substituted for it three lines which, though not altogether in his happiest vein, and wanting in a rhyme, are still infinitely simpler and purer in taste, and show just the working of that discriminating, judging sense in him, that process of self-creation, which is indispensable to the production of the highest poetry:—

"Hushing signs she made
And breathed a sister's sorrow to persuade
A yielding up, a cradling on her care,—
Her eloquence did breathe away the curse."

A still stronger instance occurs a little further on. Peona sings, and in his first draft Keats described her song as

"More forest wild, more subtle-cadenced
Than can be told by mortal; even wed
The fainting tenors of a thousand shells,
To a million whisperings of lily bells;
And mingle too the nightingales complain
Caught in its hundredth echo: 'twould be
vain."

But "the spirit of poetry, working out its own salvation in the man" intervened, and the confused earlier simile gave way to the terse, suggestive beauty of the lines—

"'twas a lay
More subtle cadenced, more forest wild
Than Dryope's lone lulling of her child."

Thus, instead of a piece of elaborate trifling with shells and lily-bells, the poet's second thought brings before us, within the compass of a single line, a picture instinct with charm and mystery—the mother of Pan, the earth-god, sitting alone in murmuring forests with the weird child upon her knee. There could hardly be a finer illustration of the manner in which the true Maker feels his way through imperfection to a loveliness which is inherently right and true.

Whoever will carefully read through *Endymion* in Mr. Forman's edition will find a multitude of such instances as we have just been quoting. We have only space here to ask a reader to compare the lovely opening of *Endymion*—the Induction, so to speak, to the poem—with the Specimen of an Induction, which was probably meant to introduce the poem of *Calidore* published in the first volume of 1817. The Specimen has beautiful lines in it, and a sort of blithe, many-coloured Spenserian charm. But it is maladroit, wandering, and diffuse in comparison with the introduction to *Endymion*. In the one case the poet is at the mercy of every passing association of fancy or of rhyme, and the whole is little more than a pretty string of descriptive phrases imperfectly fused and connected. In the other the order of thought is clear, the workmanship uneven here and there, as in the jarring lines

“An endless fountain of immortal drink
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.”

but on the whole astonishingly fine and perfect. The concluding passage of the opening with its lovely playful prophecy of the course of the poem, of its march with the year from spring to autumn, is especially suggestive of growing ease and mastery:—

“So I will begin
Now while I cannot hear the city's din,
Now while the early budders are just new
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer

My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
Many and many a verse I hope to write
Before the daisies, vermeil rimm'd and white
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas
I must be near the middle of my story.
O may no wintry season, bare and hoary
See it half-finished; but let Autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold
Be all about me when I make an end.”

This must have been written before the end of November, 1817, not a year after the publication of the first volume of poems. It would be difficult to find anything as masterly in general movement in the early collection. Keats's months of country wandering during the interval had been abundantly fruitful to him, his eight hours daily of reading and writing among the primroses and 'cowslips of the Isle of Wight, his loiterings among the summer meadows of the Thames near Oxford, “exploring all the streams about, reading Wordsworth and talking as may be,” and his patient, continuous struggle with his work, blessed throughout, as he playfully declared to Haydon, by the presiding influence of Shakespeare.

But although *Endymion* marked a great advance, Keats was to travel far beyond it. It was “a wilderness of sweets, but truly a wilderness.” The English delight in colour, in rich texture, and musical sound which has been the chief element in our national poetry from the days of Chaucer till now, just as in French poetry the chief element has been the French delight in clear form, in statuesque effect, in logical movement, will never indeed find a more ample—we might almost say a more riotous—satisfaction than in *Endymion*. Had Keats never written anything more he would still have appealed to all time, to those—and they are many—who look upon poetry not as a “criticism of life,” but as “a flowery band to bind us to the earth”—a web of beautiful imagery, meant to charm our senses and to “move away the pall from our dark spirits.” But Keats lived nearly three years after the

publication of *Endymion*, and until he was disabled by illness the process of development in him was unceasing. From the Elizabethan influence, so prominent in *Endymion*, he passed under the Miltonic influence to which we owe *Hyperion*. And the transition from the manner of *Endymion* to the larger utterance of *Hyperion* is curiously marked by the *Vision* or first version of the poem, which is undated, but probably belongs to the summer or autumn of 1818. The opening of the *Vision* is entirely in the manner of *Endymion*. We have an

“ arbour with a drooping roof
Of trellis-vines and bells and larger blooms
Like floral censers swinging light in air ; ”

a feast of summer fruits, a sleeping draught more deadly than—

“ Poison gendered in close monkish cell
To thin the scarlet conclave of old men—”

an “ old sanctuary with roof august ”
and on the marble floor “ store of
strange vessels and large draperies ”—

“ Robes, golden tongs, censer, and chafing
dish,
Girdles and chains and holy jewelleries.”

Nothing could be more characteristic of Keats in his *Endymion* mood than this opening. It reminds us of one of the elaborate canopies under which Mantegna places his stately Virgins, all interwoven with fruit and flowers, and crossed by fantastic coral wreaths. The spirit of the Renaissance is in both, of classic grace, that is to say, mingled with romantic colour and extravagance.

From the description of the arbour, the feast and the sanctuary, the poet turns to the vision of an altar, of the dim form of Saturn behind it, and of the goddess Moneta sacrificing before it. There is a conversation with Moneta which is awkwardly managed and confused in thought, and finally Moneta, implored by the poet to explain her grief and desolation, transports him to “ the shady sadness of a vale,” and shows him Saturn and Thea. From this point the poem becomes in

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great part identical with *Hyperion*, except for certain minor differences caused by the divergence in general plan. But Keats had not carried it on very much further before he became altogether dissatisfied, and began it again on different lines. The whole of the opening—arbour, feast, treasure-heap, temple, and Moneta herself—disappears, and instead we are brought straight into the sombre presence of “ gray-haired Saturn quiet as a stone.” And, what is more, the whole poem henceforward takes its tone from the grandeur of the opening. A feeble passage in the lament of Saturn, which appears in the *Vision* embedded in others which survive in *Hyperion*, is cut out of necessity; the poet, in his higher, ampler mood, can have no toleration for it, and instead, we have the superb speech of more than Miltonic dignity, beginning, “ O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,” and ending with the great cry—

“ Thea ! Thea ! Thea ! Where is Saturn ? ”

It is clear that the process brought to bear upon the *Vision*, in order to transform it into *Hyperion*, was a process of chastening carried out under Miltonic influence. One may also notice that in *Hyperion* itself there is a very decided advance in purity of style, a growing directness of movement as the poem proceeds. The “ Miltonic inversions ” so common in the first book are less frequent in the second, and are almost absent from the third. Apollo’s address to Mnemosyne in the third book is at the very opposite pole of style to that to which *Endymion* belongs.

“ How cam’st thou over the unfooted sea ?
Or hath that antique mien and robed form
Moved in these vales invisible till now ?

* * * * *

Goddess ! I have beheld those eyes before
And their eternal calm, and all that face,
Or I have dreamed.”

Poetic speech could scarcely flow with a nobler and serener beauty. Almost any passage in *Endymion* is hurried and feverish beside these lines. They

awaken in one afresh Shelley's keen lament that *Hyperion* "was but a fragment," and that "Keats had not been encouraged to complete a work worthy of Milton."

Why did Keats put *Hyperion* aside? Almost every lover of his poetry must have puzzled over the question. His own account of the matter is well known. "I have given up *Hyperion*," he says, in 1819; "there were too many Miltonic inversions in it. Miltonic verse cannot be written but in an artful or rather artist's humour. I wish to give myself up to other sensations. English ought to be kept up. It may be interesting to you to pick out some lines from *Hyperion* and put a mark to the false beauty proceeding from art, and another mark to the true voice of feeling." His publisher's account prefixed to the 1820 volume was that "the poem was intended to have been of equal length with *Endymion*, but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding." The real explanation would seem to be that Keats's thought was rapidly moving on to quite other lines from those upon which it had started. *Hyperion* had come to represent to him "false beauty," and what his poetical endeavour was striving towards was the "true voice of feeling." In other words, Keats's interest in human life was growing keener and more personal, and such subjects as those treated in *Endymion* and *Hyperion* were, for the moment at least, growing too remote from him to allow of the free play of sympathy about and around them. The Italian world of *Isabella*, and the dream world of *St. Agnes's Eve*, were distant enough from Keats's English surroundings, but in the midst of all the richly-coloured environment in which his poetic temper delighted, Keats was treating in these poems subjects in their degree of real human interest, subjects of passion and of grief. The lyrics of the last volume have still more actuality and personal intensity.

There can be no doubt, indeed, that from the summer of 1818 onwards, as we have already tried to show, Keats's view of life became at once deepened and saddened. His own health was breaking, his brother was dying under his care, he had seen Miss Brawne for the first time, and felt the dawn of the unhappy passion which was to help to destroy him, while the unfavourable reception given to his books, and the pressure of pecuniary difficulty, tended still further to depress and wound him. Under these circumstances imagination was still a refuge and a "cheering light" to him, still capable of charming him from the dull present into that warm dreamland which only poets know. But the tone of his work changes somewhat, and there are notes in it unheard before. "The weariness, the fever, and the fret" of a world

"Where youth grows pale and spectre-thin
and dies,
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow—"

has passed into it, and the throb of passion as it really is—hungry, yearning, and desperate—may be intermittently felt in it for the first time. The date of the *Ode to Melancholy* in the last volume is apparently unknown, but one would think it must belong to the end of the year which saw the giving up of *Hyperion* and the first beginnings of irremediable illness. In the letters written after the publication of *Endymion* there are two or three significant references to the difference wrought in a man's life by the *realisation* of truths which had been only meaningless commonplace to him before. "Axioms in philosophy," he writes to Reynolds, in May, 1818, "are not axioms till they have been proved upon our pulses. Until we are sick we understand not; in fine, as Byron says, 'Knowledge is sorrow,' and I go on to say that 'sorrow is wisdom.'" That beauty is fugitive, and that in this fugitiveness lies the tragedy of human life, is an old philosophic com-

monplace. But it had been "proved upon the pulses" of the man who wrote of melancholy at a moment when love, fame, and friends were slipping from his grasp, that

"She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die,
And Joy whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu."

Some further indication of the change which was coming over Keats when his last illness overtook him may be gathered from his references to Wordsworth during 1818. In February, 1818, shortly after that meeting between Wordsworth and Keats at Haydon's, in which the elder poet had half scornfully pronounced the Hymn to Pan in *Endymion* "a pretty piece of paganism," Keats wrote to Reynolds in a very impatient tone about the author of the *Excursion*. "For the sake of a few fine imaginative or domestic passages, are we to be bullied into a certain philosophy engendered in the whims of an egotist? Every man has his speculations, but every man does not brood and peacock over them till he makes a false coinage and deceives himself. Many a man can travel to the very bourne of heaven, and yet want confidence to put down his half-seeing. We hate poetry that has a palpable design upon us,—poetry should be great and unobtrusive, a thing which enters into one's soul and does not startle or amaze us with itself, but with its subject. I will cut all this. I will have no more of Wordsworth or Hunt in particular. Why should we be of the tribe of Manasseh when we can wander with Esau? Why should we kick against the pricks when we can walk on roses?"

A letter to Reynolds which follows immediately upon this was also written in an anti-philosophic mood—a mood of rebellion against the didactic element so strong in the Lake school. It describes Keats delighting "in the beauty of the morning, operating on the sense of idleness," and it contains that lovely paraphrase of the thrush's song:

"O fret not after knowledge! I have none:
And yet my song comes native with the
warmth.
O fret not after knowledge!—I have none:
And yet the evening listens."

And if we look back a little further we shall find the whole phase of feeling summed up in the cry, "Oh for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts!" which occurs in the course of a warm defence of imagination as against "consecutive reasoning" and the philosopher's search for truth. A little later, however, the whole point of view is shifted. *Endymion* appeared in April, 1818, and almost immediately afterwards we find Keats evidently in a state of reaction against his work, writing to Taylor, his publisher, "I have been hovering for some time between an exquisite sense of the luxurious and a love of philosophy: were I calculated for the former I should be glad; but as I am not, I shall turn all my soul to the latter." Strange utterance from a man whose work the world holds to be the type of poetic luxuriousness! But that the temper of mind which it indicates was not a passing one is shown by the remarkable letter to Reynolds, written a little later, from which we have already quoted a few sentences. Beginning with some thoughts upon the unity of knowledge, Keats goes on to dwell upon the need of knowledge—"it takes away the heat and fever and helps, by widening speculation, to ease the 'Burden of the Mystery'—a thing which I begin to understand a little;" and especially upon its use in protecting and balancing "high sensations." Then follow some reflections on the way which experience, and experience alone, lets us into a poet's full meaning, leading to a beautiful image of human life, so little known that we shall quote it entire:—

"I compare human life to a large mansion of many apartments, two of which I can only describe, the doors of the rest being as yet shut upon me. The first we step into we call the Infant or Thoughtless Chamber, in

which we remain as long as we do not think. We remain there a long while, and notwithstanding the doors of the second chamber remain wide open, showing a bright appearance, we care not to hasten to it, but are at length imperceptibly impelled by the awaking of thinking power within us. We no sooner get into the second chamber which I shall call the Chamber of Maiden Thought, than we become intoxicated with the light and the atmosphere. We see nothing but pleasant wonders, and think of delaying there for ever in delight. However, among the effects this breathing is father to is that tremendous one of sharpening one's vision into the heart and nature of man, of convincing one's nerves that the world is full of misery and heartbreak, pain, sickness and oppression; whereby this Chamber of Maiden Thought becomes gradually darkened, and at the same time on all sides of it many doors are set open—but all dark—all leading to dark passages. We see not the balance of good and evil; we are in a mist; we are in that state we feel the 'Burden of the Mystery.' To this point was Wordsworth come as far as I can conceive when he wrote *Tintern Abbey*, and it seems to me that his genius is explorative of those dark passages. *Now, if we live and go on thinking we too shall explore them.*"

It is evident that this whole passage is instinct with a sense of spiritual expansion and of widening horizons. The comparison between Wordsworth and Milton which follows is even more valuable as throwing light upon his own position at the time. It is in fact a statement of the theory of evolution as applied to thought. "What is it makes Wordsworth," he asks, "so much deeper, so much truer than Milton, as a philosopher?" Simply the difference in time, he concludes. The two men individually were equally great, but in the interval between them the world had moved, and poets with it. Milton was content with the dogmas and the superstitions of the Reformation. "He did not

think with the human heart as Wordsworth has done. Yet Milton, as a philosopher, had surely as great powers as Wordsworth. What is then to be inferred? Oh, many things. It proves that there is really a grand march of intellect; it proves that a mighty providence subdues the mightiest minds to the service of the time being, whether it be in human knowledge or religion."

The general impression left upon the mind by such passages as these is that Keats at twenty-five was on the brink of a new poetic departure. That the passion for beauty would have still remained "the master-light of all his seeing"—that no intellectual development could ever have deadened in him that exquisite susceptibility to all rich and lovely impressions which is his note among poets we may well believe. But his work as a poet would have been more and more informed with thought, more and more intertwined with the great perennial interests of human life. His spell upon us as a wizard of language would have remained unbroken, but he might have added a Wordsworthian intimacy and pathos to an iridescent beauty beyond Wordsworth's reach.

In vain our dreams. Death interposed, and in the chaos of that last struggle the only light shed upon the terrible bitterness of Keats's desolation came not from any new-born energy of thought, but from the old familiar joys which had been with him since his earliest dawn of feeling. "How astonishingly," he writes, under the first stress of illness, "does the chance of leaving the world impress a sense of its natural beauties upon us! Like poor Falstaff, though I do not 'babble,' I think of green fields; I muse with the greatest affection on every flower I have known from my infancy—their shapes and colours are as new to me as if I had just created them with a superhuman fancy. . . . The simple flowers of our spring are what I want to see again."

A SOCIAL STUDY OF OUR OLDEST COLONY.

It is a very singular thing that among the great number of English travellers who of late years have published books upon America, scarcely one has thought it worth while to turn from the beaten and hackneyed paths which habit would seem to have marked out, to those great unexplored regions lying south of the Potomac river. Many, too, of these publications, having the most comprehensive titles, bear no evidence on their pages of any consciousness in the author's mind of the very existence of that great group of states, which in his own lifetime dominated the Union, and may at this day be fairly said to represent one-third of its integral power. There is seldom even any expression of regret that time and circumstances should prevent the narrator from visiting the South, nor is there often any apparent consciousness of incompleteness in the labours of American exploration, as he or she turns sharp round at Washington, as naturally as if it lay upon the Gulf of Mexico, and strikes westward for the Rocky Mountains.

If the ordinary tourist thinks that his time is better spent over an unimportant and un-American social excrescence like the Mormon settlement, it is his affair; but in the case of those who travel for the purpose of enlightening their fellow-countrymen as to the political, social, and material condition of our transatlantic cousins, there is something strangely incomplete in the programme into which they drift, rather from precedent, or perhaps from despair at the size of the country, than from any deliberate purpose. Such works are generally but the impressions of vacation tours, and not only that, but, as a general thing, the only two phases of American life with which the Eng-

lish traveller comes in contact are the comparatively cosmopolitan society of the great eastern cities on the one hand, and on the other, the exaggerated crudeness of the western wilds. The great mass of the American people proper lying between these two extremes—knowing little of either, living on farms and in villages all through the older states—are hardly recognised by this class of traveller. Tucked up in a Pulman car, he goes from city to city, and from wonder to wonder, and comes home to encourage the shibboleth that America has "much land but no country." An almost contemptuous ignorance of American and colonial history is not conducive to a sympathetic appreciation or a ready recognition of that really rich local colouring whose existence no one will, I think, deny who has lived in any of the older states. For I think I may say, without fear of contradiction that the development of our earliest colonies into a mighty nation is a historical study to which the majority of even well-read Englishmen are sublimely indifferent.

It is, upon the whole, perhaps, a good thing, excepting so far as its magnificent mountain scenery is concerned, that the South has almost entirely escaped being made a field for first impressions.

First impressions of Niagara or Broadway, the Yosemite valley or a grain elevator, would probably be as good as any later ones; but the complex state of Southern society, the attitude of the two races towards one another, and the hundred and one conditions springing from that, would lead the unwary globe-trotter on to almost certain shoals.

One or two distinguished journalists have made raids of late into Southern

towns, and have discoursed with their usual brilliancy on the social joys of Charleston or Savannah, on Chesapeake oysters and canvas-back ducks; have paid pathetic tributes to the graveyards that bristle on the battlefields round Richmond; have reproduced the negro as seen on the box of a hackney coach or behind the apron of an hotel waiter; have recalled old war correspondents' reminiscences, and noted down conversations with Southern friends, have had a few glimpses of the country from the platform of railway cars, and had a good time generally, if a brief one. To get a comprehensive view of the country, however, even north of the Potomac, from inside towns, is impossible; but to study such a country as the South—which is nothing if not rural, in whose economic structure, towns, unhappily, played but little part, and whose whole history is based on their non-existence—is, of course, under such conditions impossible. Indeed, I venture to say, that an extended residence is necessary to understand the social conditions of the South, and it is to its social conditions that most of its peculiarities and strong characteristics are due.

Each of the older Southern states has, of course, cherished individual traditions. Each has some distinctive traits for which it is noted, yet all these minor differences seem to fade, when compared with the general uniformity of habits and ideas created by the existence of a common domestic system. All diversities of soil, climate, production, and even of origin, seem over-ridden by the long attitude of combined defence that welded the slave states together from the beginning of this century, when the really formidable development of slavery commenced, till the war. A Virginian to-day is, first a Virginian; a South Carolinian is, above all things, a South Carolinian; but next they both are Southerners, and, lastly, Americans. This may not last for more than a generation

or so longer. Probably not. But in the meantime the fact remains, and forms one general and striking contradiction, even if there were no others, to the alleged want of light and shade in the national existence.

Every one will remember the vulgar notion with which a certain portion of the English public, during the American civil war, became impregnated, namely, that the South was a nation of gentlemen in the social sense, fighting against hordes of *canaille*. Of course it is easy enough to see from what germs of truth this hallucination grew. The hasty adaptation of English social terms to conditions which were really very different, the claims of leisurely agriculture or indolence over struggling commerce, the misunderstanding of the words "aristocracy" and "oligarchy," so constantly used in a political and race sense in the speeches and articles of those times.

There was, it is true, a very numerous slave-holding gentry in the South, every man of whom would have been found fighting in the Confederate lines; but they formed a mere fraction numerically of the slave-holding oligarchy, the great mass of whom — nineteen-twentieths I should say, at the lowest estimation — were plain farmers and yeomen, neither fitted by their training and education to enter society as the world understands it in their own country, nor in any other, and into whose heads such an idea would probably never have entered. Behind these came a still greater number of poor whites, fighting, in a great measure, willingly, and whose enthusiasm in a cause that was in no sense theirs will always be a testimony to the wonderful influence which the great slaveholders exercised over all beneath them, and the persistent skill with which they made the cause of the few appear to be the cause of the many. Broadly speaking, in the South there were, and still to some extent are, three very distinct classes living on the

soil. The border lines of each were not always easy to define, and there were subtle sub-divisions within each; but still all three stood out very clearly from one another as separate bodies in the social framework of the South, while — immeasurably below the lowest — the basis on which the whole organisation rested, came the negro slaves.

The proportions of these classes to one another varied in different states, and again in different counties within those states. Virginia, for instance, contained a strong upper class, a strong middle class of slaveholding yeomanry, and a comparatively small proportion of very poor whites. North Carolina was very weak in its educated class, but had a very large yeomanry and a still larger white peasantry, if the expression may be allowed. In South Carolina again the middle class was smaller. The upper was both powerful and weathy, while the "poor white" element both there and in Louisiana was very large. Virginia, of all the Southern States, is considerably the oldest, and has by far the longest and the fullest history. Maryland, it is true, is but little younger, and her colonial period is full of colour, but her slaveholding interest had shrunk so much at the time of the war from long geographical contact with Northern influences, that she was by that time quite a hybrid state. When the Carolinas, late in the seventeenth century, were represented only by scattered bands of pioneer refugees, harassed on one side by Indians, and on the other by the proprietors in England with ridiculous paper constitutions, Virginia was a large, prosperous, and well-ordered community, intensely Anglo-Saxon in blood, prejudices and religion. Her climate was equally adapted to either black or white labour. Her boundaries embraced a great variety of physical features, from a level sea coast pierced with rivers, to the wall of mountains that divides the Mississippi basin from the Atlantic slope, and in those days

divided for so long the red man from the white. So every facility was given for a population purely English, and without any cause of dislike to English institutions such as was natural to the New England colonists, to spread themselves over the land and develop quietly into a community less unlike that which gave it birth than most of the other British settlements in America. Virginia, too, it must be remembered, is the parent of other states whose territories were colonised by her people, and whose habits and ways of thought were identical with her own. There were no doubt at the time of the late war small communities here and there in the South, wealthier and more luxurious than any which could have been found in Virginia, possibly, too, more cosmopolitan and less provincial; but the general social and moral level of the old Dominion was of a kind that no Southerner, no matter what his state, would object to having put forward as a type of his society at large; a Virginian upon the other hand would not be altogether willing to identify himself with a description of North Carolina, Mississippi, or Georgia, and with justice.

No part of America is quite free from a sort of insensate craving, among its educated classes, to connect their names with those of illustrious English houses, on grounds that an Englishman, similarly circumstanced and named, would not dream of making himself ridiculous by doing. This disease is common in the South, and particularly common in Virginia. Any tradition that connects the provincial aristocracies of the Southern States with an old patrician origin, is pure sentimental fiction, that is not only contrary to common sense, and to all evidence that can be collected, but is in defiance of colonial history itself. Nothing would be more interesting than to get at the early statistics of emigration; but what may be called the "cavalier delusion" in Virginia, a delusion to which the outside world, and, to some

extent, even historians, taking harmless local vanities too seriously, have fallen a victim, is the result of a misconception of the social framework of the mother country, natural to a long and complete cessation of intercourse with it, and to many other reasons. Among these are the meagreness of the records of the first generation or two that struggled shoulder to shoulder with the dangers and hardships of a new country, but had unquestionably more serious things to think about than the distinctions of rank. Then there was the natural and pardonable longing of a republican aristocracy, holding its position by an uncertain tenure, to add, if possible, the pleasing glamour of ancient lineage to the more substantial pleasures of present power. Fancies, from want of contradiction, soon grow into facts. Genealogical fancies in the South, so far as they concern anti-colonial times, are so vague and wild as more often than not to carry absurdity upon their very faces. Indeed some apology is needed for dwelling so long upon the subject, but it is impossible to discuss the South without allusion to it. It is quite a common belief among the people in Virginia that they are sprung in some way from the loins of the "British nobility," who apparently forsook their estates and tenants at home during the seventeenth century, and took to the backwoods. I don't mean to say that every educated Virginian indulges in such rubbish as this, but he has probably more or less succumbed to the fetish, while Southern writers and stump orators from time immemorial have done their best to encourage these extravagant absurdities as if they were ashamed of the brave hard-fisted pioneers that carved out those lands from the primæval forests which they themselves now enjoy. No doubt many cadets of good families found their way to Virginia—as where haven't they found their way too, particularly in more recent times?—but there is nothing in the earlier records of the

colony, in the names of the first settlers, to lead one to suppose that the colonial aristocracy which arose with the development of the country and the adoption of negro slavery, was of any other than colonial manufacture. There is no trace of any persons of title in lists of vestrymen and burgesses that marked the most influential colonists of those days. Nearly all these names have an ordinary middle class ring about them, such as are to be seen on similar, but much better kept, records of Massachusetts or Connecticut. But English nomenclature for the average Virginian would have no significance, even if he took the trouble to inform himself accurately as to the early history of the colony, of which he generally knows very little. So the cavalier and the British nobleman flourish in a hazy and picturesque fashion at the root of every Virginian's family tree. No matter if he is only the third of his race that anybody in the state, himself included, can at all identify, there is always the national "Adam" to be depended upon in the far away background—the cavalier of Southern fancy—a gentleman upon a prancing steed, with flowing locks and nodding feather, ruffling in lace and boiling over with chivalry. He, at any rate is always there, ready for unknowing foreigners and sentimental American romancists. No doubt many Royalists came to Virginia; it was a Church of England colony; and a vulgar error not by any means confined to Virginia, forgets the yeomanry and common folk that formed the bulk of the Royalist army, in its social estimate of the cavalier, just as it is apt to forget the men of birth and consideration that were found upon the other; but the gradual establishment of a colonial aristocracy towards the end of the seventeenth century, if it contained the children of a few younger sons of English country squires, it was because these latter had shown themselves able to cope with the merchants, traders and yeomen in the

battle of life. There is no particle of evidence to show that the aristocracy which emerged from the forests of Virginia, as these gave place to broad fields and plantations, were based on anything but the survival of the fittest. There is no question but that Smiths and Browns and Joneses were very much more numerous among them than De Courcies and Montmorencies. I could give a list of Virginian families, whose pride and whose very proper pride it is, to go back to these days, whose names have a distinctly aristocratic ring in that country, many of which have a local historical record that could gain nothing even by establishing some secondary anti-colonial social tie, and would certainly lose nothing, even from an English point of view, by running back for two centuries to some sturdy British yeoman. Most of the names, however, which Virginians reverence, point strongly to this latter origin. An early governor, writing with unsympathetic British prejudice to the authorities at home, groans over the dawn of this aristocracy, and of "men who would be of little account elsewhere, wanting to imitate the ways of living of English country squires."

Indented servants, negro slaves, an unlimited amount of cheap land, and a long continued fidelity to everything English, were the leading causes of this social development. Agriculture, pure and simple, with an absence of towns and manufactures, and the increase of negro slavery, helped to perpetuate a social condition that, based on rural possessions, and encouraged for over a century by the law of entail, favoured class distinctions. To suppose, however, that this early aristocracy survived intact, or anything like it, up till the late war, would be the greatest of errors; some few families—names well known—have, but for the most part it has been replaced by fresh recruits from below, coming up with each generation, putting on the mantle of "first familyism," and invoking

the spectral shade of the plumed cavalier with delightful ease. Southerners are sentimental, and possess the American tendency to exaggeration to the fullest extent. With them, however, it does not run to international high falutin, and spread eagleism, so much as to sectional glorification of a harmless and less practical kind, to dreamy genealogical delusions, to fantastic hankerings after somewhat tawdry ideals of mediæval chivalry, that sometimes assumes a shape so grotesque as to be quite unlike any other form of Anglo-Saxon vulgarity one sees, quite incompatible, as an unfriendly cynic might say, with the raising of negroes and the growing and chewing of tobacco; and very much to be regretted by any one who, like the writer, has a warm admiration for the many admirable qualities of the Southern people, and a very strong partiality for both themselves and their country. A Southern community in this particular failing would strike an Englishman accustomed to a different standard, and to generally honest criticism, as a species of mutual admiration society. There would seem to be an absolute want of perspective in all description. A wooden farmhouse, with half-a-dozen rooms, is prone to become in a Southern printing-room a country seat. A ten room brick house, where the third generation are living, becomes a stately and ancestral mansion. A local statesman, whom history and his biographers declare to be the great-grandson of a Bristol trader, is metamorphosed by the genial influence of a Virginian sun into the "scion of a noble race."

The departed judge is eulogised as a gentleman of ancient lineage, though everybody knows that his grandfather, the revolutionary officer, was the first of the name that anybody ever heard of, and a man of rare culture, though a line of Cicero, or Herodotus, would have put such culture to a most trying test. As an instance of the enigmas that face the student of Southern life, one may cite one of the chief

boasts of slavery, "that in creating a leisure class it stimulated intellectual activity." It certainly gave a stimulus to party politics, and the kind of talent required to conduct them, and forensic ability was never wanting; but anything like such a barren literary record as is presented by the Southern States could hardly be paralleled in the history of any civilised community. Yet the claim of unusual "culture" is one of the commonest made in behalf of social Southern superiority. That very prominent feature of Southern life, "Southern pride," is a much more modern institution than it would fain believe itself to be. If it were confined to the really old colonial families who are still prominent, it would be perfectly intelligible and perfectly admissible, and the hunting up of imaginary cavaliers would be quite superfluous, but it is not. A North Carolinian, educated and well-to-do slaveholder, for instance, would have been in no way behindhand with this indescribable kind of sectional and social pride; but of all the colonies to which England ever gave birth, North Carolina was in its origin probably the most essentially plebeian, and moreover remained plebeian and rude to a very late date. South Carolina, on the other hand, which was only semi-English in origin, rapidly developed a small and well-to-do upper class with commercial and urban as well as mere planting interests. In Virginia a majority, I should say, of those families who claim and receive the appellation of "good," who hug to themselves the magic but elastic title of F. F. V.—would not care to go back much beyond the revolutionary war in the work of investigation, and would shrink from the horny hands of the honest settler whom they would in all probability find axe in hand, barring the genealogical path to the traditional cavalier.

I will take an average county in the centre of Virginia as a fair type of Southern rural life. It will be about the size of one of the smaller English

shires, say Huntingdon. It will not be a recently surveyed parallelogram, like a Canadian or Western county, but will have natural boundaries of streams and ridges which were assigned to it early in the last century, within which it has had time to acquire a certain amount of individuality, to cherish a certain amount of local tradition, and to connect itself by degrees with the names of certain influential families. All classes, however, have been more or less stationary upon the soil; old tombstones in fence corners, and in forsaken brier-grown graveyards bear for the most part on their weather-worn faces the same names as those with which the cross-road stores and the school-houses of the day are most familiar. Unlike rural New England, emigration westward has been trifling, and local prejudices and an ignorance of neighbouring districts has developed to an extent that would almost put some of our English Arcadias to shame. Before the war sent every able-bodied man here, there, and everywhere, the parallel in that sense would in all probability have been complete. A New York friend of mine who, like myself, has lived for many years in Virginia is fond of declaring by way of illustrating this local patriotism, that no man would have a chance with the jury of a neighbouring county if his opponent were a native of its soil. This is extreme, no doubt, but it is quite certain that to the mass of the people a settler from the neighbouring state of Pennsylvania would be quite as much a stranger, and his mode of conducting himself and his affairs quite as much a nine days' wonder as if he came from England or Scotland.

In this particular county, which I consider to be quite representative enough for ordinary purposes of comparison, there will be a population of about 30,000 devoted entirely to agricultural pursuits; 12,000 of these are negroes. Here accuracy of statistics ends. Of the 18,000 whites no blue book, or red book, or enterprising individual, ever ventured to step in and

say who were gentlemen and who were not, who were "good stock" and who were "bad;" who were "mean whites" and who were "mighty respectable people;" but for all that the divisions were there strong enough, though marked by lines that grew faint and uncertain, as class touched class. The word "gentleman," though very freely used in the south, as elsewhere in America, has no social significance whatever, unless when used occasionally by people answering to that description, in a European sense, conversing amongst themselves. Even then it is uttered with a pointed significance, and a sort of consciousness that such language would not do for the street, the office, or the court-house. It was necessary that the middle and lower classes of the South should for several generations before the war be humoured in the presence of the negro with harmless terms, so the old sense of the words "gentleman" and "lady" which, in colonial days, still survived, became lost in their general application to nearly all the white population, and came to mean nothing; while their place is occupied by other and less bald definitions, not calculated to offend the democratic ear. "Good people," "first families," "people of refinement," are all awkward make-shifts of social description, for the old definition which has been discarded, not only for the reasons already given, but probably from an instinct that the term in an exclusive sense would have been too marked for a state of society that blended the aristocratic and the democratic feeling so bewilderingly together.

The English traveller or settler in America often comes home disgusted by what he imagines are the social pretensions of the common farming folk, in the west or elsewhere, in calling themselves ladies and gentlemen. The fact is, the term to them conveys no distinct idea whatever; it has little or no social significance, for they share it with almost every neighbour for fifty miles around,

but society adjusts itself, in spite of that, by the irresistible laws of like to like; and your plain republican farmer acquiesces without a murmur in such a disposition. When he has said, "I don't set up to be a'ristocrat," he has said in the American tongue, as plainly as words can say it, "I don't pretend to be a gentleman," but such phraseology as the latter would be revolting and degrading on American soil, and doesn't indeed sound pretty anywhere.

From a personal acquaintance of a great many years with a district such as I am describing, I should say that out of those 18,000 whites, 10,000 belonged to the class that owned before the war, no negroes, very little land, and that generally, poor, rough, or inaccessible. The majority of these would be the genuine "poor white" of the South, the social pariah of the country. A good minority, however, would be respectable small farmers, who merged gradually and imperceptibly into the lower strata of the ranks of the small slaveholders.

Of the remaining 8,000 members of slaveholders families, but a very few hundred would, at the opening of the war, have constituted the real gentry class—or "society"—under the most liberal construction. I should say fifty households would be a most comprehensive estimate of those in this county who were recognised, or were fitted by training and education to expect to be recognised as having any sort of social claim. Some counties, almost as large as the one in question, had but three or four; others had as many probably as a hundred. A large proportion of these had no claim, or, at any rate, no authentic claim, to colonial descent, and a great many would have been exceedingly puzzled if accurate details about their grandfathers had been demanded; but still, all were more or less bound together by a better education and a higher standard of property than the mass of slaveholders, were recognised as

"quality" by the negroes, and as "good family" by all (the word good in America not implying the sense of "old" exclusively as with us, but having a slightly different sense), intermarrying till all relationship is lost, naming their children by the surnames of mothers and cousins with a pertinacity enough to upset all one's notions of Anglo-Saxon nomenclature, backing one another's bills with a recklessness we know nothing of. Polished in manners, but rustic and "rough and ready" in habits of life; fluent of tongue and admirable debaters. Intensely fond of talking and hospitality; contemptuous of clocks and watches and the flight of time they mark. Fond of field sports, but with a much greater respect for literature and the arts than seems quite explicable, seeing how utterly serious study of either was ignored. Not as a rule irreligious nor profane; with a decided Puritan tendency, in fact, in many outward observances. Something like this were the better class planters of Virginia at the opening of the war; and sufficient time has not yet elapsed to materially alter their characters in the same way it has their circumstances. It does not follow that this class included all the larger slaveholders, but it included most of them, and the proportion of land and negroes per head would have been within its lists far greater than in the large yeoman class below. Rural law was administered in former days by unpaid magistrates on the English system, and from this aristocracy naturally came these magistrates. From this class, too, came the politicians, the officers in the army and navy, the doctors for the most part that practised in the country, the lawyers that clustered round the courthouse. A good property would have comprised probably two thousand acres around the homestead, with another thousand or so scattered about elsewhere, and perhaps a large, vaguely defined tract of mountain forests, valueless except as ground on which to plant a small

colony of slaves to clear land, make their own living under an overseer, and increase in number and value. The owner of such a property might have had two hundred negroes of all ages and sexes. The value of the land, it must be remembered, would not have been more than about ten or fifteen thousand pounds. The value of the negroes would have been at least five-and-twenty, and I think this would not be far off a fair estimate of the proportionate value of slaves to land throughout Virginia and a large part of the South, taking, that is, the possessions only of slaveholders. The average number of negroes belonging to the richer class of planters would have been nothing like two hundred—not more than one, probably—men, women, and children. A few, however, had far more. A gentleman in the county of Halifax is said to have owned something like a thousand, numbers of the younger of whom he did not even know by sight. These were, of course, distributed over several plantations, and many hired out at wages commensurate with their skill as labourers to other parties, the wages going to the master, who kept jealous watch over the well-being and the treatment of his property.

The laws of entail and primogeniture were abolished in Virginia, amid tremendous opposition, by Jefferson in 1779, and the colonial aristocracy—originally, for the most part, self-made, it is true, but mellowed by a century or more of placid rural authority—collapsed on to the basis of their own merits. Many families survived this and lived on to the late war, prosperous, distinguished, and honoured; but they formed a minority among the second aristocracy that arose chiefly after the revolutionary war, on a more purely wealth basis, resulting from the rapid development of slavery and the great enhancement in the value of negroes. The crumbling mansions of the older colonial aristocracy are still here and there to be found upon the old seaboard counties of the state, lifting

their dilapidated gables above a wilderness of wild growth. The sassafras and the dogwood-tree, the locust and the wild vine twine their boughs together in a tangled chaos over green strips of turf that lean cattle, wandering in the woods, still keep bright and fresh with constant and greedy cropping. The wild broom sedge has for many a long year run riot over broken tomb-stones, whose mossy faces still faintly proclaim the virtues and the glories of some forgotten race. The poor white or the negro, trailing listlessly behind some venerable steer or mule, turns up in ragged furrows the worn out soil of paddocks that once echoed to the tread of imported English thoroughbreds, while beneath the warped wainscoting and the high carved mantelpieces of the desolate rooms lie piled the scanty crop of wheat or Indian corn that the ragged occupant has squeezed from the much enduring soil. But these occasional relics in the very old and long ago semi-deserted parts of the state have nothing but a purely sentimental and pre-revolutionary interest, have nothing to do with the late great crisis or the period before it. When the second or new aristocracy of Virginia—for, in spite of the many notable exceptions, such it in fact was—went into the late civil war, it carried a mass of individual indebtedness. Slaves had increased far beyond the numbers required for economic agricultural production. Motives, both of pride and affection, prevented, or, at any rate, very much cramped deliberate sale without some recognised excuse, of which the most usual was intractability on the part of a negro. Negro security was admirable. To put the matter plainly, a planter's property in-

creased annually in accordance with the increase in his negro establishment. Instead of selling that surplus, which his instinct generally revolted from, he issued equivalent paper, which, at the proper rate, was readily accepted and often not presented till some settlement by death or otherwise occasioned a wind-up of the family estate. Then, if no arrangement within the family could be made, the slave had to be sold or hired out to satisfy the creditors. This is a rough outline of the prevailing economic system of those days. Space forbids allusion to the many modifications and exceptions that existed. Credit was unlimited, economy little understood. A certain check was put upon extravagance, as the word would be understood in England, by the absence of luxury and the extreme simplicity of their ideas of life, by the absence of metropolitan centres, and the constant tie to home which slavery entailed on its employers. Entertaining, however, even when it is simply done, if carried to excess, will make great inroads on a limited property, and in Virginia hospitality was literally unbounded. Even to this day to ask a Virginian to come and stay from Monday till Friday, or from Wednesday till Saturday, mentioning that is to say a limit for his visit would be considered a most barbarous outrage. There is something almost ludicrous, if it were not so pathetic, in the picture of poor Mr. Jefferson's declining years at Monticello. His property, which had amounted to something over forty thousand pounds when he left office, was literally eaten up by the swarms of visitors of all kinds, whom his ideas of hospitality forbade him to close his doors to; and when he died, the sale of his property failed to cover his debts.

(To be continued.)

A RENEGADE.

CHAPTER I.

INVALIDS may be pretty accurately divided into two classes, those, namely, who are likely to live, and those who are likely to die, and for my own part I believe I belong to the former category. My besetting ailment—asthma—began when I was eight years old, and seems likely, as far as I can judge, to last until I am able to write myself that age with a second figure super-added. The enjoyments—doubtful ones at best, as I understand—of an English winter—are, however, strictly prohibited to me, a sentence of life-long half-yearly banishment having very early in my career been pronounced, and being to all appearances never likely to be now seriously intermitted. As a rule I am able to submit myself to the decree with a fair show of equanimity; a moderate endowment of philosophy being eked out in my case with a really remarkable capacity for conjugating that newly-invented and decidedly un-English sounding verb “to laze.” Moments however arise when even the most philosophic, or the least actively disposed, soul rebels, and when November four years ago I left England for the banks of the Nile, it was, I remember, in a distinctly less cheerful and more contumacious frame of mind than usual.

I had already been five times in Egypt. It followed therefore that I did not particularly care about going there a sixth. I had been four times up the Nile, twice penetrating above the second cataract, consequently that entertainment had long since lost whatever novelty it once possessed. Not being an Egyptologist, or as little of one as a man can help being under the circumstances, I feel no hankering to rifle the tombs of the Pharaohs myself, and no great

curiosity as to who else may be engaged at the moment in so doing. In short, I was bored, and by way, therefore, of compromising matters, I resolved on this occasion to cut short the regulation winter by a couple of months, and leaving Cairo about the beginning of March, towards the middle of that boisterous month I found myself at Venice.

Here, after a week's dawdling amongst the canals and lagunes, I proposed making my way north by easy stages. At Turin, however, I was encountered by such gales of wind, accompanied by such torrents of sleet and snow sweeping down from the Alps, as called unavoidably for a halt, and—the newspapers reporting the weather, if possible, worse elsewhere—I was obliged to reconsider my decision. To push on to Paris under the circumstances was, I felt, a folly, particularly as I had really no very tangible excuse for so doing. Not caring, therefore, to return to Venice, I fell back upon Genoa, intending to remain there another three or four weeks, until such time as I could with safety proceed northwards.

As any one who has ever sojourned in that city knows, however, Genoa is about the worst spring quarters any man sensitive to weather can easily select, the Mistral, the Tramontana, the Maestro, worse still, the Greco—that atrocious and ingenious combination of all the worst qualities of a north and an east wind—making it at that season their chosen and especial home. I had not therefore been there many days before it became evident to me that as I could not go north I had better move south, and accordingly I put myself in the train for Pisa, intending to devote a couple of days to that town, and then proceed to Florence.

Hardly had I started before the

weather recovered its temper as if by magic. The deadly Greco gave place to a benignant breeze, laden with the combined scents of all the newly-opened flowers. The sun shone; the matchless panorama unfolded itself before us as we moved. It was some time, however, I must own before these benign influences began to have any perceptible effect upon my ill humour. I had left Genoa in anything but an amiable frame of mind. Wanting to go north, here I was, on the contrary, travelling due south. I had nothing earthly to do at Pisa, and, if possible, rather less at Florence, why, then, merely to ward off a probably hypothetic peril, should I give myself such an inordinate amount of trouble, I inquired of myself with petulant annoyance.

Little by little, however, the subtle charm of the scenery won me over in spite of myself. Perhaps until one has fairly tried it, one scarcely realises how difficult it is to go on staring with consistent gloom at a landscape which in return laughs in your face, and makes mock of your woes at every turn. In this respect this eastern Riviera may perhaps be commended above every other scenic combination upon the face of the earth. Nature has endowed the Ligurian with a mine of colour of its own; a land which breaks into flowers under his feet; a sea which glitters and sparkles like diamonds; a sky whose frowns are brighter than the smiles of many a less happily endowed land; and as if all this was not enough, the unconscionable Ligurian must needs improve upon matters by turning colourist upon his own account, painting the outsides of his house with strange hues of purple, crimson, and fervid yellow, varied with stripes and bars, lines, dots, circles, crescents, putting in doors and windows where no doors and windows whatsoever exist, not unfrequently ending by perpetrating some grotesque and perverse parody of those blue seas and snow-capped peaks visible to him without its walls!

Now, whatever may be said for the æsthetic merit of those audacious combinations of madders and ochres, one thing at least is certain, and that is, that a man must either be in very serious trouble indeed, or else totally devoid of any sense of the ridiculous, who can continue to look at those amazing productions of the paint-box without sooner or later his muscles insensibly relaxing. Such, at all events, was my own experience on this occasion. Little by little my ill-humour abated. That austere frown with which I had embarked upon my journey gradually gave way to something more atune to the jocund character of my surroundings. Though neither an author nor an artist, nor belonging to any of those sensitive classes whose souls are supposed to be swayed by every fresh fluctuation of the barometer, that subtle chemistry which lurks in blue skies and sun-swept seas affected me as it affects every other animal with eyes, and rather to my own surprise I found myself rapidly becoming amiable and even animated under their softening and benignant sway.

The train in which I had taken my place was "all that was most omnibus," stopping not only at every station marked in my Bradshaw, but also at a good many others of which that conscientious guide took no cognisance at all. I was not particularly disposed to quarrel with this tediousness, however. Having nothing, as I have said, to do when I arrived, it did not seem to me to be a matter of any very profound importance at what precise moment that event took place. What, however, I did quarrel with, and what I did feel disposed to grudge, were the tunnels, which, not content with carrying us into the interior of the earth at the very moment when its surface became most attractive, further added to the injury by shooting out a succession of glaring lantern-like flashes into our faces, to the serious imperilment of our eyesight, and the no less serious acerbation of our tempers.

At last, when the train drew up for a few minutes at a small vacant-looking station—a sort of smiling oasis between two yawning abysses of gloom—the impulse suddenly took me to go no further. The place looked inviting, I thought. True, I had never heard its name before. I had never heard of any one having stayed there, but what of that? There was nothing like trying. I was obviously in the mood for an adventure, and here was an adventure which seemed to suggest itself unsought!

“Have you an hotel here?” I inquired of a porter, who, attracted probably by my irresolute demeanour, had come up to the door of the carriage.

He threw out each finger separately, as an Italian does when he wishes to emphasise an assertion.

“An hotel? *Ma si*, signore—an excellent hotel—not here, but up there at San Biagio yonder. If the signore would only give himself the trouble to alight.”

The signore did alight; slowly, deliberately; half-ashamed of his own absurdity; half doubtful even now whether to put that absurdity into serious execution or not. Having only a portmanteau and a bundle of rugs, there was no need fortunately to make an application to the guard. Five minutes more and the yawning mountain had swallowed up train, guard, and all, and I was left staring blankly around me, suddenly awakened to the fact that I had put it out of my own power to proceed to Pisa that evening.

It was too late, however, for repentance now, and the only thing left was to make the best I could of the situation.

“Well, and your hotel; is there an omnibus to it?” I inquired of the porter.

This time he shook two fingers backwards and forwards vigorously before his face.

“An omnibus—but no, signore, there is not even a road.”

“No road?”

“None—none, that is, that can be called *carrozzabile*.” But let not the signore be disquieted on that account. There was a path, a very admirable path; he himself would with pleasure conduct the signore.

For some way this path of ours skirted the edge of cornfields, sky-blue at present with lupins or tawny with marigolds and poppies. Here and there it was arched, too, by vines just then beginning to expand their leaves and tightly-curved tendrils. From the outside the town itself showed a somewhat stern and deserted aspect, but there was, as I soon found, no lack of life when once we got inside. At the bottom of a long, much broken-down and dilapidated flight of steps a pedlar had just opened out his wares—gorgeous, if flimsy, Manchester cottons, and dazzling tartans, red, yellow, and bottle-green, sprawling about over the moss-grown and decaying masonry. As we advanced the crowd, too, seemed to thicken. Every window, every *loggia*, every balcony, showed its head or its group of heads. Girls, bare-armed, bare-necked, bare-footed, several with huge masses of stone balanced upon their heads, were coming up the steps. Old women, with distaffs in their hands, were busily twisting tow through their wrinkled and sunburnt fingers. Old men, too, sat on the doorsteps or leaned against the wall. One or two of the latter had little capes of black velvet, trimmed with tarnished silver braid, about their toil-bent shoulders. There had been a *festa* that morning, my guide informed me—a great affair; the bishop himself had assisted at it. It was a pity, a thousand pities, he observed, compassionately, that the signore could not have arrived a few hours earlier.

The street, or rather path, up which we were mounting was about as perpendicular as a path can be which does not break into actual steps. A sort of an irregular brick-work pavement ran down the middle, but the holes in it were something porten-

tous, while on either side the natural rock on which the town grew jutted up in undisguised peaks and promontories. The steps leading into the houses, too, belonged mostly to the same description of natural architecture; the bricks which had once apparently supplemented it having now mostly retired, while the rock retained its original solidity, rising in irregular lumps not unlike the nodules of flint upon the surface of a chalk-pit.

At last we arrived at the upper level or platform upon which the hotel stood. Well, it was not so very bad—not half so bad, probably, as I had every right to expect! It was a brown-faced, simple-minded, straggling sort of a *Locanda*, unpretending, as the guide-books say—half inn, in fact, and half public-house, with a huge withered bush fastened over the door, a row of cane-bottomed chairs in front, and a little vine-covered *pergola*, where two old gentlemen in night-caps were sipping their wine from two thin-beaked, green-necked flasks. Overhead was a row of windows shaded with venetian blinds and edged with neatly-painted jambs, which doubtless gave light to the guest chambers.

Whatever mine host's private amazement at my appearance may have been, he disguised his sentiments with the adroitness of his nation, and proceeded to usher me up a trembling staircase into one of the before-mentioned apartments. It was a clean little room enough, with a brown cemented floor, four whitewashed walls, and a ceiling adorned with strangely-twisted scrolls, each scroll ending with what would appear to have been intended for the semblance of a human figure.

Could I have dinner in an hour? I next inquired.

Of course I could have dinner in an hour, or at any hour. The hotel was not at present full—rather, in fact, the contrary. There was another guest, however, a young gentleman, who by a miracle had ordered his dinner for the

same hour; the two signores should be served together.

This essential point decided, I presently sauntered out again, and sat me down upon one of the stone ledges which ran along both sides of the little piazza.

Even without the assurance of my conversational friend of the station I could have guessed that a *festa* was in progress, it being difficult otherwise to account for the evident buzz and tremor of excitement, the endless squeaking of penny whistles and ringing of cracked bells, which had been going on without intermission from the moment I set foot in San Biagio. All the world and his wife, not to speak of his sons and daughters, his dogs, his goats, and his grandchildren, seemed to be promenading in the immediate vicinity of the perch I had selected. Below me the big town wall, shaggy with pellitories and large sedums, dropped some thirty or forty feet into a tangle of olives and chestnuts, the latter still only in half leaf. I could see the bluish, half-ripened spikes of barley pricking their way upwards between protecting lattices of yellow canes. Beyond, a few scattered houses showed pink or brown amongst the leaves. As far as I could see, however, all this part of the region was at present deserted, the inhabitants having doubtless come to swell the pageant within the walls.

Presently the bell of the church, which had been silent awhile, broke out into fresh clamour. Some of the old men who had formed part of the procession began mounting up the steps in its direction. Nobody else, however, appeared to avail themselves of the invitation. From where I was sitting I could see into its dusky interior, which seemed empty, save for two or three tinsel-clad saints, whose brilliantly pink faces blushed inanely out of the obscurity. Outside, however, the crowd grew and grew, streaming up the steps, laughing, eating cherries, chattering. The stairs were so excessively steep that

these figures as they ascended from below had an oddly melodramatic effect, as though each had been pushed up separately through some invisible trap-door, and I amused myself for some time watching these successive apparitions as they rose one by one as it were from the very bowels of the earth. I had not been long, however, engaged in so doing before a new figure, of a totally different type from the rest, attracted my attention. At first I could only see its head, or rather hat, which was of bright yellow straw, with a huge bunch of crimson gladiolus stuck in one side. Erratic headgears are rather the rule than otherwise in Italy, so that this alone would not particularly have arrested my notice. As the wearer of the straw hat came up the stairs, however, he gradually displayed first the upper portions of a suit of light grey summer tweed, then a pair of knickerbockers of the same material, finally red stockings and low shoes, made conspicuous with large buckles. "Come, come," thought I to myself, "evidently I am not the only tourist here. Those shoes are no products surely of San Biagio?"

While this was passing through my mind I had myself become an object of observation. Having just reached the corner where I sat, the young man in the straw hat glanced at me for a moment with an expression of mingled astonishment and, as I thought, disfavour; then, passing abruptly on, he hurried down the steps which led out of the town, skipping nimbly from step to step, and disappearing from sight the next moment along a narrow weed-grown pathway.

I waited a little longer, wondering, rather, who and what he was, wondering, too, whether this procession, of which whispers had reached me, was about to take place. Nothing, however, happened; the people continued to drift about in more or less aimless groups; the sun sank gradually behind the poplars towards an horizon already

coloured to receive it. Presently a sharp-edged little breeze sweeping across the hills from the opposite side aroused me to a consciousness of the fact that a stone ledge upon the slopes of the Apennines was not perhaps precisely the most suitable position in the world for a person of asthmatic tendencies, and accordingly I descended the steps and betook myself back to my inn.

The room into which I was presently ushered by my landlord himself in person was a long, low apartment, made lower by a ceiling adorned with heathen divinities of the same peculiar and arbitrary type of anatomy as those which adorned my chamber above. A cloth had been laid across one end of the bare brown table, and here two places I found had been set.

I had just got through the soup—an oleaginous concoction of the consistency of porridge—when my fellow convive entered. As I was prepared to expect, it was the gentleman in the yellow hat whom I had already seen upon the piazza. He hesitated a minute at the entrance, glancing with evident disfavour at the arrangement which had made him my temporary companion; finally, however, he advanced, and with a movement of the head which may have been meant for a bow, but was not particularly like one, seated himself beside me at the festive board.

I had been puzzled at first sight as to his nationality. Germans in Italy are rather given to breaking out into wild extravagances of dress, and it had struck me at first sight that this oddly attired individual might not improbably prove to be a German—possibly a German painter. On a nearer view, however, this supposition vanished. There are indications of nationality which go beyond anything which dress or even language can furnish, and these indications convinced me, even before my neighbour opened his lips, that I was in the presence of a compatriot; with which conviction I presently requested him, in my native

tongue, to hand me the pepper, that condiment chancing to be at the moment nearer to his elbow than to my own.

He started, and for an instant I fancied that he was going to turn a deaf ear to my surely very inoffensive request. Apparently, he thought better of this, handing the article in question, however, with an averted face and a backward movement of the head which seemed to intimate that the compliance was not to be taken as an excuse for any further assaults upon his privacy.

I was a little piqued, and not a little amused. If, however, he preferred to eat the bread of silence and unsociability, why, I, too, could resign myself to that necessity; and accordingly I addressed myself to my dinner with as much equanimity as its very moderate merits would admit of.

Apparently my companion was quite unable to imitate my equanimity. A more restless individual I have rarely, I think, encountered. First he fidgeted a good deal up and down in his chair; next he poured out for himself, and drank, glass after glass of water. At last, after buttoning and unbuttoning his coat several times, he walked over to the open window, pushed it still more widely open, throwing himself back with a sort of gasp into his chair as he returned.

"Tremendously hot this evening, ain't it?" he said at last.

"Is it?" I answered, rather drily. "Well, no, I shouldn't have said so myself. In fact, before you moved, I was rather thinking of asking you to close that window."

My companion stared as if I had asked him to set fire to the house.

"Close it!" he ejaculated.

"It is no matter, of course, if you would prefer not doing so," I continued, politely. "It is only that as I suffer from asthma I naturally dislike draughts; added to which I have just come from Egypt, so that I feel a good deal the difference of climate."

"It was hotter there, then, than even it is here, was it?"

"Very much hotter."

"Good Lord!"

There was something so ingenuous in this involuntary exclamation that my resentment died away, and I began to feel an amused wonder as to who this very naïve fellow-countryman of mine could be, and what had brought him to San Biagio of all places in the universe.

"You were hardly well-advised in coming to Italy so late in the season if you dislike warmth so much, were you?" I observed, dispassionately.

My companion reddened. "I love Italy, but I detest hot weather," he answered, petulantly.

"And yet it is not nearly as warm to-day as it often is in London," I persisted.

"Very likely. But I have never been in London."

I stared at him to see if he could be seriously in earnest. Englishmen and Britons generally are frequently accused of being better acquainted with other countries than their own; still, for a man to come abroad without having ever taken the trouble to make himself acquainted with the metropolis of his native land seemed a degree of inattention not easily conceivable.

"Never been in London?" I repeated, inquiringly.

"Never. I took the steamer at Glasgow."

"You are Scotch," I responded, this time not inquiringly.

"Yes, I am Scotch."

It was said curtly, almost defiantly; and, turning away, my fellow-lodger addressed himself resolutely to his dinner with an air which seemed to proclaim that no compulsion short of torture should again wring another word from his lips.

As I ate my fried fish, which was good, and dallied with my cutlet, which I am bound to say was detestable, my mind was a good deal exercised with speculations as to the identity and previous history of this very decided variation of the genus tourist. Despite his preposterous clothes and his uncompromising manners, he appeared to me to be a

gentleman; at all events, he had not at all the air of a shop-boy who had bolted with the contents of his master's till. Indeed, what shop-boy—particularly what Scotch shop-boy, it may be asked—would have selected San Biagio, of all places, in which to make merry upon his stolen booty? On the other hand, it was at least equally evident that my new acquaintance had some, doubtless excellent, reasons of his own for desiring as much as possible to repel all unnecessary intimacies, and not unnaturally this disposition of his had an immediate and an irresistibly stimulating effect upon my own curiosity. Meanwhile, that it was no business of mine was pretty obvious, and accordingly, when our landlord returned, I diverted my unappreciated powers of conversation to him, making sundry inquiries as to the hour of post, also as to the departure of trains next morning for Pisa. He was not less prompt with his replies than are the generality of his countrymen, and I was not long in being furnished, not merely with an answer to my questions, but with a general *catalogue raisonnée* of the social life, politics, and resources of San Biagio and its vicinity.

I observed that my unknown compatriot, though he did not join in this conversation, listened to it with marked attention, and when we were again alone he remarked abruptly—

"How well you talk. You seem to understand everything he says."

"Well, more or less," I responded, modestly. "You see I have spent several winters in Italy, so I ought to be able to speak the language. These people here, though, talk a jargon that it is by no means easy to follow," I added.

"A jargon? It is not a good place to come to to learn Italian, then?"

"That depends upon whom you find to teach you," I answered smiling. "Educated people—if there are any educated people here—talk correctly enough, I suppose, everywhere. The common people, on the other hand, are barely intelligible. Don't you

observe that they talk a dialect that can hardly be said to be Italian at all?"

"I should not understand them, however well they talked," he replied gloomily. "People say Italian is such an easy language, but I can't say I find it so."

"It is easier, though, don't you think, than either French or German?" I answered.

"Very likely it may be, but I don't know either of them. I know Latin and Greek though, and some Hebrew," he added—"not, however, to talk."

It is possible that my countenance may have expressed some slight amusement at this last assertion, for my companion went on rather defiantly—

"Latin is supposed to help a man tremendously in Italian, but I can't say I see that it helps me."

"Perhaps you have not been long enough in the country to make a fair trial," I said consolingly.

"I have been here three months."

"Not all that time, surely, at San Biagio?"

"No, I was a fortnight first at Milan."

"Even so that seems to me a large proportion to give to a place like this, and on your first visit too to Italy. There are so many other places of greater interest to see."

"I dare say there may be, but I did not come to look at places; I came to find a friend."

"Some one who lived here?" I hazarded, seeing that he stopped short.

"Yes. He told me so, at least. It was a man I knew at Glasgow. None of these people though appear to have ever heard his name, although I wrote it out upon a bit of paper and showed it to nearly everybody I met."

"You must remember this is not the only San Biagio in Italy," I answered. "Possibly your friend may be living at one of the others."

This seemed to be an entirely new idea to my companion.

"I didn't know there were several San Biagios," he replied. "There

ought not to be different places of the same name in one country, ought there?"

"Perhaps not, ideally," I answered. "Still it does happen practically pretty frequently. Even in England one meets a good many cases of the same sort. I remember once driving through Hampshire, and I came to quite the smallest village, I think, I ever beheld in my life—three thatched cottages all in a line, with a pump and a one-storied school-house. A little girl was coming along with a mug of beer in her hand, so I stopped her and asked her what was the name of the place. 'London, sir,' she answered promptly; and then opened mouth and eyes wide with astonishment because I burst out laughing at the announcement."

My companion did not appear to be at all as much struck as I expected with my little anecdote—a lack of appreciation which upon reflection I accounted for on the grounds of that metropolis being nearly as unfamiliar to him as to my Hampshire maiden.

The ice thus broken, however, he speedily became communicative, and from that time up to the end of dinner our flow of conversation rarely ebbed for more than a minute at a time.

CHAPTER II.

THIS meal ended we returned to the piazza, the cold wind which had driven me in having by this time given place to a perfect stillness. I offered my companion a cigar, which he accepted, and we strolled backwards and forwards in the growing obscurity, watching the gyrations of the fire-flies as they thridded the mazes of the cane brakes beneath, or broke in myriad sparks against the wall, sweeping up towards us as if driven skywards from some invisible furnace.

Having by this time apparently made up his mind that I was a person who was to be trusted, my newly-made acquaintance seemed to pass at a single bound from the extremity of reserve

into a very abandonment of confidence. He hadn't had a single soul, he told me pathetically, to speak to for the last five weeks, except one old sailor down at the port who had picked up a few words of English in the course of his wanderings. He had met some English people in the train and elsewhere, but hadn't cared to make acquaintance. There were reasons, he added mysteriously, why he did not want just then to see too much of his own fellow-countrymen.

I was cautious, feeling that I had already erred on the side of indiscretion, but it was evident that my new acquaintance was not a man to do things by halves, and I was not long in being made acquainted with the short and simple annals of his previous history.

His name, he told me, was Maclean—John Donald Maclean—and until the last three months he had never left Scotland, the greater part of his life having been spent in a remote parish in Banffshire. An orphan at six years old, he had been brought up by a small and repressive circle of uncles and aunts, the latter predominating, and had from a very early age been destined for the service of the Scotch ministry. His uncle, the present head of the family, was himself a Presbyterian minister; so also had been his own father; so likewise, I think he said, had been his grandfather. In short, it was the established family tradition, and a minister, whether he liked it or not, the young man accordingly was bound to be.

As a matter of fact he did *not* like it at all; had always, he said, detested it, and grew to detest it more and more as the years went on. When the time came for his being sent to college, he had petitioned hard to be sent to an English university; his prayer, however, had been disregarded, and he had been duly despatched to Glasgow. Here, according to his own account, he had not got on particularly well, and I could readily credit it. To the average youth of that practical locality so fantastic a being must

decidedly have appeared in the light of an anomaly. He was fond of music, and had taken lessons in singing, had also made some progress in learning to play the flute—an accomplishment which had not, as he hinted, added to the respect with which his fellow students regarded him. His singing-master had been a young Italian, who had come to Scotland in the hopes of making his fortune, but was then hastening home again as soon as he had scraped together sufficient to pay for the journey. From Maclean's account he was evidently suffering severely from the distressing malady of *nostalgia*; his descriptions, glowing with all the natural exaggerations of the exile, having first aroused in the latter a strong desire to visit Italy.

With the regular work he had made but moderate progress. On the other hand, he had embarked largely upon a course of philosophic or semi-philosophic readings, which, if they had no other particular result, had at all events sufficiently demonstrated to him that to be a Presbyterian minister was clearly not his vocation. This, upon his return home, he had candidly announced, and had positively declined to proceed to the training college, which was his next predestined step. He had hardly reckoned, however, so he admitted to me, upon the violence of the opposition he was destined to encounter, while they, on the other hand, appear to have over-reckoned upon that yielding and vacillating strain which was evidently a recognisable point in his character. At all events, all the family terrors, as well as all the theological bolts, either forgeable in the vicinity or procurable from a distance, seem to have been at once set in motion against the offender. If he had not been put into a dungeon and fed upon bread and water, he had at all events supped sorrow for his contumacy. His life, he told me solemnly, had been a burden to him, to that he must either, he felt, yield, shoot himself, or escape. The end of it was, that one day, after the domestic

thumb-screws had been applied with even more than usual vigour, he had retired early to his bedroom, convinced, so his relations fondly believed, of the error of his ways; had there written two letters, one individually to his uncle, another collectively to his aunts; had packed up a valise of such modest dimensions as he could carry himself; and at the first grey of morning, while the rest of the inmates were still innocently sleeping, had slipped out of the house, made his way to the nearest stage-coach, upon the roof of which he had travelled to the railway. Then, feeling that as long as he remained on Scotch soil his safety continued dubious, he had taken his passage upon a vessel which happened to be sailing direct to Genoa.

"And you have actually heard nothing from any of them since?" I inquired.

"No, nothing," he replied, with rather an air of alarm. "How should I? They don't know where I am."

"But they may think you are dead," I said remonstratingly.

"Oh no, they can't think that," he replied ingenuously, "because, you know, I have drawn my money since, from the bank at Inverness. I have a good deal of money of my own," he went on to explain. "It was my mother's, so no one can interfere with my spending it. I came of age the week before I left home."

I could not help laughing a little at the remarkable timeliness of this coincidence. "I still fail to understand how you came to San Biagio of all places," I said, pausing in our walk to look down at the ravine which lay dark and cavernous below us.

"Oh, that was on account of Signor Novaro—my music master, you know; he came from here, or at least a place of the same name, and I wanted to find him. He is the only friend I have in the world that isn't Scotch," he added pathetically.

"But, failing to find him, why did you stay on so long?" I persisted.

My companion reddened; hesitated; stole a scrutinising glance first at me,

and then around and above us as though he feared the breeze might waft away what he had to say, or the fire-flies convey it to other ears than those it was intended for. At last—

"I say, you know Italian well, really well—well enough to write a letter in it, don't you?" he asked, abruptly.

"Yes, I can write an Italian letter after a fashion," I replied, perplexed at what seemed to me to be the total irrelevancy of the question. "I won't promise that it would satisfy a grammarian, but I dare say for all practical purposes it would do well enough. Why? Is there any particular letter you want me to write for you?"

He nodded energetically.

"To some one here?"

He nodded again; then paused, and again looked cautiously around him.

"The fact is it's a—it's an offer of marriage," he said, suddenly, with one of those abrupt bursts of confidence to which he appeared to be prone.

"An offer of marriage!" I ejaculated, in a tone of profound astonishment. "And an offer for whose marriage, may I ask?" Then as he still continued silent, "Not your own, surely?"

He nodded again.

"And to whom, if it is not an impertinent question, do you propose to offer yourself?" I inquired. Then as he did not immediately answer, "Not, surely, to any one here?" I went on, glancing involuntarily round me at the small houses perched in picturesque squalor one behind the other over the wall.

A third time he nodded his head.

"I don't want to write to her, but to her father; that's the proper thing, I know, to do."

"And you wish *me* to write and propose for you to this father, whoever he may be? Is that it?"

This time my new friend's head went up and down like a mandarin's.

"Well, then, my dear Mr. Maclean, please don't think me disobliging, but really I'm afraid I do not see my way to doing anything of

the kind," I replied, hardly able to keep from laughing, but speaking with all proper gravity. "I could not positively undertake the responsibility, and you yourself would be the first to reproach me afterwards were I to do so. Added to which you are rather young, don't you think, to take such a step? Only conceive the feelings of your relations!"

He frowned ferociously.

"My relations have nothing upon earth to say to it!" he retorted, angrily. "I have thrown them off. We shall probably never meet again. In fact, I don't *wish* to see them again. I mean to live in Italy."

"Well, then, setting them aside, and thinking only of yourself, you would not, believe me, be married six months—no, not two—before you would begin to curse the hour you ever set eyes on the young lady, much less married her; any spare time you had over from anathematising yourself being spent in anathematising me for having aided and abetted you."

"She's the most beautiful being in the whole world!" he exclaimed.

"Beautiful? pooh, almost all Italian women are that, more or less, at least until their youth begins to wear off. But you may take my word for it they are not as a rule the most comfortable wives in the world for Englishmen."

"I am not an Englishman."

"Well, then, for Scotchmen. Not to speak of the difference of position, which in this case—without of course knowing anything about your *inamorata*—I should imagine to be considerable."

Evidently I had hit another of the many points upon which my young friend was explosive.

"Position!" he almost shouted, bringing his fist down upon the stone ledge beside him with a force which must, I think, have hurt considerably. "Position! What is position? A figment! An imagination! A lie! A thing got up for the express purpose of keeping humanity apart. What business have people to talk of their positions? How can one human being have more

of a position than another? You may call me a gentleman, if you choose, I can't help it if you do. I don't call myself anything of the sort. I am a *man*!"

I felt that it would be cruel to suggest that, whether or not he was the former, the latter was exactly what it did not quite appear to me that he had as yet attained to being. I therefore proceeded calmly with some of the other points of my remonstrance.

"No sooner would you be married than you would find you had absolutely nothing in common," I said. "No tastes, no sympathies, no antecedents, not even a mutual language."

His face fell.

"Yes, that's true. It's a desperate bore, my not knowing any Italian," he said ruefully. "If those fools had only had the sense to teach it to me instead of all that idiotic Greek and Hebrew!"

"You could hardly expect them to know how rapidly you were destined to find a requirement for it, could you?" I said pleasantly. "Besides, that seems to me the least part of the impediment," I went on. "With a little industry you might soon overcome that. There are other things though that you could not."

"Wait till you see her!" he retorted, confidently.

"I fail to see how my doing that would affect the question," I replied. "Very likely I might agree with you as to her appearance, but whether that would be sufficient foundation to marry upon seems to me to be a totally different matter."

My companion did not appear to be paying any heed to my prudential observations.

"I say, should you like to see her?" he suddenly inquired.

"See her? When? Where? At this hour?" I replied with some astonishment.

"Yes, now, immediately—at least at ten o'clock."

"You don't mean to say that you're in the habit of seeing her at that hour?"

"Yes, regularly every evening," he answered, laughing. "I never miss."

"Then, my dear fellow, allow me, as a man who has spent a good deal of time in Italy, allow me to assure you that a young woman, an unmarried girl, who allows young men to visit her at this hour of the evening is not one who—other considerations apart—you ought so much as to dream even of marrying."

My new acquaintance only laughed the more, as if it was the most exquisite jest in the world; pulling out his watch, and slanting it so as to allow the light of the half-risen moon to glance across its face.

"Come along," he exclaimed hurriedly. "We'll only just be in time; there's not a moment to lose."

"Well, then, since you insist upon my accompanying you, you must at least let me go back first to the inn for some more wraps," I replied. "Remember that I am an invalid, and though the evening, I own, is certainly an exceptionally warm one, I am not sure that I have not been committing an imprudence by remaining out even as long as I have done."

We returned accordingly to the inn, where Maclean waited impatiently whilst I found and duly buttoned on an overcoat.

"Come along!" he cried, and seizing my arm with all the familiarity of old acquaintanceship, he hurried me down the steps by which he had ascended that afternoon to the piazza.

If this part of the town showed weird and decrepit in the daytime, it naturally showed a hundredfold more weird and more decrepit now. Save for an occasional, and generally more than half extinguished, oil lamp in one of the lower windows, not the vestige of any attempt at illumination was to be discerned. The moon had begun by this time to struggle above the grey, semi-opaque clouds which beleaguered the lower parts of the sky; but the street, or rather *vicolo*, we were in was so narrow that only a stray and attenuated patch of light lay ghostlike here and there upon the centre of the

pathway, or caught some distorted reflection of itself in one of the small-paned windows, stuck, as if accidentally, high up in the vacant-looking walls. Yawning openings, black as Erebus, and leading apparently into immeasurable space, showed here and there at the bases of the buildings. In and out and roundabout the crumbling, half-shapeless masses of masonry, fire-flies danced and flickered, their intermittent flashings forming to the eye a sort of pattern or network of light linked together something like those phosphorescent organisms which may be seen swarming upon the midnight surface of the sea.

At last we came to the foot of a fresh flight of stairs leading in the opposite direction to the one by which we had descended. Up these stairs Maclean, who was leading, sprang rapidly—so rapidly that it was as much as I could do to keep up with him. When we reached the summit, we found ourselves upon the small uppermost piazza, from which, as from a pedestal, springs the tall Lombardic tower conspicuous for miles and miles around San Biagio. Most of the houses here were dark and silent as the tomb, but in one, the largest of the group, which abutted on to the tower itself, a light was burning in the basement story, another, a faint bluish flame, twinkling before an image of the Madonna which projected a little from the wall between two of the windows, and was protected by an iron grating or network.

Maclean, who was evidently much excited, seized me again by the arm, and drew me into a corner, indicating a great block of stone upon which I was to seat myself.

I obeyed, wondering not a little, and we waited in the almost total darkness, the moon, which had painted for itself a broad lozenge-shaped patch of light—a sort of heraldic decoration upon the further side of the piazza, not having attained as yet to where we sat.

Presently the clock of the church tower beneath us struck the hour of ten, the long drawn strokes reverbe-

rating slowly across the silent town. Hardly had the last vibration died away before an upper window in the house opposite to us opened, and a young woman appeared at the casement holding a lighted taper in her hand. She appeared, as far as could be judged in the highly imperfect light, to be tall and well developed, with that broad definition of brow and clearly marked oval contour of face of which in Italy one sees the type repeated in so many different variations. Setting down the candle, she proceeded to fill the oil lamp in front of the Madonna from a small flask which she carried in her hand. This done she stirred the wick with a long pin, produced for that purpose from her own raven tresses; then, having first glanced, stolidly rather than coquettishly, downwards into the piazza, presumably to see whether any lurking adorers were about, she shut the window again with a loud bang, and disappeared into the interior of the house.

I felt Maclean's hand tremble under mine.

"Isn't she glorious?" he whispered.

"She is an extremely handsome girl," I answered, "as, in fact, from your description I expected to find her. But if she is, what then? Surely you did not really imagine that the mere sight of those rolling black eyes of hers was to convert me to the opinion that you would be acting wisely in marrying her; throwing over all the traditions of your life, and all for what? For a rather more than usually good-looking Ligurian peasant!"

He turned away without answering, hurt evidently by my tone, and we began silently descending to the lower part of the tower, groping our way down the narrow staircases, and along narrower vicolos, braced together, the latter many of them with arches, as a preservative, it is said, I believe, against earthquakes. At one place an old woman with a flickering tallow candle in her hand was coming down the staircase of a house, muttering to herself as she did so, the

light flaring with cruel distinctness upon her wrinkled neck and hollow mumbling jaws. Then she turned at right angles into a black cavernous recess, honeycombed seemingly like an old cheese, and the darkness suddenly swallowed her up again.

When we reached our inn I felt that it would be unkind to let Maclean retire for the night with the sound of my last disparaging remarks ringing unpleasantly in his ears, so asked him if he was not sleepy to come into my room and we would have a chat at the window over our cigars. He assented readily, and my efforts at soothing his susceptibilities appear to have succeeded, judging by his last words to me that night, which were—

"You can't think how tremendously glad I am you've come to San Biagio. I was awfully disgusted at first though, as I dare say you must have seen. Didn't you?"

"Well, it did not strike me you were exactly pleased," I admitted.

"No, I know I wasn't; but I am now. I hope you're not going away again?"

"I had intended leaving to-morrow."

"Oh, but don't, pray don't! It's not half such a bad little place when you come to know it. And you have no idea what a kindness you would be conferring upon me by staying. Pray do."

"It seems to me, on the contrary, that you would be very much wiser if you were to come away with me," I replied. "Why not come to Florence to-morrow? You admit that you have not seen it yet, so that you can form no idea of what an interesting place it is."

He shook his head vehemently. "I couldn't. Indeed, indeed, I couldn't. It's out of the question quite. Evidently you don't at all realise how serious this is to me. I don't say, of course, that I'm wise about it, very

likely not. Very likely to you—a man who has been so much about the world—it may seem supremely ridiculous, but I can't help that. A fellow can only follow his own instincts. I've seen heaps of other women before, but I never saw one whom I felt I—whom I had the least bit the same sort of feeling about. Don't you think that a man must *always* be in the right in following his instincts?" he added insistently.

"Well, no, I should hardly say that," I demurred. "He must be pretty sure first where his instincts are going to lead him, you know."

He tossed up his head defiantly.

"Well, I'm not afraid. I'm a tremendous believer in instinct. It was that, much more than anything else, that drove me away from home—from Scotland. I felt sure that there must be some place or other where I should be happier, could get on better altogether, than I ever could there. And the minute I saw her"—jerk-ing his thumb in the direction of the tower—"I had just the same feeling. It is a case of instinct, as I say—a sort of fatality."

"Let us hope that it may not prove the latter really," I replied sententiously. "There are few more serious fatalities, mind you, than falling in love with the wrong woman."

He threw up his head again.

"Well, I'm not afraid; not a bit. And as for fatalities, I'm not superstitious either, though I *am* a Highlander—not a scrap. Besides, I *know* it will come right; I can always trust my instincts. But you'll promise to stay at San Biagio a little longer, won't you?" he added beseechingly—"just to see me through it, you know? Good-night." And without waiting for my answer he ran down stairs, and a minute later, rather to my surprise, I heard his steps resounding along the stones.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

HOLIDAYS FOR WORKING WOMEN.

THREE years ago Lady Strangford spoke to the students of the *College for Working Women*, 7, Fitzroy Street, on the work of the St. John Ambulance Association. She was greatly impressed by the sight of the large number of young, eager, intelligent faces before her. Writing somewhat later from Switzerland she said that she often thought of the college students and wished she could carry them away from London, give them a real holiday, let them look upon a snowy mountain and breathe the mountain air. She wondered if this could ever be accomplished, and offered help if such an idea could be carried out.

The suggestion was at once taken up by several ladies working in the college. We talked it over together, and with the students. We saw that holidays must follow work, and ought only to be taken by those who have earned them; and that the greater part, if not all the money required, should be contributed by those who spend it. We found that, even if possible, it would not be desirable to encourage young women to save and spend in a single summer the money necessary for a foreign tour, and we soon discovered that, as a matter of fact, they could not save any appreciable proportion of it.

On the other hand, the majority of working women in London know nothing of hill or vale, mountain or sea, of country life, and woods and the green fields of their native land. Great Britain is to them *terra incognita*, and this unknown lies close to them and is easily accessible. It is as great a stretch to the imagination to look upon a mountain three thousand feet high as one of thirteen thousand, when one has never seen a mountain at all. For, after all, does not the

marvel lie in the mountain and not in the measurement of it!

The moorlands of Dorsetshire are easy of access, comparatively, and the glow of purple heather set in silvery sand, the austere foliage of the pine-woods and their fragrance, the sea and sky and the gorgeous sunsets are as impressive in the region around Swanage, Studland Bay, or Poole Harbour as any that we reach at the end of two days' journey. Taking into consideration these things, and also the loneliness of foreign life for those who speak no language but their own, we resolved to limit our work in the first place to arranging visits in our native land. If we can help English women to know the country that is so dear to us, if we can help them to see and to love the beauty that lies close to us, we have done all that is needed. The rest is in their own hands.

Who is there that does not take pleasure in the eager delight with which young people look forward to a holiday! It almost reconciles old folks to the trouble of it. Anticipation and retrospect lend equal charms to it. Change from the daily routine of home life, novelty, variety, a glimpse into other ways and other lives—these things alone give pleasure. To eat bread and cheese upon a hillside is a festival; to find a tiny moss, a frond of delicate fern, or some minute and dainty blossom, is the crowning joy of a happy day.

But there are thousands of young men and women to whom the word holiday brings little of delight either in anticipation or retrospect. They are the workers in our shops and factories, the thousands who stand for weary hours behind the counters in every town, who are shut up in minute "offices" with their books

and cash, who ply needle and thread and work with sewing-machines, who embroider in silver and gold, or teach large classes of children in our Board schools. All of these have once in every year, in the summer-time, and when business is slack, a holiday, sometimes of a week, sometimes a fortnight. Now a holiday in lives so laborious and so remote from pleasure and beauty ought to be the Sabbath of the year. It ought to bring rest and renovation, rest to weary brains and weary limbs and tired eyes, and renovation to heart and spirit.

The craving of all workers for the rest of a holiday is very strong, and not without good reason does Lady Strangford, in an address to the students in 1883, allude to those who spend their holidays, for the most part in bed. The craving of the body for rest is engrossing, overpowering; a day or two slips away in gratifying it by the mere cessation of all work or effort. Then comes the suggestion of "a day's excursion;" that is, four or five hours in a crowded train with such companions as chance may afford, closed windows, smoke and drink, an hour or two at the distant place of destination, just long enough to walk through a few narrow streets, reach a pier, see a stretch of dull sea-water, hurry back to the crowd at the railway station, and journey home in noise and smoke and dust, with cross and tired companions, thankful if they are not also tipsy and violent. A few days are required to get over the lassitude and exhaustion consequent upon this "holiday." Half of the available money is spent, half the time gone. There seems nothing else to be done, and the last part of the holiday brings no more refreshment or pleasure than the first.

Now Lady Strangford's suggestion led us to wonder if we could not arrange, for those who wished it, a different kind of holiday; if it would not be possible to find simple, respectable homes in the country, amongst the hills or by the sea, where two or three sisters or friends could lodge

and perhaps board, for a week or two, at prices within their means. We learned that the help they most needed was facility for putting by small sums during the winter and spring, explanation as to desirable localities, and assistance in finding lodgings and arranging journeys.

There is a penny bank open every night at the college, so we have added to it a holiday fund, into which any sum, from a penny upwards, can be received. The money laid by in the penny bank is kept distinct from that which a student can spare for her holiday deposit. Through friends in various parts of the country we received a list of suitable lodgings; in farmhouses, with a fisherman and his wife, with respectable widows and others not in the habit of letting lodgings but willing to receive the London girls and give them a comfortable home. We found that 15s. a week for board and lodging was the maximum they could pay, or 5s. or 6s. each for lodging only.

Thirty-seven college girls subscribed to the holiday fund, and in August, 1882, their savings amounted to 46*l*. One saved over 5*l*.; two saved over 3*l*.; six saved over 2*l*.; eleven saved over 1*l*.; four saved over 15s.; the remaining thirteen saved very small sums. Three had only 1s. each, and one young woman deposited 6*d*. and disappeared, nor have any inquiries enabled us since then to find her. Friends who were interested in the scheme subscribed 16*l*. to be distributed in bonuses; a small sum for each, and more to those who required it.

A girl who stood in need of rest and fresh air, and who was found on inquiry to have done her best to save, had the sum required for journey and lodging made up from the bonus fund, and was sent away for a holiday. Several who were largely assisted in 1882 had saved all they required for the holiday in 1883; not only that, they had saved enough to take with them a mother, a young brother, or little sister, who "would so enjoy the

country." One of the pleasantest things connected with the fund is the way in which, when a small bonus is offered to all, girls come forward to say, "I shall have plenty for my journey. Please keep my share for some one who wants it more than I do."

A gentleman interested in the movement, and anxious to promote the pleasure and profit of the holiday-seekers, has in 1882 and 1883 offered prizes to those who best answered the following questions:—

"1. Where do you wish to spend your holiday, and why have you selected that place? How do you reach it?"

"2. How much will the journey cost? and what do you propose to spend?"

"3. What do you know of the place you are going to, and what places of interest are there in its neighbourhood?"

Teachers and persons entered on the college books as of "no occupation" cannot compete for the prizes, which are intended for those whose education would give them no chance in competition against a young Board school or other teacher.

In August, 1882, seven prizes were awarded:—

No. 1 had saved 2*l.* 10*s.*, and took a prize of equal amount. She spent a fortnight at Lynton, boarding with a widow lady to whom she paid fifteen shillings a week. She saved enough money to spend her holiday and pay the entire cost of it with the same lady in 1883.

No. 2 saved 1*l.* 12*s.*, and took a prize of 2*l.* 10*s.* This enabled her to fulfil a sacred duty. She visited and repaired the grave of her mother at Dorchester. She also spent ten days with a friend at Weymouth.

No. 3 had saved 5*l.* 1*s.*, and took a prize of 1*l.* 10*s.* She had an invalid sister whom she took to a farmhouse at Holmwood, paying all expenses for both.

No. 4 had saved 2*l.* She took a prize of 25*s.*, and went to Eastbourne

for a fortnight, lodging in a home for young women in business, where she had a friend.

Nos. 5 and 6 are sisters. One of them had saved 1*l.* 2*s.*; the other 1*l.* 13*s.* Each took a prize of 15*s.* They spent a fortnight at Hastings.

No. 7 had saved 2*l.* 14*s.*, and took a prize of 15*s.* She went with two sisters to Ilfracombe.

The results of the prizes offered and adjudged in 1883 were equally satisfactory.

Five of the college students in 1882 visited Scotland. Two sisters went to Melrose and Edinburgh; and three who had made acquaintance at the college classes went to Melrose, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the Clyde. Through Lady Strangford's influence these five received great kindness from Messrs. Cook and Son, whose excursion tickets they used, and three of them were hospitably received in Edinburgh in the house of friends interested in the movement. Principal Tulloch had also found a home for them at Helensburgh. They were enabled to visit Arran, to see the Clyde, to spend a day on Loch Lomond, and to see Loch Long. One of them could not see the mountains for the tears that streamed down her face when she looked up at them, and one stood trembling and holding by the side of the steamboat as they came in sight of Arran, for she "could not have believed there was anything so beautiful in this world."

One of the three would accept no help at all for her journey. She had "enough, thank you." The total cost of the journey, excursions and board and lodging for seventeen days, was under 5*l.* to each person.

These young women do not expect to go so far or spend so much money on a single holiday "for years and years." The visit to Scotland had long been a dream of almost unhopd for happiness. The one who had saved enough money for it had no companion or friend who could have accompanied her, and would not have gone alone.

The bonus money was distributed so as to enable all who had done their best to save to spend a short holiday out of London. Some of these were sent to a farmhouse near Dorking, where they paid five shillings a week towards the expense of board and lodging; the remainder was paid for them by kind friends at Feldemore, who looked after them, and arranged many country treats for them. The cost to the young women for a fortnight was 17. : 10s. board and lodging; 5s. railway ticket; 5s. omnibuses and incidental expenses. The cost for a week was reckoned at 13s.

On the 18th June, 1883, Lady Strangford distributed the holiday prizes, and addressed the students on the subject of holidays. A few extracts will suffice to show the character of a paper every word of which was listened to with eager interest:—

"The very best pleasure in a holiday is in turning it to good account. . . . Just as in the driest, dullest daily work there is always a bright thread, a tiny spot of beauty to be found, if it is honestly sought for—honestly and earnestly; so in the gayest holiday there is always a something serious, solemn, sanctifying to be felt, if a grateful heart, at leisure from itself, is tuned to find it. . . . Use your holiday pleasures wisely, drink up all the delight you can from the beauty and the glory of earth which you are enabled to taste, and then you may carry back to your homes, in high and holy memories, friends that will never change. . . ."

Nearly all the students who were helped in 1882 saved enough money for their holiday in 1883, with the addition of a very small bonus. Thirty-six out of fifty-four members of the holiday fund were able to defray almost entirely the cost of their holiday. The remaining eighteen were mostly new members, and received, in deserving cases, such assistance as they required.

All those who had been to the farmhouse near Dorking wished to go

again, and all were able to contribute 7s. 6d. a week towards the expense of board and lodging, and to spend 25s. on the fortnight's holiday, and 15s. 6d. for the week.

The number for whom arrangements had to be made in 1883 was fifty-four; their total savings £54 16s. 7d.; bonus and prize money, 20l. The places visited were Portsmouth, Ryde, Yarmouth, Sidmouth, Margate, Plymouth, Ilfracombe, Southsea, Swanage, Folkestone, Hastings, the Surrey Hills, &c.; each one seemed to find her holiday the most delightful she had ever had. Already, in January, 1884, there were sixty members, who had paid more than 20l. into the holiday fund. We may expect many more, and shall have to find homes for them.

Our statistics have been given fully, in the hope of showing how possible it is to help hard-working people to a holiday which shall renew health and strength, make life so much the richer, and add largely to the pleasure and happiness that lie not merely in present enjoyment, but also in retrospect.

I quote again from Lady Strangford's address last year: "I remember, many years ago," she said, "riding up a snowy mountain, when, on turning a corner, we saw the whole slope of the mountain below the snow one sheet of glorious rhododendrons in full blossom, with the sun shining full on them. I remember so well the sudden shock of their beauty, and how I found the tears rolling down my face at the sight. Well, I cannot tell you how often since then, in long nights of watching and longer days of weariness, when I have been very busy and my mind closely occupied, between me and my work has come suddenly the sight of that glorious mountain-side in all its exquisite beauty. It has lasted but a moment, and yet it has seemed to me like a refreshing drop of cold water laid on burning lips."

There are two sisters in the college, feather curlers, who earn good wages

all the year, and work overtime during the season. They save every penny they can spare. "We never spend money on things that other girls do," they say; "you would not believe how many little things we do without." Last summer they carried out a long-cherished scheme, and visited the field of Waterloo. "In the long winter days we talk it over for hours," they say; "it is worth more than all our little sacrifices to see such places, and to have the pleasure of looking forward, and reading and thinking about them."

These sisters receive no help from the bonus fund, as we cannot at present arrange for journeys out of Great Britain. They themselves say: "It would never do to send girls abroad unless you knew people to send them to, or they were very steady, and *sisters like us*."

The college in Fitzroy Street, with its class-rooms, reading-room, entertainment hall, penny bank, and holiday fund, has before it, in all these things, one aim and endeavour. It is to open out the prospects of women engaged in daily work, to find friends for them in health and a resource in sickness, and to do this in a manner that shall not entail any loss of self-respect, or weaken the habit of self-reliance. We seek to remove, or, if that is not possible, to diminish to much smaller proportions, some of the causes which make the life of such women very lonely and very sad, leaving them no escape from loneliness and sorrow except the wide open gate and the broad road—to ruin.

Ought we not to help the virtuous, the intelligent, those who are trying to help themselves? Ought we not to throw our influence and some of our money on the side of the good?

It is a good and noble thing to help the poor, the miserable, the degraded, and the fallen, to seek them out and try to save them; but it is also good

and noble to stand on the side of right, with a kind word, and, if possible, a kind deed, for every upright and virtuous woman striving to live honestly.

Holidays form a very small part of working life. An occasional day, a week or two in the summer, are their utmost extent; but the good derived from them, and the help they give, cannot be measured by days and hours. They provide objects of contemplation for that inward eye which is "the bliss of solitude"; they call forth the love of nature. "Have not the sunsets been beautiful?" was asked of a young woman. "I do not know," she replied. "We work from eight to eight; we never see the sun set."

All the greater, therefore, is the need that the short annual holiday shall be put to good use, and that with some companion of her own choice, in a friendly, simple home, she shall learn to know sea and sky, sunrise and sunset, mountain and forest, the calm lakes and wide pastures of her own land. The love of flowers is almost a passion with women. Take those who rarely see a flower a few miles out of London, and let them wander over a heath or through a meadow; there will be scarcely one who does not gather a posy of dainty blossoms and exquisite leaves, seeking for them as for hidden treasure, and ready to point out the beauty of colour or form of each one. What delight a country life has for such women! To sit all day long in the fields when the hay is down, to watch the reapers at their work, to see strong horses drawing the plough in even furrows over a sloping field, to stand upon the beach whilst the fishermen launch their boat, and to stay with the fisherman's wife and children whilst he is on the stormy sea; all this is more than education, it is new life.

FRANCES MARTIN.

THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XLIX.

OONA, flying from the catastrophe which she did not understand, which had happened behind her, with neither leisure nor clearness of mind to see where her steps were falling, had yet been carried by her excitement, she knew not how, over all the dangers of the uncertain path, until she came near enough to Walter, who stood out relieved against the blue sky and the background of the loch, to throw herself, her strength exhausted, into his arms, which were held out to save her. She remembered nothing more—nor was he much better aware of what happened. The sickening sense of a great fall, the whirl and resistance of the air rushing madly against him through the void, the sensation mounting up to his brain, the last stronghold of consciousness, in a painful rush of blood, and thrill of feeling, as if life were to end there, were all that were known to him. What happened really was that, holding Oona insensible in his arms, he was carried downwards with the slide and yielding of the part of the ruin on which he was standing, detached by his own weight, rather than thrown violently down by the action of the explosion. The force of the fall, however, was so great, and the mass falling with them so heavy, that some of the stones, already very unsteady, of the pavement below, gave way, and carried them underground to one of the subterranean cellars, half filled up with soil, which ran under the whole area of the old castle. How long they lay there unable to move, and for some part of the time at least entirely without consciousness, Walter could never tell. When he recovered his senses he was in absolute darkness

and in considerable pain. Oona had fallen across him and the shock had thus been broken. It was a moan from her which woke him to life again. But she made no reply to his first distracted question, and only gave evidence of life by a faint little utterance from time to time—too faint to be called a cry—a breath of suffering, no more. The suffocating terrible sensation of the darkness, a roar of something over them like thunder, the oppression of breathing, which was caused by the want of atmosphere, all combined to bewilder his faculties and take away both strength and will to do anything more than lie there quietly and gasp out the last breath.

But it is only when life is vanishing from our grasp that its price and value becomes fully known, even to those who, in other circumstances, might have been ready enough to throw it away. Walter was roused by feeling in Oona an unconscious struggle for breath. She raised first one hand, then another, as if to push away something which was stifling her, and he began to perceive in the vagueness of his awakening consciousness that her life depended upon his exertions. Then, his eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness, he caught a faint ray of light, so attenuated as to be no more than a thread in the solid gloom. To drag himself towards this, and with himself the still more precious burden, thus in utter helplessness confided to him, was a more terrible work than Walter in all his life had ever attempted before. There was not room to stand upright, and his limbs were so shaken and aching that he could scarcely raise himself upon them; and one of his arms was useless, and, when he tried to raise it, gave him the most exquisite pain. It seemed hours

before he could succeed in dragging Oona to the little opening, a mere crevice between the stones, through which the thread of light had come. When he had cleared the vegetation from it, a piercing cold breath came in and revived him. He raised Oona in his arms to the air, but the weight of her unconsciousness was terrible to him in his weakened condition, and though she began to breathe more easily, she was not sufficiently recovered to give him any help. Thus she lay, and he crouched beside her, trying to think for he could not tell how long. He heard sounds above him indeed, but the roar of the falling stones drowned the human noises, and his brain was too much clouded to think of the search which must be going on overhead for his companion and himself. The worst of it all was the dazed condition of his brain, so that it was a long time before he could put one thing to another and get any command of his thoughts. In all likelihood consciousness did not fully return until the time when the men above in despair relinquished their work—for some feeble sense of cries and human voices penetrated the darkness, but so muffled and far off that in the dimness of his faculties he did not in any way connect them with himself, nor think of attempting any reply. Perhaps it was, though he was not aware that he heard it, the echo of his own name that finally brought him to himself—and then all his dulled faculties centred, not in the idea of any help at hand, but in that of fighting a way somehow to a possible outlet. How was he to do it? The pain of his arm was so great that by times he had nearly fainted with mere bodily suffering, and his mind fluctuated from moment to moment—or was it not rather from hour to hour? with perplexity and vain endeavour. He was conscious, however, though he had not given any meaning to the sounds he heard, of the strange increase of silence which followed upon the stopping of the

work. Something now and then like the movements of a bird (was it Hamish working wildly above, half mad, half stupefied, unable to be still?) kept a little courage in him, but the silence and darkness were terrible, binding his very soul.

It was then that he had the consolation of knowing that his companion had come to herself. Suddenly a hand groping found his, and caught it; it was his wounded arm, and the pain went like a knife to his heart, a pang which was terrible, but sweet.

"Where are we?" Oona said, trying to raise herself—oh, anguish!—by that broken arm.

He could not answer her for the moment, he was so overcome by the pain—and he was holding her up with the other arm.

"Do not hold my hand," he said at last; "take hold of my coat. Thank God that you can speak!"

"Your arm is hurt, Walter?"

"Broken, I think; but never mind, that is nothing. Nothing matters so long as you have your senses. Oona, if we die together, it will be all right?"

"Yes," she said, raising her unseen face in the darkness to be nearer his. He kissed her solemnly, and for the moment felt no more pain.

"As well this way as another. Nothing can reach us here—only silence and sleep."

She began to raise herself slowly, until her head struck against the low roof. She gave a faint cry—then finding herself on her knees, put her arm round him, and they leant against each other. "God is as near in the dark as in the day," she said. "Lord, deliver us—Lord, deliver us!" Then, after a pause, "What happened? You have saved my life."

"Is it saved?" he asked. "I don't know what has happened, except that we are together."

Oona gave a sudden shudder and clung to him. "I remember now. He came out to the door and looked at me. It was I that—broke the lamp.

I thought it was something devilish—something to harm you. It was my doing.” She shivered more and more, clinging to him. “Do you think it is he that has shut us up in this dungeon—to die?”

Walter made no reply; he did not know what she meant; but it was no wonder to him that she should speak wildly. There were many things which rose to his own lips that had no meaning in them. He soothed her, holding her close to his breast. “I think we are in some of the vaults below—perhaps for our salvation.” As her courage failed there was double reason that he should maintain a good heart. “There must be some outlet. Will you stay here and wait till I try if I can find a way?”

“Oh no, no,” cried Oona, clinging to him; “let us stay together. I will creep after you. I will not hinder you.” She broke off with a cry, echoing, but far more keenly, the little moan that came from him unawares as he struck his arm against the wall. She felt it more sharply than he did, and in the darkness he felt her soft hands binding round his neck something warm and soft like their own touch in which she had wound the wounded arm to support it. It was the long white “cloud” which had been about her throat, and it warmed him body and soul; but he said nothing by way of gratitude. They were beyond all expressions of feeling, partly because they had reached the limit at which reality is too overpowering for sentiment, and partly because there was no longer any separation of mine and thine between them, and they were but one soul.

But to tell the miseries of their search after a way of escape would demand more space than their historian can afford. They groped along the wall, thinking now that they saw a glimmer in one direction, now in another, and constantly brought up with a new shock against the opaque resistance round them, a new corner, or perhaps only that from which they

started; under their feet unequal heaps of damp soil upon which they stumbled, and broken stones over which Oona, with childlike sobs of which she was unconscious, caught her dress, falling more than once as they laboured along. In this way they moved round and round their prison, a long pilgrimage. At length when they were almost in despair, saying nothing to each other, only keeping close that the touch of each to each might be a moral support, they found themselves in what seemed a narrow passage, walls on each side, and something like an arrowslit over their heads, the light from which showed what it was, and was as an angel of consolation to the two wounded and suffering creatures, stumbling along with new hope. But when they had reached the end of this narrow passage, Walter going first, fell for a distance of two or three feet into the lower level of another underground chamber like that which he had left, jarring his already strained and racked frame—and only by an immense sudden effort hindered Oona from falling after him. The force of the shock and instant recovery by which he kept her back and helped her to descend with precaution, brought heavy drops of exhaustion and pain to his forehead. And when they discovered that they were nothing the better for their struggles, and that the place which they had reached at such a cost, though lighter, was without any outlet whatever except that by which they had come, their discouragement was so great that Walter had hard ado not to join in the tears which Oona, altogether prostrated by the disappointment, shed on his shoulder.

“We must not give in,” he tried to say. “Here there is a little light at least. Oona, my darling, do not break down, or I shall break down too.”

“No, no,” she said submissively through her sobs, leaning all her weight upon him. He led her as well as he was able to a heap of earth in the corner, over which in the roof

was a little opening to the light, barred with an iron stanchion, and quite out of reach, where he placed her tenderly, sitting down by her, glad of the rest though it was so uninviting. The light came in pale and showed the strait inclosure of their little prison. They were neither of them able to resume their search, but leant against each other, throbbing with pain, and sick with weariness and disappointment. It gave Walter a kind of forlorn pride in his misery to feel that while Oona had failed altogether, he was still able to sustain and uphold her. They did not speak in their weakness, but after a while dozed and slept, in that supreme necessity of flesh and blood which overcomes even despair, and makes no account of danger. They slept as men will sleep at death's door, in the midst of enemies; and in the depths of their suffering and discouragement found refreshment. But in that light sleep little moans unawares came with their breathing, for both were bruised and shaken, and Walter's broken arm was on fire with fever and pain. It was those breathings of unconscious suffering that caught the ear of the minister as he made his prayer. His step had not disturbed them, but when he came back accompanied by the others, their half-trance, half-slumber, was soon broken. The light was suddenly darkened by some one who flung himself upon his knees, and a voice pealed in through the opening—

"Miss Oona, if ye are there, speak! or, oh for the love of the Almighty, whoever is there, speak and tell me where's my leddy?" It was Hamish, half mad with hope and suspense and distracted affection who thus plunged between them and the light.

They both woke with the sound, but faintly divining what it was, alarmed at first rather than comforted by the renewed darkness into which they found themselves plunged. There was a pause before either felt capable of reply, that deprivation being of more immediate terror to them, than there

was consolation in the half-heard voice. In this pause, Hamish, maddened by the disappointment of his hopes, scrambled to his feet reckless and miserable, and shook his clenched fist in the face of the minister who was behind him.

"How dare ye," he cried, "play upon a man, that is half wild, with your imaginations! there's naeboddy there!" and with something between a growl and an oath, he flung away, with a heavy step that sounded like thunder to the prisoners. But next moment the rage of poor Hamish melted away into the exceeding and intense sweetness of that relief which is higher ecstasy than any actual enjoyment given to men, the very sweetness of heaven itself: for as he turned away the sound of a voice, low and weak, but yet a voice, came out of the bowels of the earth; a murmur of two voices that seemed to consult with each other, and then a cry of "Oona is safe. Oona is here. Come and help us, for the love of God."

"The Lord bless you!" cried the old minister, falling on his knees. "Oona, speak to me, if you are there. Oona, speak to me! I want to hear your own voice."

There was a pause of terrible suspense. Hamish threw himself down, too, behind the minister, tears running over his rough cheeks: while the younger man who was overawed by the event, and affected too, in a lesser degree, stood with his face half hidden against the wall.

"I am here," Oona said, "all safe—not hurt even. We are both safe; but oh, make haste, make haste, and take us out of this place."

"God bless you, my bairn. God bless you, my dearest bairn!" cried Mr. Cameron; but his words were drowned in a roar of laughter and weeping from the faithful soul behind him—

"Ay, that will we, Miss Oona—that will we, Miss Oona!" Hamish shouted and laughed and sobbed till the walls rang, then clamorous with his heavy

feet rushed out of sight without another word, they knew not where.

"I'll follow him," said young Patrick; "he will know some way."

The minister was left alone at the opening through which hope had come. He was crying like a child, and ready to laugh too like Hamish.

"My bonny dear," he said; "my bonny dear——" and could not command his voice.

"Mr. Cameron—my mother. She must be breaking her heart."

"And mine," Walter said with a groan. He thought even then of the bitterness of her woe, and of all the miserable recollections that must have risen in her mind: please God not to come again.

"I am an old fool," said Mr. Cameron, outside: "I cannot stand out against the joy; but I am going. I'm going, my dear. Say again you are not hurt, Oona. Say it's you, my darling, my best bairn! And me that had not the courage to say a word to yon poor woman," he said to himself as he hurried away.

The light was still grey in the skies, no sign of the sun as yet; but the hills stood distinct around, and the dark woods, and the islands on the water, and even the sleeping roofs so still among their trees on the shores of the loch, had come into sight. The remaining portion of the house which had stood so many assaults, and the shapeless mass of the destroyed tower stood up darkly against the growing light; and almost like a part of it, like a statue that had come down from its pedestal was the figure of Mrs. Methven, which he saw standing between him and the shore, her face turned towards him. She had heard the hurrying steps and the shout of Hamish, and knew that something had happened; and she had risen against her will, against the resolution she had formed, unable to control herself, and stood with one hand under her cloak, holding her heart, to repress, if possible, the terrible throbbing in it. The face she turned towards the

minister overawed him in the simplicity of his joy. It was grey, like the morning, or rather ashen white, the colour of death. Even now she would not, perhaps, could not, ask anything; but only stood and questioned him with her eyes, grown to twice their usual size, in the great hollows which this night had laboured out.

Mr. Cameron felt that he ought to speak carefully, and make easy to her the revolution from despair to joy, but he could not. They were both beyond all secondary impulses. He put the fact into the plainest words.

"Thank God! your son is safe," he cried.

"What did you say?"

"Oh, my poor lady, God be with you! I dared not speak to you before. Your son is safe. Do you know what I mean? He is as safe as you or me."

She kept looking at him, unable to take it into her mind, that is to say her mind had flashed upon it, seized it at the first word, yet—with a dumb horror holding hope away from her, lest deeper despair might follow—would not allow her to believe.

"What—did you say? You are trying to make me think——" And then she broke off, and cried out "Walter!" as if she saw him—as a mother might cry who saw her son suddenly, unlooked for, come into the house when all believed him dead—and fell on her knees: then from that attitude sank down upon herself, and dropped prostrate on the ground.

Mr. Cameron was alarmed beyond measure. He knew nothing of faints, and he thought the shock had killed her. But what could he do? It was against his nature to leave a stranger helpless. He took off his coat and covered her, and then hurried to the door and called up Macalister's wife, who was dozing in a chair.

"I think I have killed her," he said, "with my news."

"Then ye have found him!" the

three old people said together, the woman clasping her hands with a wild "Oh, hon—oh, hon!" while Symington came forward, trembling, and pale as death.

"I had hoped," he said, with quivering lips, "like the apostles with One that was greater, that it was he that was to have delivered—— Oh, but we are vain creatures! and now it's a' to begin again."

"Is that all ye think of your poor young master? He is living, and will do well. Go and take up the poor lady. She is dead, or fainted, but it is with joy."

And then he went up stairs. Many an intimation of sorrow and trouble the minister had carried; but good news had not been a weight upon him hitherto. He went to the other poor mother with trouble in his heart. If the one who had been so brave was killed by it, how encounter her whose soft nature had fallen prostrate at once? He met Mysie at the door, who told him her mistress had slept, but showed signs of waking.

"Oh, sir, if ye could give her something that would make her sleep again! I could find it in my heart to give her—what would save my poor lady from ever waking more," cried the faithful servant; "for oh, what will she do—oh, what will we all do without Miss Oona?"

"Mysie!" cried the minister, "how am I to break it to her? I have just killed the poor lady down stairs with joy; and what am I to say to your mistress? Miss Oona is safe and well—she's safe and well."

"Oh, Mr. Cameron," cried Mysie, with a sob, "I ken what you are meaning! She's well, the Lord bless her, because she has won to heaven."

Mrs. Forrester had woke during this brief talk, and raised herself upon the sofa. She broke in upon them in a tone so like her ordinary voice, so cheerful and calm, that they both turned round upon her with a kind of consternation.

"What is that you are saying?"

safe and well—oh, safe and well. Thank God for it; but I never had a moment's doubt. And where has she been all this weary night; and why did she leave me in this trouble? What are ye crying for, Mysie, like a daft woman? You may be sure, my darling has been doing good, and not harm."

"That is true, my dear lady—that is true, my dear friend," cried the minister. "God bless her! She has done us all good, all the days of her sweet life."

"And you are crying too," said Oona's mother, almost with indignation. "What were you feared for? Do you think I could not trust God, that has always been merciful to me and mine? or was it Oona ye could not trust?" she said with smiling scorn. "And is she coming soon? For it seems to me we have been here a weary time."

"As soon—as she can get out of the—place where she is. The openings are blocked up by the ruin."

"I had no doubt," said Mrs. Forrester, "it was something of that kind."

Then she rose up from the sofa, very weak and tottering, but smiling still, her paled and faded face looking ten years older, her hair all ruffled, falling out of its usual arrangement, a disorder which has a very different effect upon an old face and a young one. She put up her hands to her head with a little cry. "Bless me," she said, "she will think I have gone out of my senses—and you too, Mysie, to take my bonnet off and expose me, with no cap. I must put all this right again before my Oona comes."

Mr. Cameron left her engaged in these operations, with the deepest astonishment. Was it a faith above the reach of souls less simple? or was it but the easy rebound of a shallow nature? He watched her for a moment as she put up her thin braids of light hair, and tied her ribbons, talking all the time of Oona.

"She never was a night out of her

bed in all her life before ; and my only fear is she may have gotten a chill, and no means here of making her comfortable. Mysie, you will go down-stairs, and try at least to get the kettle to boil, and a cup of tea for her. Did the minister say when she would be here ? ”

“ No, mem,” said Mysie’s faltering voice ; “ naething but that she was safe and well ; and the Lord forgive me—I thought—I thought——”

“ Never mind what you thought,” said Mrs. Forrester briskly, “ but run down stairs and see if you can make my darling a good cup of tea.”

. By the time she had tied her bonnet strings and made herself presentable, the full light of the morning was shining upon the roused world. The air blew chill in her face as she came down the staircase (strangely weak and tottering, which was “ just extraordinary,” she said to herself), and emerged upon the little platform outside. Several boats already lay on the beach, and there was a sound of the voices and footsteps of men breaking the stillness. Mrs. Forrester came out with those little graces which were part of herself, giving a smile to old Symington, and nodding kindly to the young men from the yacht who were just coming ashore. “ This is early hours,” she said to them with her smile, and went forward to the little group before the door, surrounding Mrs. Methven, who still lay where Mr. Cameron had left her, restored to consciousness, but incapable of movement. “ Dear me,” said Mrs. Forrester, “ here have I been taking up a comfortable room, and them that have a better right left out of doors. They have given us a terrible night, my child and yours, but let us hope there has been a good reason for it, and that they will be none the worse. They are just coming, the minister tells me. If ye will take the help of my arm, we might just walk that way and meet them. They will be glad to see we are not just killed with anxiety, which is what my Oona will fear.”

CHAPTER L.

THE news that Lord Erradeen, and it was supposed several others—some went so far as to say a party of visitors, others his mother, newly arrived as all the world was aware, and to whom he was showing the old castle, with a young lady who was her companion—had perished in the fire, streamed down the loch nobody knew how, and was known and believed to the end of the county before the evening was over. It came to the party at Birkenbraes as they were sitting down to dinner, some time after everybody had come in from gazing at the extraordinary spectacle of the fire—got up, Mr. Williamson assured his guests, entirely for their amusement. The good man, indeed, had been much sobered out of his jocose mood by his encounter with the stranger, but had now begun to draw a little advantage from that too, and when this terrible report reached him, was telling the lady next to him with some pride of Lord Erradeen’s relation, a very distinguished person indeed. “ I’m thinking in the diplomatic service, or one of the high offices that keep a man abroad all his life. (I would rather for my part live in a cottage at home, but that is neither here nor there.) So as he was leaving, and naturally could not trouble the family about carriages just at such a moment, I offered him the boat : and you might see them getting up steam. I find it very useful to have a steam-boat always ready, just waiting at the service of my friends.” The lady had replied as in duty bound, and as was expected of her, that it was a magnificent way of serving your friends ; which the millionaire on his side received with a laugh and a wave of his hand, declaring that it was nothing, just nothing, a bagatelle in the way of cost, but a convenience, he would not deny it was a convenience ; when that discreet butler who had ushered Lord

Erradeen into Katie's private sitting-room, leaned over his master's shoulder with a solemn face, and a "Beg your pardon, sir. They say, sir, that Lord Erradeen has perished in the fire."

"Lord bless us!" said Mr. Williamson, "what is that you say?"

"It is only a rumour, sir: but I hear Kinloch Houran is all in a commotion, and it is believed everywhere. The young lord was seen with some ladies going there in a boat this afternoon, and they say that he has perished in the flames."

Seton was fond of fine language, and his countenance was composed to the occasion.

"Lord bless us!" cried Mr. Williamson again. "Send off a man and horse without a moment's delay to find out the truth. Quick, man, and put down the sherry, I'll help myself! Poor lad, poor lad, young Erradeen! He was about this house like one of our own, and no later than yesterday—Katie, do you hear," he cried, half rising and leaning over the forest of flowers and ferns that covered the table, "Katie! do you hear this terrible news? But it cannot be true!"

Katie had been told at the same moment, and the shock was so great that everything swam in her eyes, as she looked up blanched and terror-stricken in mechanical obedience to her father's cry. "That man will have killed him," she said to herself: and then there came over her mind a horror which was flattering too, which filled her with dismay and pain, yet with a strange sensation of importance. Was it she who was to blame for this catastrophe, was she the cause—

"It seems to be certain," said some one at the table, "that Erradeen was there. He was seen on the battlements with a lady, just before the explosion."

"His mother!" said Katie, scarcely knowing why it was that she put forth this explanation.

"A young lady. There is some extraordinary story among the people

that she—had something to do with the fire."

"That will be nonsense," said Mr. Williamson. "What would a lady have to do with the fire? Old stone walls like yon are not like rotten wood. I cannot understand for my part——"

"And there could be no young lady," said Katie. "Mrs. Methven was alone."

"Well, well!" said her father. "I am sorry—sorry for Lord Erradeen; he was just as fine a young fellow—— But we will do him no good, poor lad, by letting our dinner get cold. And perhaps the man will bring us better news—there is always exaggeration in the first report. I am afraid you will find that soup not eatable, Lady Mary. Just send it away; and there is some fine trout coming."

He was sincerely sorry: but, after all, to lose the dinner would have spared nothing to poor young Erradeen.

Katie said little during the long meal. Her end of the table, usually so gay, was dull. Now and then she would break in with a little spasmodic excitement, and set her companions talking: then relapse with a strange mingling of grief and horror, and that melancholy elation which fills the brain of one who suddenly feels himself involved in great affairs and lifted to heroic heights. If it was for her—if it was she who was the cause of this calamity—— She had often dreamed of finding for herself some high heroic part to fulfil in the world, but it had seemed little likely that she would ever realise her dream; but now, Katie said to herself, if this was so! never more should another take the place which she had refused to him. If he had died for her, she would live—for him. She would find out every plan he had ever formed for good and fulfil it. She would be the providence of the poor tenants whom he had meant to befriend. She imagined her-

self in this poetical position always under a veil of sadness, yet not heavy enough to make her unhappy; known in the county as the benefactor of everybody, described with whispers aside as "the lady that was to have married poor young Lord Erradeen." Katie was profoundly sorry for poor Walter—for the first few minutes her grief was keen; but very soon this crowd of imaginations rushed in, transporting her into a new world. If this were so! Already everybody at table had begun to remark her changed looks, and to whisper that they had been sure there was "something between" Katie and the poor young lord. When the ladies went to the drawing-room they surrounded her with tender cares.

"If you would like to go to your room, my dear, never mind us."

"Oh, never mind us," cried the gentle guests, "we can all understand——"

But Katie was prudent even at this crisis of fate. She reflected that the report might not be true, and that it was premature at least to accept the position. She smiled upon the ladies who surrounded her, and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Of course," she said, "I can't help feeling it—every one will feel it on the loch—and we had seen so much of him! But perhaps, as papa says, when the messenger comes back, we may have better news."

The messenger did not come back till late, when the party were about to separate. He had found the greatest difficulty in getting information, for all that was known at Auchnasheen was that the young lord and his mother had gone in the boat from the isle with the ladies, to see the old castle. With the ladies! Katie could not restrain a little cry. She knew what was coming. And he had been seen, the man went on, with Miss Oona on the walls—and that was all that was known. This stroke went to Katie's heart. "Oona!" she cried, with something of sharpness

and bitterness in the sound; but in the wail that rose from all around who knew the isle, this tone that broke the harmony of grief was lost. Thus her little fabric of imaginary heroism fell into the dust: and for the moment the shock of a genuine, if alloyed, sentiment thrown back upon herself, and the secret mortification with which she became conscious of the absurdity of her own self-complacence, kept Katie from feeling the natural pity called forth by such a catastrophe. But by and by her heart awakened with a deeper and truer pang to the thought of Oona—Oona no rival, but the friend of her youth, Oona the only companion of her mother, the young and hopeful creature whom everybody loved. To think that she should have thought of a little miserable rivalry—of a man for whom she did not care the hundredth part so much as she cared for Oona, before realising this real grief and calamity! Katie's honest little soul was bowed down with shame. She, too, watched that night with many a prayer and tear, gazing from her many-windowed chamber towards the feathery crest of the isle which lay between her and Kinloch Houran. Oh, the desolation that would be there and Oona gone! Oh, the blank upon the loch, and in all the meetings of the cheerful neighbours! Another man on horseback was sent off by break of day for news, and not only from Birkenbraes, but from every house for miles round the messengers hurried. There had been no such excitement in the district for generations.

The news reached the Lodge—Sir Thomas Herbert's shooting-box—early in the morning when the family met at breakfast. The previous night had been occupied with an excitement of its own. Major Antrobus, Sir Thomas's friend, brother in sport and arms, had been from the moment of his arrival a disappointment to Sir Thomas. The first evening Julia had caught him in her toils. She had

sung and laughed and talked his heart, so much as remained to him, away. He was the man of all others, who, his friends were convinced, was not a marrying man. He had a good estate, a house full of every bachelor comfort, and was useful to those in whom he was interested as only a bachelor can be. And it was not only to men that he was invaluable as a friend. He had a box at Ascot; he had ways of making the Derby delightful to a party of ladies; he was of infinite use at Goodwood; he knew everybody whom it was well to know. Lady Herbert was almost as inconsolable as her husband at the idea of losing him. And that such a man should be brought by Sir Thomas himself into harm's way, and delivered over to the enemy by the very hands of his friends, was more than flesh and blood could bear. The Herberts saw their mistake before he had been at the Lodge two days. But what could they do? They could not send him away—nor could they send Julia away. Had they done so, that young lady had already made herself friends enough to have secured two or three invitations in a foolishly hospitable country, where everybody's first idea was to ask you to stay with them! Sir Thomas acted with the noble generosity characteristic of middle-aged men of the world in such circumstances. He told his friend, as they smoked their cigars in the evening, a great many stories about Julia, and all she had been "up to" in her chequered career. He described how Lady Herbert had brought her down here, because of some supposed possibility about Lord Erradeen. "But young fellows like that are not so easily taken in," Sir Thomas said, and vaunted his own insight in perceiving from the first that there was nothing in it. The major listened, and sucked his cigar, and said nothing; but at the very hour, when the fire at Kinloch Houran was beginning to redden the skies, took his host aside, and said—

"I say, all that may be true, you know. I don't know anything about that. Girls, you know, poor things! they've devilish hard lines, when they've got no tin. If she's tried it on, you know, once or twice before, that's nothing to me. That's all their mothers, you know. She's the jolliest girl I ever met, and no end of fun. With her in the house, you know, a fellow would never be dull: and I can tell you it's precious dull at Antrobus on off days, when all you fellows are away. I say! I've asked her—to be mine, you know, and all that; and she's—going to have me, Tom."

"Going to have you! Oh, I'll be bound she is! and everything you've got belonging to you!" in the keenness of his annoyance, cried Sir Thomas.

The major, who was somewhat red in the face, and whose figure was not elegant (but what trifles were these, Julia truly said, in comparison with a true heart!), strutted a little, and coughed, and set his chin into his shirt collar. He stood like a man to his choice, and would have no more said.

"Of course she is—if she's going to have me, you know. Fixtures go with the property," said Major Antrobus, with a husky laugh. "And, I say, by-gones are by-gones, you know—but no more of that in the future if we're going to be friends."

The men had a quarrel, however, before Sir Thomas gave in, which was stopped fortunately before it went too far by his wife, who came in all smiles, with both hands extended.

"What are you talking loud about, you two?" she said. "Major, I'm delighted. Of course I've seen it all along. She'll make you an excellent wife, and I wish you all the happiness in the world."

"Thank you: he don't think so," the major said with a growl.

But after this Sir Thomas perceived that to quarrel with a man for marrying your cousin whom he has met in your house is one of the foolishhest of

proceedings. He relieved his feelings afterwards by falling upon the partner of his life.

"What humbugs you women are! What lies you tell! You said she would make him an excellent wife."

"And so she will," said Lady Herbert, "a capital wife! He will be twice as happy—but alas! no good at all henceforward," she ended, with a sigh.

The excitement of this incident was scarcely over, when to the breakfast-table next morning, where Julia appeared triumphant, having overcome all opposition—the news of the calamity arrived, not softened by any doubt, as if the result were still uncertain, but reported with that pleasure in enhancing the importance of dolorous intelligence which is common to all who have the first telling of a catastrophe. There was a momentary hush of horror when the tale was told, and then Julia, her expression changed in a moment, her eyes swimming in tears, rose up in great excitement from her lover's side.

"Oh, Walter!" she cried, greatly moved. "Oh that I should be so happy, and he——" And then she paused, and her tears burst forth. "And his mother—his mother!" She sat down again and wept, while the rest of the party looked on, her major somewhat gloomy, her cousin (after a momentary tribute of silence to death) with a dawning of triumph in his eye.

"You always thought a great deal of young Erradeen, Ju—at least since he has been Lord Erradeen."

"I always was fond of him," she cried. "Poor Walter! poor Walter! Oh, you can weigh my words if you like at such a time, but I won't weigh them. If Henry likes to be offended I can't help it. He has no reason. Oh Walter, Walter! I was always fond of him. I have known him since I was *that* high—and his mother, I have always hated her. I have known her since I was *that* high. If you think such things go for nothing it is

because you have no hearts. Harry, if you love me as you say, get your dog-cart ready this moment and take me to that poor woman—that poor, poor woman! His mother—and she has only him in all the world. Harry—take me or not, but I will go——"

"You said you hated her, Julia," cried Lady Herbert.

"And so I did: and what does that matter? Shall I keep away from her for that—when I am the only one that has known him all his life—that knew him when he was a child? Harry——"

"I have ordered the dog-cart, my dear; and you are a good woman, Julia. I thought so, but with all your dear friends and people hang me if I knew."

Julia gave him her hand: she was crying without any disguise.

"Perhaps I haven't been very good," she said, "but I never was hard-hearted: and when I think upon that poor woman among strangers——"

"By Jove, but this is something new," cried Sir Thomas; "the girl that liked young men best without their mothers, Antrobus, hey?"

"Oh hush, Tom," cried his wife; "and, dear Julia, be consistent a little:—that you're sorry for your old—friend (don't laugh, Tom; say her old flame if you like, but remember that he's dead, poor fellow), that we can understand. Major Antrobus knows all that story. But this fuss about the mother whom you never could bear—Oh that is a little too much! You can't expect us to take in that!"

Julia turned upon her relations with what at bottom was a generous indignation. "If you don't know," she said, "how it feels to hear of another person's misfortune when you yourself are happier than you deserve—and if you don't understand that I would go on my knees to poor Mrs. Methven to take one scrap of her burden off her! oh! all the more because I never liked her—— But what is the use of talking? for if you don't understand, nothing I could say would

make you understand. And it does not matter to me now," cried Julia, less noble feelings breaking in, "now I have got one who does know what I mean, who is going to stand by me, and will put no bad motive—"

The real agitation and regret in her face gave force to the triumph with which she turned to her major, and taking his arm swept out of the room. He, too, had all the sense of dignity which comes from fine feelings misunderstood, and felt himself elevated in the scale of humanity by his superior powers of understanding. Lady Herbert, who remained behind, was saved by the humour of the situation from exploding, as Sir Thomas did. To think that the delicacy of the major's perceptions should be the special foundation of his bride's satisfaction was, as she declared with tears of angry laughter, "too good!"

But the second and better news arrived before Julia could set out on her charitable mission. Perhaps it was better that it should end so: for though the first outburst of feeling had been perfectly genuine and sincere, the impulse might have been alloyed by less perfect wishes before she had reached Kinloch Houran. And it is doubtful in any case whether her ministrations, however kind, would have been acceptable to Walter's mother. As it was, when she led her major back, Julia was too clever not to find a medium of reconciliation with her cousins, who by that time had come to perceive how ludicrous any quarrel, open to the world would be. And so peace was established, and Julia Herbert's difficulties came in the happiest way to an end.

CHAPTER LI.

THE miseries of the night's imprisonment were soon forgotten. Oona, elastic in youthful health, recovered in a few days, she said in a few hours, from its effects: and the keen reality of the after events dimmed in her mind the more extraordinary, less

comprehensible mystery of the strange discovery she had made, and left her instrumentality in the destruction of the tower less and less clear. Sometimes, and this for years after, she would see before her with a shudder the look which the owner of the tower chamber cast upon her as he came out from the inner room, and she fled before him; but as time went on would ask herself was it real or only some dream, some visionary and violent effort of imagination. To no one but Walter did she ever speak of that moment or of the sight she had seen; and between them they had no explanation to give of the mystical furniture of the wizard's room, the lamp which had burned before Walter's portrait, the sad-eyed pictures about the walls, which had all perished without leaving a trace behind. The tower, now preserving nothing more than a certain squareness in its mass of ruins, showed traces of two rooms that might have existed, but everything was destroyed except the walls, and any remains that might have withstood the action of the fire were buried deep under the fallen ruin; nor could any trace be found of concealed passages or any way of descent into the house from that unsuspected hiding-place.

One thing was certain, however, that the being who had exercised so strange an influence over a year of his life never appeared to Walter more. There were moments in which he felt, with a pang of alarm, that concentration of his thoughts upon himself, that subtle direction and intensification of his mind, as if it had suddenly been driven into a dialogue with some one invisible, which had been the worst of all the sufferings he had to bear: but these, after the first terror, proved to be within the power of his own efforts to resist and shake off, and never came to any agonising crisis like that which he had formerly passed through. His marriage, which took place as soon as circumstances would permit, ended even these last contentions of the spirit. And if in the midst of his

happiness he was sometimes tortured by the thought that the change of his life from the evil way to the good one had all the results of the most refined selfishness, as his adversary had suggested, that he was amply proving the ways of righteousness to be those of pleasantness, and godliness to be great gain, that thought was too ethereal for common use, and did not stand the contact of reality. Mr. Cameron, to whom he submitted it in some moment of confidence, smiled with the patience of old age upon this overstrained self-torment.

"It is true enough," the minister said, "that the right way is a way of pleasantness, and that all the paths of wisdom are peace. But life has not said out the last word, and ye will have to tread them one time or other with bleeding feet, or all is done—if the Lord has not given you a lot apart from that of other men. And human nature," the old man said, not without a little recollection of some sermon, at which he smiled as he spoke, "is so perverse, that when trouble comes, you that are afraid of your own happiness will be the first to cry out and upbraid the good Lord that does not make it everlasting. Wait, my young man, wait—till you have perhaps a boy at your side that will vex your heart as children only can vex those that love them—wait till death steps into your house, as step he must——"

"Stop!" cried Walter, with a wild, sudden pang of terror—as if the very words were an omen of evil. He never complained again of being too happy, or forgot that one time or other the path of life must be trod with bleeding feet.

"But I'll not deny," the minister added, "that to the like of you, my young lord, with so much in your power, there is no happier way of amusing yourself than just in being of use and service to your poor fellow-creatures that want so much and have so little. Man!" cried Mr. Cameron, "I would have given my head to be able to do at your age the half or

quarter of what you can do with a scratch of your pen!—and you must mind that you are bound to do it," he said with a smile.

Before, however, this serene course of life began which Walter found too happy, there was an interval of anxiety and pain. Mrs. Methven did not escape, like the rest, from the consequences of the night's vigil. She got up indeed from her faint, and received with speechless thanksgiving her son back from the dead, as she thought—but after this was not herself able to go further than to his room in the old castle, and there struggled for weeks in the grips of fever, brought on, it was said, by the night's exposure. But this she would not herself allow. She had felt it coming on, she said, before she left her home, but concealed it, not to be hindered from obeying her son's summons. If this was true, or invented upon the spur of the moment to prove that in no possible way was Walter to blame, it is impossible to say. But the fever ran very high, and so affected her heart, worn and tried by many assaults, that there was a time when everything was hushed and silenced in the old castle in expectation of death. By and by, however, the terror gave place to all the innocent joys of convalescence—soft fitting of women up and down, presents of precious flowers and fruits lighting up the gloom, afternoon meetings when everything that could be thought of was brought to please her, and all the loch came with inquiries, and good wishes. Mrs. Forrester, who was an excellent nurse, and never lost heart, but smiled, and was sure, in the deepest depth, that all would "come right," as she said, took the control of the sick-room, and recovered there the bloom which she had partially lost when Oona was in danger. And Oona stole into the heart of Walter's mother, who had not for long years possessed him sufficiently to make it bitter to her that he should now put a wife before her. Some women never learn this philosophy: and perhaps

Mrs. Methven might have resisted it, had not Oona, her first acquaintance on the loch, her tenderest nurse, won her heart. To have the grim old house in which the secret of the Methvens' fate had been laid up, and in which, even to indifferent lookers-on, there had always been an atmosphere of mystery and terror, thus occupied with the most innocent and cheerful commonplaces, the little cares and simple pleasures of a long but hopeful recovery, was confusing and soothing beyond measure to all around. The old servants, who had borne for many years the presence of a secret which was not theirs, felt in this genial commotion a relief which words could not express. "No," old Symington said, "it's not ghosts nor any such rubbitch. I never, for my part, here or elsewhere, saw onything worse than myself; but, Miss Oona, whatever it was that you did on the tap of that tower—and how you got there the Lord above knows, for there never was footing for a bird that ever I saw—it has just been blessed. 'Ding down the nests and the craws will flee away.' What am I meaning? Well, that is just what I canna tell. It's a' confusion. I know nothing. Many a fricht and many an anxious hour have I had here: but I am bound to say I never saw anything worse than mysel'."

"All that is just clavers," said old Macalister, waving his hand. "If ye come to that there is naething in this life that will bide explaining. But I will no deny that there is a kind of a different feel in the air which is maybe owing to this fine weather, just wonderful for the season; or maybe to the fact of so many leddies about, which is a new thing here—no that I hold so much with women," he added, lest Oona should be proud; "they are a great fyke and trouble, and will meddle with everything; but they're fine for a change, and a kind of soothing for a little whilie at a time, after all we've gone through."

Before the gentle *régime* of the sick

room was quite over, an unusual and unexpected visitor arrived one morning at Loch Houran. It was the day after that on which Mrs. Methven had been transferred to Auchnasheen, and a great festival among her attendants. She had been brought down to the drawing-room very pale and shadowy, but with a relaxation of all the sterner lines which had once been in her face, in invalid dress arranged after Mrs. Forrester's taste rather than her own, and lending a still further softness to her appearance, not to be associated with her usual rigid garb of black and white. And her looks and tones were the most soft of all, as, the centre of everybody's thoughts, she was led to the sofa near the fire and surrounded by that half-worship which is the right of a convalescent where love is. To this pleasant home-scene there entered suddenly, ushered in with great solemnity by Symington, the serious and somewhat stern "man of business" who had come to Sloebury not much more than a year before with the news of that wonderful inheritance so unexpected and unthought of which had seemed to Mrs. Methven, as well as to her son, the beginning of a new life. Mr. Milnathort made kind but formal inquiries after Mrs. Methven's health, and offered his congratulations no less formally upon her recovery.

"I need not say to you that all that has happened has been an interest to us that are connected with the family beyond anything that I can express. I have taken the liberty," he added, turning to Walter, "to bring one to see you, Lord Erradeen, who has perhaps the best right of any one living to give ye joy. I said to her that you would come to her, for she has not left her chamber, as you know, for many a year; but nothing would serve her but to come herself, frail as she is——"

"Your sister?" Walter cried.

"Just my sister. I have taken the freedom," Mr. Milnathort repeated,

"to have her carried into the library, where you will find her. She has borne the journey better than I could have hoped, but it is an experiment that makes me very anxious. You will spare her any—emotion, any shock, that you can help?"

The serious face of the lawyer was more serious than ever: his long upper lip trembled a little. He turned round to the others with anxious self-restraint.

"She is very frail," he said, "a delicate bit creature all her life—and since her accident—"

He spoke of this, as his manner was, as if it had happened a week ago.

Walter hurried away to the library, in which he found Miss Milnathort carefully arranged upon a sofa, wrapped up in white furs instead of her usual garments, a close white hood surrounding the delicate brightness of her face. She held out her hands to him at first without a word; and when she could speak, said, with a tremble in her voice:

"I have come to see the end of it. I have come to see—her and you."

"I should have come to you," cried Walter; "I did not forget—but for my mother's illness——"

"Yes?" she said with a grateful look. "You thought upon me? Oh, but my heart has been with her and you! Oh, the terrible time it was! the first news in the papers, the fear that you were buried there under the ruins, you—and she—and then to wait a night and a day——"

"I should have sent you word at once—I might have known; but I did not think of the papers."

"No, how should you? you were too busy with your own life. Oh, the thoughts of that night! I just lay and watched for you from the darkening to the dawning. No, scarcely what you could call praying—just waiting upon the Lord. I bade Him mind upon Walter and me—that had lost the battle. And I thought I saw you, you and your Oona. Was not I wise when I said it was a well-omened

name?" She paused a little, weeping and smiling. "I could not tell you all the thoughts that went through my mind. I thought if it was even so, there might have been a worse fate. To break the spell and defeat the enemy even at the cost of your two bonnie lives—I thought it would not be an ill fate, the two of you together. Did I not say it? Two that made up one, the perfect man. That is God's ordinance, my dear; that is His ordinance. Two—not just for pleasure, or for each other, but for Him and everything that is good. You believed me when I said that. Oh, you believed me! and so it was not in vain that I was—killed yon time long ago——" Her voice was broken with sobs. She leant upon Walter's shoulder who had knelt down beside her, and wept there like a child—taking comfort like a child. "Generally," she began after a moment, "there is little account made, little, little, account, of them that have gone before, that have been beaten, Walter. I can call you nothing but Walter to-day. And Oona, though she has won the battle, she is just me, but better. We lost it. We had the same heart; but the time had not come for the victory: and now you, my young lord, you, young Erradeen, like him, you have won, Oona and you. We were beaten; but yet I have a share in it. How can you tell, a young man like you, how those that have been defeated, lift their hearts and give God thanks!" She made a pause and said, after a moment, "I must see Oona, too." But when he was about to rise and leave her in order to bring Oona, she stopped him once more. "You must tell me first," she said, speaking very low, "what is become of Him? Did he let himself be borne away to the clouds in yon flames? I know, I know, it's all done; but did you see him? Did he speak a word at the end?"

"Miss Milnathort," said Walter, holding her hands, "there is nothing but confusion in my mind. Was it

all a dream and a delusion from beginning to end?"

She laughed a strange little laugh of emotion.

"Look at me then," she said, "for what have I suffered these thirty years! And you—was it all for nothing that you were so sore bested and ready to fall? Have you not seen him? Did he go without a word?"

Walter looked back upon all the anguish through which he had passed, and it seemed to him but a dream. One great event, and then weeks of pain had intervened since the day when driven to the side of the loch in madness and misery, he had found Oona and taken refuge in her boat, and thrown himself on her mercy—and since the night when once more driven distracted by diabolical suggestions, he had stepped out into the darkness, meaning to lose himself somehow in the night and be no more heard of, but was saved again by the little light in her window, the watch-light that love kept burning. These recollections and many more swept through his mind, and the pain and misery more remote upon which this old woman's childlike countenance had shone. He could not take hold of them as they rose before him in the darkness, cast far away into a shadowy background by the brightness and reality of the present. A strange giddiness came over his brain. He could not tell which was real, the anguish that was over, or the peace that had come, or whether life itself—flying in clouds

behind him, before him hid under the wide-spreading sunshine—was anything but a dream. He recovered himself with an effort, grasping hold of the latest recollection to satisfy his questioner.

"This I know," he cried, "that when she came to me flying from the tower, with flames and destruction behind her, the word she was saying was 'Pardon! Pardon!' that was all I heard. And then the rush of the air in our faces, and a roar that was like the end of all things. We neither heard nor saw more."

"Pardon:" said Miss Milnathort, drying her eyes with a trembling hand; "that is what I have said too, many a weary hour in the watches of the night. What pleasure can a spirit like you find in the torture of his own flesh and blood? The Lord forgive him if there is yet a place of repentance! But well I know what you meant, that it is just like a vision when one awaketh. That is what all our troubles will be when the end comes: just a dream! and good brought out of evil, and pardon given to many, many a one that men are just willing to give over and curse instead of blessing. Now go and bring your Oona, my bonnie lad! I am thinking she is just me, and you are Walter, and we have all won the day together," said the invalid clasping her thin hands, and with eyes that shone through their tears; "all won together! though we were beaten twenty years ago."

THE END.

THE JEDDA MASSACRES AND SLAVERY IN THE RED SEA.¹

THE feeling of hatred towards Christians which culminated in the Jedda massacres had been maturing in the Hedjaz for a year or two at least before the event took place. Great pressure had been brought to bear on the Sultan to abolish slavery in his dominions. An order to this effect had been promulgated in Egypt, which the fanatical inhabitants of the "holy cities" considered as a blow struck at their religion, and which they determined to resist by every means in their power. Their exasperation against the western powers, but especially against England, knew no bounds, and, as invariably happens, a leader was at hand invested with a religious character, and thus possessing sufficient influence to fan the smouldering fire of intolerance, which may be said to exist in a chronic state in the Hedjaz, into acts of open aggression. This was Seyed Fazl, the leader, or *Tungul* as he was called, of one of the most fanatical sects in India—the Moplahs of Malabar. He had been expelled from India as the instigator of the disturbances caused by his followers in the Madras presidency, so that in addition to his reputation as a holy man he had the glory of having been a sufferer and martyr for the cause of El-Islam.

In the beginning of November, 1855, an edict reached Mecca prohibiting the *public* sale of slaves there. This was read by the Cadi in open court, and caused such excitement that it was found necessary to call in the assistance of the Kaimakam and the troops. Before they could arrive the Cadi was assaulted and severely beaten, but his life was saved by the opportune arrival of the Turkish authorities.

¹ The following pages are two chapters from the unpublished *Reminiscences of a Political Officer at Aden*.

The Kaimakam proceeded to the sanctuary to cause the Sultan's firman to be published, with due solemnity; but he fared little better than the Cadi had done; it is even said that Seyed Fazl struck him publicly in the face. The inhabitants rose against the Turks, and an affray took place in which a considerable number of lives were lost on both sides. The people of Mecca had then no other leader than Seyed Fazl, but their attitude so alarmed the small Turkish garrison that they took refuge within the defences of the place. Just as these disturbances broke out Rashid Pasha arrived from Constantinople bearing the Sultan's orders for the deposition of the Shereef Abd-el-Mutalib, and for the installation of his hereditary rival as Shereef in his place. As soon as ever this came to the knowledge of Abd-el-Mutalib he left his stronghold at Taif, and, putting himself at the head of the insurgents, he besieged the governor in the citadel, and for a time cut off all communication with Jedda and the sea coast. The rebels even demanded that the flags of England and France should be pulled down from the consulates in Jedda, but this demand they were unable to enforce. With as little delay as possible, Kamil Pasha, Governor of Jedda, collected all the forces at his disposal and marched upon Mecca, which he succeeded in reducing to subjection; the Shereef Abd-el-Mutalib, with a large Arab force, retired to Taif, where for a long time he bade defiance to the Turkish authorities. The pasha, with a view to crush the rebellion by the capture of its chief instigators, directed an advance on Taif, but his troops were completely defeated, and only a small portion of them succeeded in regaining Mecca. The newly appointed

Shereef died shortly afterwards, and for some time Abd-el-Mutalib remained in undisputed possession of his office and dignity.

This rising was closely connected with one in the more southern provinces of Arabia. At the instigation of the disaffected in the Hedjaz, the large and Wahabie tribe of the Asseer, to the number of 60,000, marched into Yemen, for the purpose of wresting it from the Porte. The governor, Mahmoud Pasha, withdrew his troops from the detached positions in which they were distributed, and concentrated them for the defence of Hodeida.

On the 11th of February, 1856, the Asseer arrived before the town, and summoned it to surrender. The governor replied that he could hold no communication with them save by powder and shot. We had sent the Indian navy vessels, *Queen* and *Elphinstone*, there to protect British interests, and their presence in the harbour probably deterred the enemy from attacking the town. Before they could decide on the best course to be adopted, cholera broke out in their ranks, already enfeebled by fatigue and privation, and carried off about 3,000 of their number, including many of their principal men. They broke up their camp in dismay, and commenced a precipitate retreat; it is said that their chief and 15,000 men perished in the flight. Mahmoud Pasha was evidently not very confident in the strength of his defences, as he sent all his family for safety on board the *Queen*. He had good cause to say, as he did to Brigadier Coghlan, when writing to thank him for the hospitality which had been extended to them, "Truly the sword of God is not like the sword of man."

Seyed Fazl, the Moplah Tungul, accompanied the Asseer force, at the particular request of the Shereef, but as soon as the cholera broke out he returned to Taif. On the 13th April Abd-el-Mutalib made a desperate attempt to take Mecca. A portion of

his force even succeeded in entering the city in two places, but they were repulsed by the Turks with considerable slaughter.

On the 19th May the disturbances in the Hedjaz were completely suppressed by the capture of Abd-el-Mutalib, who was delivered up by his own people to the Turks, and was sent prisoner to Constantinople. The son of the Shereef, who had lately died, was appointed in his stead.

There can be no doubt that the unfortunate Indian Mutiny of 1857 exercised a very powerful effect amongst the population of the Hedjaz, themselves the most fanatical of Mohammedans. The holy places of Mecca and Medina attract pilgrims from every part of the world—men whose devotion to their own religion is only equalled by their intolerance of all others; restless and turbulent spirits seeking to propagate treason and sedition amongst the varied races represented there, and very frequently men like Seyed Fazl, who have become so obnoxious to their own rulers that they can no longer remain in their native country.

At a very early period after the commencement of the mutiny, emissaries from Delhi arrived at Mecca, and excited the inhabitants to expel all Christians from the holy land of El-Islam; and there can be very little doubt that the massacres which took place at Jedda resulted from a much deeper feeling than that excited by the comparatively insignificant circumstances which seemed to cause the actual outbreak. H.M.S. *Cyclops*, then engaged in sounding the Red Sea for the proposed telegraphic cable, arrived at Jedda on the 9th of June, 1858, and Mr. Stephen Page took the opportunity of Capt. Pullen's presence to request him to assemble a naval court to adjudicate in the matter of a British ship called the *Eranee*, which had illegally hoisted Turkish colours to the prejudice of the master, who had petitioned his Vice-Consul on the subject.

The time appointed for hearing the case was 10 A.M. on the 15th of June, and several of the most influential merchants under British protection were summoned to the Consulate as assessors to aid Captain Pullen in his investigation. The owner of the vessel against whom the complaint had been made did not appear until brought by the janissary of the Consulate. The petition of the master was first read. It set forth that the petitioner was also half owner, and that the other owner was Hadji Saleel Saeed bin Johar, who had hitherto traded for the benefit of himself and the petitioner, but that the latter, being then of full age, had demanded an account of past profits.

This had been postponed from time to time, and at last Hadji Saleel had declared his intention of abandoning British protection and becoming an Ottoman subject, with the avowed intention of throwing the case into the Turkish courts. He followed up this intention by causing the British flag on board the *Eranee* to be hauled down, and Turkish colours to be substituted. Hadji Saleel refused to make any reply to this statement, or to give any reason for hoisting the Turkish flag, and on being warned of the consequence of such a refusal, and persisting therein, the Vice-Consul informed him that he must consider himself under arrest for contempt.

The register of the ship was produced. It had been granted at Calcutta, and set forth that Hadji Saleel and Hoosain bin Ibrahim Johar were the owners, and that the latter was master. It was proved that she had always traded as a British vessel, and the assessors were of opinion that Hadji Saleel had endeavoured to change her nationality to avoid a just claim. It was therefore unanimously decided that under the British Mercantile Marine Law the *Eranee* was, as far as the defendant was concerned, forfeited to Her Majesty.

The Vice-Consul accordingly requested Captain Pullen to haul down

the Turkish flag, with a view to the vessel being sent for adjudication to a Vice-Admiralty court. This was in strict accordance with existing treaties, which give to consular authorities jurisdiction over all British subjects in Turkey in as ample a manner as in British territory. Captain Pullen sent a lieutenant's party to take charge of the *Eranee*, and an intimation of this circumstance was sent to the Kaimakam of Jedda.

The news of this judgment caused great excitement in the place. It was declared to be an insult to the Mohammedan faith, and a band of fanatical agitators seized upon this pretext to accomplish what some believe to have been a premeditated scheme—the extermination of the Christian inhabitants. About 6 P.M. a mob attacked the English Consulate. Mr. Page endeavoured to escape, but he was wounded and overpowered and his body thrown into the street, where it was hacked to pieces; his dragoman and clerk shared the same fate. The mob, having pillaged his house, proceeded to the French Consulate, in which, in addition to the native servants, were Monsieur Eveillard, the Consul, his wife and daughter, and Monsieur Emerat, the chancellor. The gentlemen of the party made a spirited resistance, but the utmost bravery could not prevail against overwhelming numbers. The Consul and his wife were killed; their young and courageous daughter received a severe sabre cut on the face while endeavouring to protect her father, and the chancellor, also severely wounded, nearly shared the fate of his chief.

Then began an indiscriminate slaughter of the Christians, who, without distinction of nationality, were barbarously murdered to the number of twenty-two. Some of the survivors found refuge on board H.M.S. *Cyclops*. Mademoiselle Eveillard was saved by the wife of a Turkish official, and Monsieur Emerat was concealed in the artillery hospital. They remained five days in conceal-

ment, every moment expecting to be given up to those who were thirsting for their blood.

Neither the Kaimakam nor the Commandant of Artillery used any efforts to restrain the mob. On the contrary, the latter positively refused to call out his men, alleging that he had received no instructions to that effect.

Namik Pasha, Governor of the Hedjaz, arrived at Jedda from Mecca on the 19th, and having intimated this fact to Captain Pullen desired an interview previous to delivering up such of the Christians as had escaped the massacre. What followed is described in the prompt and dignified protest which Captain Pullen addressed to the Pasha :—

“Your Excellency is aware how readily I went on shore, the first object of my solicitude being the safety of all who sought the protection of the British flag.

“At my demand it was arranged with your Excellency that the French and the English colours should be hoisted the following morning at the main of this ship, side by side; that the boats, being fully manned and armed, should proceed to the landing-place; that the English and French colours being then advanced to the front, should receive a salute of twenty-one guns from the fort; that an armed procession should then form, and, with colours flying, proceed through the town, passing the residences of the English and French Consuls, and finally thence proceed to the burial ground where the murdered consuls lie, the service for the dead read by the chaplain of the ship, and military honours paid to their remains. Your Excellency was good enough to accompany this procession as far as the French Consulate.

“I have now another duty to discharge, and what I then verbally demanded I now require at your hands. Excellency, the blood of the murdered calls for retribution, for a justice so stern, so terrible in its example, that throughout the land men will hear of the massacre which took place, and of the punishment which followed.

“Excellency, I ask for this justice, not in the name of England and France alone, but in the name of the whole Christian world. Protestants, Catholics, Greeks, and Copts have alike been barbarously murdered, and for all I demand justice.

“When these terrible events are made known in England and France, it will be asked, Is it for these people we have fought and bled at Inkerman, Alma, and Sebastapol?”

It could hardly be expected that even such an appeal as this to a Turkish official should be promptly complied with; a considerable number of prisoners were made, mostly from among those who were the mere tools of the more influential intriguers, but the latter remained at large, chiefly, it is said, through the heavy bribes which they were enabled to pay to the Kaimakam. In the mean time Captain Pullen reported what had taken place to her Majesty's Government in England, and to the Aden Residency. We at once sent the *Elphinstone* to Jedda, and the steamer *Assaye* was sent from Bombay. The *Lady Canning* was already at Jedda on other duty. Orders were also despatched to the commodore on the Indian station to despatch the *Chesapeake*, *Pelorus*, and *Roebuck* to the Red Sea, and Captain Pullen was appointed her Majesty's Commissioner, with orders to demand, in the name of England and France, the most ample redress for the massacre, and to enforce this, if need were, by the bombardment of the town.

Captain Pullen, who had proceeded to Suez to await instructions, returned to Jedda towards the end of July, and at once informed the Governor of the Hedjaz that if the most signal punishment were not awarded to the perpetrators of the outrage he would bombard Jedda. His demands being evaded, he opened fire upon the town, continuing for several days to throw in shot, shell, and rockets. He also destroyed fourteen or fifteen native craft in the harbour.

On the 28th July Namik Pasha had an interview with Captain Pullen on board the *Cyclops*, at which he declared his inability to accede to the execution of the murderers without orders from Constantinople. On the 2nd August Captain Pullen addressed a communication to him insisting on their execution, and informing him that two days would be allowed for the Indian pilgrims to embark on board the shipping in the harbour, and that after that date, if his demands were not

complied with, he would recommence to bombard the town.

Before, however, he could receive a reply to this communication a Turkish vessel arrived with reinforcements, and having on board Ismail Pasha, the commissioner deputed by the Porte to cause the demands of Great Britain and France to be carried out. On the 5th August eleven of the murderers, all men of the lowest rank, were executed, and several more were reserved for trial at Constantinople.

The *Eranee* still remained in charge of the Turkish authorities under protest, Namik Pasha having declared, immediately after the massacre, that if she were taken away he could not carry on the government of the province.

Having brought affairs so far to a satisfactory termination Captain Pullen suspended further operations until the arrival of the commissioner appointed by France to act in concert with him, in the settlement of the compensation for losses sustained by the Christian merchants in the general pillage which succeeded the massacre.

On the 2nd November the *Eranee* was sent to Bombay, and early in 1859 the services of Captain Pullen being required for the duty on which he had visited the Red Sea, he was succeeded as commissioner by Mr. Alfred Walne, H. M. Consul at Cairo. Shortly afterwards the French corvette *Duchayla* arrived at Jedda, and active operations for the settlement of the affair were resumed. Satisfactory evidence had been obtained that Abdulla-el-Mohtesib and the Sheikh-el-Amondie, both rich and influential merchants of Jedda, had been the principal instigators of the massacre. A demand was accordingly made for their execution. Namik Pasha refused to accede to it, whereupon the French commissioner informed him that if it were not complied with in forty-eight hours the *Duchayla* would bombard the town. This threat had the desired effect: on the morning of the 12th January they were be-

headed on the spot where the massacre had been plotted, in presence of an armed party from the *Duchayla*. The Kaimakam and the colonel of artillery who had failed to exert their influence to quell the *émeute* were sent to Constantinople and were *sentenced* to imprisonment for life in a fortress, but such sentences are not always carried out rigorously in Turkey. On searching the Kaimakam's house a very large sum in gold was discovered, concealed in the ground. This, it is believed, was the price of his complicity, on the understanding that he should secure the immunity of the instigators of the massacre.

As might have been expected the Jedda massacre created great excitement in Arabia, especially among the Beni Asseer; they accused the Turks of leaguings with infidels against true believers, and but for their recent chastisement by "the sword of God" they would probably have taken up arms against them. The salutary lesson inculcated at Jedda, especially by the bombardment of the town, that Christians and the representatives of Christian states could not be massacred with impunity, was long remembered in the country. Although the Turks certainly did not merit the charge brought against them by the Arabs, of undue sympathy for Christians, it must be admitted that in no part of the Ottoman Empire was their system of government worse than in Yemen, and in no place was the hatred between the two races more intense. The events which took place at Mocha in 1860 were not traceable to the Jedda massacre, but they show the unreasoning manner in which the Turks attempted to govern the subject race.

A quarrel took place between the Mushlahi tribe and the people of Moza, in which fifteen of the former and thirty-five of the latter were slain. Ahmed Pasha, who was then governor of the province, sent for the chiefs to Bait-el-Fakih, and inflicted on their tribes fines of three and ten

thousand dollars respectively. They were then sent back to Mocha under charge of one Suffer Agha, and a guard of 130 Turkish horsemen. The chiefs, twenty in number, were at once lodged in the jail, each man had fetters riveted on his legs, and they were chained together by the neck in parties of five. It was in vain that they protested their utter inability to pay unless some of them at least were permitted to return to their tribes to collect the money. Suffer Agha was inexorable, and caused them to be taken out in parties to the city gates and there flogged. The chief of Moza, Mookbil-ed-Dabooli, the head of an ancient and honourable family, and two of his kinsmen, were amongst the number treated in this manner. An effort was made to appease Suffer Agha; the Mushlahi took him four hundred and the Mozai six hundred dollars, and promised that the remainder should be paid as soon as it could be collected. They received for reply a threat that if on the following day the entire amount were not paid the whole party would be flogged to death.

This was more than the Arabs could submit to, and on the same evening (1st August) a party of 220 of the Mushlahi assembled for the purpose of liberating their companions. They arrived at night in front of Mokha, scaled the walls, broke open the jail and released all the prisoners, about sixty or eighty in number; they, however, attempted no further violence, and were retiring from the town when they were attacked by Suffer Agha and his troop. They resisted to good purpose, killing twelve men and seven horses, and capturing twelve horses, their own loss being only one man killed and one wounded. The Mushlahi and Mozai then abandoned their houses and villages, and with their wives and children fled into the interior, where they obtained command of the roads leading to Mokha, and cut off all supplies until they had obtained complete immunity for what had taken place.

This is by no means a solitary instance of Turkish oppression; it was a common custom to cut down the coffee trees on very slight provocation, and the name of Ahmed Pasha will long survive on account of the cruelties he committed or encouraged on the part of his subordinates. On one occasion an unfortunate writer incurred his displeasure; he was hung up by the feet to a hook in the ceiling, and the rope which secured him was suddenly loosened, so that he fell to the floor on his head. As this did not produce the desired effect, a copper bowl was heated to redness and placed on his head. The result was naturally a horrible death.

II.

THE slave trade in the Red Sea and Gulf of Aden differs greatly from that carried on within the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar. In the latter case the slaves are negroes, and are required principally as "hewers of wood and drawers of water." They are, or were until very lately, exported in great numbers, and sold at low prices; the average value of an adult male or a healthy young girl being not more than twenty-four dollars. In the other case the slaves are generally young girls of considerable personal attractions, destined to enter the harems of wealthy Turks and Arabs, and often fetching as high a price as 200 dollars each. Those exported from the Red Sea ports were mostly Abyssinians, of Christian parentage, brought down to Massowah and Souakim, and sent thence to Jedda; but as we neither had the treaty right, nor the requisite naval force for grappling with this traffic, it went on openly, and we, at Aden, knew very little about it.

The slave trade in the Gulf of Aden had its head-quarters at Tajourra, a port of the Dankali tribe, who had placed themselves under Turkish protection to escape interference on our part. Some slaves also were exported

from Zaila, another Turkish port, and a great many were brought to Berbera, then an independent port, now claimed by the Turks, where they were sold to Arab traders at the great annual fair. All these were Gallas, a remarkably fine race, darker than the Abyssinians, with curly hair, but fine, regular features. In their own country they are renowned for their ferocity and for brutal and savage customs, but in captivity they are gentle and affectionate, and the girls are more highly prized than any others in Arab households.

A child who had been smuggled into Aden in an Arab vessel, and liberated by me, was brought to our house till she could be sent to an orphanage in Bombay. She became exceedingly attached to us, and when a little daughter of ours, her especial favourite, died, her grief was most touching: she tore off her clothing, covered herself with dust, and wept as if her poor little savage heart were breaking. When at last she was given to understand that she must go on board the steamer bound for Bombay, she had to be torn from us by main force, and her shrieks were heard all over the harbour till she got on board. Another girl lived with us for years, and married from the house, but never learnt to call us by any other names than those used by our own children.

I have previously alluded to the effect produced in the Hedjaz by the Sultan's proclamation forbidding the public sale of slaves there. In the end of 1859 another edict was promulgated, directing the entire suppression of the slave trade between Africa and the Turkish possessions in Arabia. This was enforced to a certain extent; the public importation of slaves at the principal ports ceased; the institution itself received a severe check, and though we managed to prevent the exportation from the Somalie coast, the merchants of Hurrur continued to send their slaves to Zaila and Tajourra, whence, in spite of the Sultan's firman, they found their way to Yemen and the Hedjaz. Boats did not indeed enter

the principal harbours, such as Mocha and Hodeida, but there were numerous points on the coast, remote from observation, where they were able to land their illicit cargoes in perfect security. Without the right to search Turkish vessels at sea, and to watch Turkish ports, our endeavours to stop the slave trade within the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb were absolutely futile. The only result of our attempt to do so was to enrich the merchants at Turkish ports who gained their living thereby, at the expense of those who had bound themselves to us by treaty not to engage in it.

The principal slave market not in Turkish territory was Berbera, a place of great commercial importance, which has been the chief mart for the produce of North-East Africa since the earliest ages. At the commencement of the Christian era the principal exports were myrrh, frankincense, gums, drugs, ivory, and tortoiseshell. Its imports were silver, iron, glass, and the fine linen of Egypt. A few substantial remains in the neighbourhood indicate that it must at one time have had a settled population; now it is merely the site of a great annual fair, frequented by traders from Aden, various parts of Arabia, and India.

From April till October the place is entirely deserted, and the wooden skeletons of huts are the only signs that the foot of man has ever trodden there. No sooner, however, does the monsoon change than the inland tribes begin to migrate towards the coast, bringing their wares with them, and with the assistance of mats, rugs, hides, and camel saddles, speedily convert the framework of the last year's huts into comfortable residences for themselves and their expected visitors. At the same time country craft from Aden, the Red Sea, Persian Gulf, and coast of India begin to arrive. A population of from ten to twenty thousand is collected, and the place becomes a Babel of tongues, confusion, and uproar. By the end of March the fair terminates, the boats sail for their re-

spective destinations, and the Somalies return inland, carrying with them the proceeds of their speculations, and leaving the place utterly deserted.

The site was originally selected on account of its harbour, the only one on the African coast between the Straits and Guardafui; it is a narrow creek formed by a curvature in the coast, and a long sandy spit running off shore. It is entirely open to the west, and is therefore very insecure during the south-west monsoon; but during the north-east winds it is perfectly landlocked, and being easily made it forms at that season a safe and commodious anchorage.

The place has now been occupied by the Turks, but at the time of which I write it was shared by two rival tribes of Somalies, the Ayal Ahmed and Ayal Yoonus. No form of government or customs dues existed, but the absence of these was roughly supplied by the institution of *Abbans*, protectors or middlemen, through whom alone all sales or purchases were effected. They received a certain per centage in addition to free board, from the trader employing them, in exchange for which they protected their client, arranged his disputes, and, if necessary, fought his battles. A merchant attempting to trade without an *Abban* would be foiled at every step, and stood a good chance of being plundered.

The principal exports are coffee from Hurrur, ivory, gum Arabic, myrrh, frankincense, aloes and other aromatic resins, butter, hides, ostrich feathers, sheep, cattle and ponies. The imports are dates, rice, metals, glass, beads, cotton, silk and satin cloths, hardware and tobacco.

A considerable part of this trade is in the hands of Hindoo merchants from Aden, and it speaks well for both parties that serious disturbances seldom or never occur with strangers, though feuds among the Somalies themselves are of constant occurrence, and frequently of a very sanguinary nature.

The fourth article of the treaty which I negotiated with the people of

Berbera on the 7th November, 1856, gave us full power to deal with the slave trade in this country. It is as follows:—

“The traffic in slaves throughout the Habr Owel territories, including the port of Berbera, shall cease for ever; and any slave, or slaves, who, contrary to this engagement, shall be introduced into the said territories shall be delivered up to the British; and the commander of any vessel of Her Majesty's, or of the Honourable East India Company's Navy shall have the power of demanding the surrender of such slave, or slaves, and of supporting the demand by force of arms if necessary.”

When the elders of the tribe agreed to this they had not the faintest intention of carrying out their engagement, but the treaty gave us the right to act, which was as much as we could have anticipated. For several years their coast was so strictly watched that they had no chance of exporting slaves; but in the season of 1859–60 an attempt was made on their part to renew the slave trade with greater activity than ever, and it assumed a new and most revolting character. It had long been known that the masters of boats from the Arabian coast had been in the habit of kidnapping Somalie girls as slaves on the pretence of marriage; but such instances as reached our ears at Aden were few and isolated.

Now we heard a report that three Somalie girls had thus been kidnapped at Berbera, and to avoid capture by our vessels, had been sent overland to Kurrem, where the owners intended to call for them on their way home, after the annual fair had terminated. I was sent over to the African coast in the Indian navy steamer *Lady Canning* to inquire into the case. On my arrival at Kurrem I sent for the elders, and pointed out the disgrace they were bringing on themselves and their country by participating in a crime so abhorrent to all good Moham-medans, as enslaving free girls of their own faith. They stoutly denied the charge, and explained that as far as they knew the girls had been legally

married, and sent by their husbands to their care.

My information on the subject was quite positive, and as they refused to deliver them up through a sense of right and justice, I was compelled to threaten them that if they were not sent on board within a given time I would request Lieutenant Peevor to batter their much-prized fort about their ears. The threat was sufficient, and the girls were sent on board. I found that my suspicions had been well founded. Certain Arabs had, in two cases by a fictitious marriage, and in the third case by force, got these girls into their power at Berbera, and had sent them to Kurrem to avoid the risk of capture. The last mentioned girl had escaped twice, and had as often been brought back and cruelly beaten; her body was covered with marks, evidently of a cane or stick.

Just as we were about to leave, my interpreter overheard a remark made by one of the people from the shore, that it was rather hard that they should be singled out for such treatment, when so many girls similarly situated were awaiting embarkation at Siyarrah. Without taking any notice of the observation I requested Lieutenant Peevor, who commanded the vessel, to proceed there; and we anchored abreast of their fort at daylight on the following morning. I unhesitatingly taxed them with having slaves on shore, and not suspecting how little I knew about it they did not attempt to deny the fact. All the arguments and threats of the previous day had to be repeated, and eventually they agreed to send off sixteen girls, which they swore by the solemn oath of divorce were all that they had. When these girls came off they informed us that there were still eight more detained on shore. I begged Lieutenant Peevor to send an armed boat's crew to seize the first six men they could fall in with, and at the same time a shot fired wide of the fort, but too near to be pleasant, conveyed an intimation that we were thoroughly in

earnest. These measures were successful, and in all twenty-four girls were delivered up at this place. They were all young and handsome Somalies of from twelve to sixteen years of age, and all told the same tale, that they had either been inveigled into the possession of the Arabs by a simulated marriage, or had been openly sold by their relatives, and taken there by force. Their delight at recovering their freedom was unmistakable, and communicated itself to all who had been instrumental in bringing it about.

Just as we were about to start for Berbera a man who had formerly been a sepoy in the Aden police, hearing that I was on board, came to see me; he informed me that a large slaver was then actually on its way to Kurrem, to pick up the first batch of girls who were naturally supposed to be still there.

We immediately gave chase, and about 3 P.M. we found her anchored close in shore; all the slaves had been landed in charge of the Arab master and a portion of the crew, and the vessel had been so cleaned that on examining her no signs were visible of her late occupants.

I had eight Somalie attendants with me, and these men were armed and sent on shore to track the fugitives; they found them before nightfall, and by midnight they were back on board with twenty-seven more slave girls and four boys. We sent the captured boat and her crew to Aden for trial, and continued our course to Berbera. Our object was to seize the sister vessel which we knew to be there; both belonged to the son of the Sheikh of Amulgarine in the Persian Gulf, who, on the 2nd of July, 1839, had entered into a treaty with the Resident, Major Hannel, containing this important clause, which almost appears to have been made in anticipation of the case in question:—"I, Sheikh Abdoola bin Rashed, do hereby agree that the sale of males and females, whether young or old, of the Somali tribe, shall be

considered as piracy, and that all those of my people convicted of being concerned in such an act shall be punished as pirates." Immediately on our arrival in Berbera we found that news of our proceedings had reached before us; the owner and crew of the boat we had come in search of had deserted and fled inland, so we were fain to be content with taking her also, and sending her as a prize to Aden.

I found at Berbera that many hundred Galla slaves had been brought into the town for sale during the continuance of the fair, most of whom were still there; but with the small crew of the *Lady Canning* we were powerless to compel their surrender in the face of 20,000 armed men there assembled. I induced a few of the chief men to come on board; they did not for a moment deny the presence of the slaves, but simply stated that they were powerless to deliver any up; certainly we were powerless to compel them. All I could do was to prevent any being embarked. I ordered the fair to be closed, and every vessel to leave within twenty-four hours, and each was searched as she passed the *Lady Canning*.

A few days later we made two more captures on shore. The first consisted of fifty-five slaves and six Arabs; the second was made by a small party from the *Lady Canning*, which happened to fall in with 200 sheep and twenty-seven camels belonging to the tribe suspected of harbouring the slaves. These were impounded and brought down to the beach under the ship's guns. This measure had the desired effect, and twenty-two more slaves were delivered up. Lieutenant Peavor was quite justified in

doing this by treaty, but it was a risky thing to do, and he deserves great credit for his intrepidity in having accepted the responsibility. The party sent by him was well armed, but it was insignificant in point of numbers; while the whole country teemed with armed men, bitterly hostile to us and to our measures.

This was the most severe blow we were ever able to strike at the slave trade near Aden; the total number of slaves rescued amounted to 140. Two fine boats were captured, and a number of Arabs sentenced to various periods of imprisonment for piracy.

This was all plain sailing in comparison with the task that devolved on us afterwards. What was to be done with 140 young and attractive girls? One or two of the youngest were sent to Missionary orphanages in Bombay; a few more were taken as servants by English ladies; there appeared nothing for it but to marry off the remainder as best we could. But a very unexpected difficulty occurred. The Cadi of Aden, an exceedingly devout and learned theologian, declared that according to Mohammedan law the institution of slavery was perfectly lawful. We, who had brute force on our side, had declared it to be the contrary, and had rescued these girls from their lawful owners, therefore he could not conscientiously marry them; he was quite willing to do so, and might perhaps even take one himself, if he could only find a text in the Koran to justify the act. We told him that this was his affair; if he failed in his search he would very probably cease to be Cadi of Aden. The text was found.

P.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

It is many years since we have had concentrated in so short a space so much turmoil and perturbation as has marked the month that is now closing. External incidents have united with political conditions within to produce an atmosphere of expectancy and crisis. On January 26th Gordon, accompanied by Colonel Stewart, left Cairo for Khartoum, and his arduous and romantic adventure was followed not only by England but by Europe with all the eager interest of excited imagination. On February 2nd he reached Korosko and entered the desert. Three days later Baker began his advance to the relief of the beleaguered Egyptian garrison at Sinkat, but his Egyptian force proved worthless, and after a speedy and complete repulse he was forced to fall back, with loss of camels, baggage, guns, and nearly 2,000 lives. The alarm was instantly raised that the news of this defeat at Teb, traveling rapidly across the intervening desert, would excite the tribes, prevent Gordon's advance, and even endanger his life. The tribes were declared to be in full revolt, Souakim was menaced with instant attack, the fall of Sinkat was imminent, and for two or three days anxiety in this country was at its height. The newspapers made all they could of hurried meetings of Ministers, bustle at Woolwich and Chatham, shipowners summoned to discuss transports, marines landed at Souakim, Indian troopships detained at Suez, and high fever in the lobbies and at political evening parties. Correspondents from Cairo telegraphed that they "did not hesitate to express their conviction, shared by every one in Cairo, that nothing short of a miracle can save Gordon when the news of Baker's defeat spreads through the Soudan." There

even came a specific and accredited rumour that Gordon had been captured by hostile Arabs. The correspondents raised the temperature by assuring us even that the rumoured capture had "created a profound sensation in Spain." On February 8th, however, Gordon telegraphed from Abu Hamad that all was well. On February 11th he reached Berber in excellent spirits. But satisfaction at the good news was instantly chequered by the intelligence that on the same day the Governor of Sinkat, a brave man, had blown up the fortifications, spiked the guns, and then heading a final sortie had been cut to pieces with the whole of his garrison. For a day the storm blew fiercely upon the English Ministers. Some of their political opponents at home fell into a frenzy, as they thought of Tewfik and his soldiers speared or put to the sword within the sound of British guns, and only a few miles from British ships. The French journalist amused himself with cynical gibes. At Berlin the language of scorn and indignation was heard on every side, "with reference to that 'impotent' and 'pusillanimous' British statesman who is held here to be directly guilty of this accumulation of disaster and disgrace." The public bewilderment was further heightened by a story that the Egyptian force at Cairo had broken out in revolt. The rumour proved to be a wild exaggeration of an incident without significance, but it served its turn as a useful little contribution towards the manufacture of panic.

On February 16th Gordon arrived at Shendy, half way between Berber and his goal, and on the morning of the 18th he reached Khartoum itself. He was received with extraordinary

demonstrations of enthusiasm, the people crowding in thousands to kiss his hands and feet. "I come without soldiers," he said, "but with God on my side to redress the evils of the Soudan. I will not fight with any weapons but justice. There shall be no more Bashi-Bazouks."

The day before his arrival the walls of Khartoum were posted with proclamations to the effect that the Mahdi was to be recognised as the Sultan or Emir of Kordofan, that one half of the taxes (a fraction of Zero, as it has been described) would be remitted, and that there would be no further interference with slave-holding. The last clause was received here with incredulity and amazement for the moment, and effectually damped the imaginative enthusiasm with which Gordon's adventure had been watched, and its success universally hailed.

It is no wonder that this proceeding should have caused a good deal of perplexity in the public mind. It has, in fact, laid bare the uncalculating sentimentalism and improvident cant with which some of our politicians are fond of going to work. The most powerful argument in the mind of the country against the abandonment of the Soudan, and against the Ministers for not intervening by arms to rescue the garrisons, has been that we were relinquishing a vast territory to slavery and barbarism. People talked as if Great Britain had nothing to do but to send a force, and slavery would instantly disappear. General Gordon knows better; and he is the only man who, from his history, character, and exploits, is in a position to be tolerated while he teaches our people to know better. "I wonder," said Gordon the other day, "if you are aware of the fact that when I was Governor-General here I never interfered with slave-holding; and that, in fact, till 1889, no one could do so even under the old *régime*. All my work was against slave-hunting. So much did I regard the existing slaves as property that I have often bought in-

dividuals myself and given them their liberty." His book on the Soudan has been in the hands of the public for upwards of two years, and what he has done ought to have surprised no one. That "energy" on which western peoples naturally pride themselves is exactly what he always dreaded in dealing with the Soudan. The frenzied impatience of the philanthropist of "ill-informed England" was contemptible in his eyes. He was content, in his own phrase, "to drift along in the government of the Soudan," and those who, only a few days ago, were most shrill in their outcry for strenuous and immediate efforts on the part of Great Britain are now, with amazement, perceiving that there is nothing for it except "to drift along," and that the cruelties of Soudanese slavery cannot be stopped by rushing at them like a wild bull.

The rebuke to a reckless and improvident humanitarianism has gone further. Gordon had not been a day at Khartoum before he set to work to convince the people that he had come to deliver them—from what? From the oppression of the Egyptian Government, whose agent he is supposed to be. "Before the day was out," we are told, "a great pile was made in front of the palace, whereon the books recording the debts of the people, the symbols of their oppression by rulers who sought only to enrich themselves and exacted tribute by torture, were publicly committed to the flames. Kourbashes, whips, and other instruments of oppression long used by the ruthless agents of a distant and *insouciant* foreign Government, were heaped upon the pile, and the evidence of debts and the emblems of oppression perished together. Nor was the General content with this merely symbolic deliverance. He forthwith visited the prison, where he found two hundred wretches of all ages and both sexes lying in the utmost misery and loaded with chains. Some of these were innocent, some had never been tried, many were merely prisoners of war, and one poor woman had been

fifteen years in the prison for a crime committed when she was a child. The prisoners were all removed, many were enlarged at once, while the cases of others were sent for immediate inquiry, and before nightfall the demolition of the loathsome Bastille was begun." But then it was precisely this dreadful state of things that had given the Mahdi his strength. Gordon has done what the "rebels" would have done. Yet the bitter cry of the last few days has been, when we examine it, nothing else than censure of the tardiness of the British Government in not sending a force to save the agents and representatives of a cruel government, and in the same act to slay the actors in a just insurrection. One British general was doing the Mahdi's work at Khartoum, another British general was preparing to cut the Mahdi's agents to pieces at Tokar. The paradox of the situation was completed by the deliberate surrender of Tokar on the 21st. The leaders preferred to cede the town to Moslem foes, rather than be succoured by Christian allies. Yet it is for these people who do not want, and will not have, and ought not to have, our interposition, that the random cry of the last ten days has gone forth.

It remains to be seen, even now, whether the British Government would not have shown themselves wiser in the long run if they had resolved to ride out the London storm; if they had adhered to their first policy of leaving the Soudan to itself. It may be that the current of sentiment set in too strongly to be resisted, though it is whispered that one minister at least—and he not the least important of them—did not think so. *Populus vult decipi, decipiatur.* We are left with the uncomfortable moral that there is no enterprise so costly or so Quixotic that an English Government may not be driven to undertake it, if only a violent gust of humanitarianism chances to fall in with the conveniences of party vindictiveness.

While these events were happening in the Soudan, a prolonged discussion upon them and their causes had been going on at Westminster. The Opposition asked Parliament to censure the Government for a vacillation and inconsistency which were alleged to have led to lamentable results. In the House of Lords the censure was carried by a majority of 100, but the House of Commons rejected it by a majority which was only by one short of 50. The minority, moreover, was swollen by the abnormal addition of some thirty Irish members, whose votes were not an expression of opinion on Egyptian policy, but a stroke dealt at an English Government. Although, however, the Ministerial majority was not merely adequate and sufficient, but even handsome and powerful, considering the peculiar composition of the minority, it undoubtedly represented not so much a decisive satisfaction with the past action of the Government, as an overwhelming apprehension of their prospective successors. Apart from those useful and honest men who are ill-naturedly called mechanical Ministerialists, the stream was swelled by tributaries from two opposite quarters. One section blamed the Government for not having taken the administration of Egypt more definitely into their own hands from the very morrow of Tel-el-Kebir: but this section condoned the past on the strength of Lord Granville's despatch of January 4th, which practically took over the rule of Egypt for the future. Another section of the Liberal party, on the contrary, blamed the Government for not having left the country as soon as they had put down the military revolt and established an Egyptian ministry in office: but these politicians again did not suppose that they would do much to further their views by displacing a Minister pledged to evacuation in favour of a party who were openly calling out for annexation.

The position, as it is now left, is a

curious one, nor can it be considered perfectly stable. The difficulties in the Soudan may be expected to subside, though even as regards the Soudan there will be a constant tendency to make the British Government responsible for General Gordon—a personage for whom, exactly by virtue of his truly singular qualities, no statesman in his senses would choose to make himself responsible, and of whom perhaps even yet, in spite of the service that he has rendered them for the moment, the Government would have done more wisely in keeping rather more clear. Whatever happens in the Soudan, the difficulties in Egypt will remain much as they were. The despatch of January 4 definitely and publicly reduces the Egyptian Minister to the condition of an instrument. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone definitely and publicly announces that the aim of our policy is to build up an administration in which the natives shall not be instruments. The “partnership with the Turk” cannot be broken, yet we all agree that it cannot be made to work. We shall insist upon reforms, and we shall insist on employing as many natives as possible. But the natives whom we shall employ either hate the reforms, or are incompetent to execute them, or both. The reckless cross-examination which has been the mischievous plague of the last eighteen months, will be not the less active because the Government has openly assumed responsibility. It will be much more active. The Opposition will practise the criticism which is the function of all Oppositions. The forward, or imperialist, or philanthropic group of Liberals will press the Government to act with vigour and authority. The non-interventionist group will blame acts of vigour and authority as weakening the growth of self-confidence in the natives. Occupation will cost us money. The English taxpayer will awake to the fact that we are doing a work in which we have little concern, and keeping order that

coupons, may be safe. It will be no light task to prevail on one at least of the Powers to consent to a reduction of the interest; but whether the rate of interest be four per cent., or two per cent., or one per cent., our taxpayers will in time want to know why it is their affair. The Ministerial troubles, therefore, are not over with the great division of February 19. They are just beginning. Events have forced, or been allowed to force, the Government to undertake new responsibilities. But their pledges will constantly be drawing them backwards. New troubles will revive attachment to old principles in some of the leaders, and, perhaps, in many of the followers.

It is unprofitable to inquire who is to blame for the new heat and passionate extremity of contemporary politics. Some will say that the fruit and origin of the mischief must be sought in the present Prime Minister's prolonged campaign against the foreign policy of his predecessor. Nor can there be any doubt that the exaggeration of the excitement about the fall of the garrison at Sinkat is in part a desire to retaliate for the exaggeration seven years ago about the misdeeds of the Turks in Bulgaria. Those who believed the warmth of that memorable controversy to be both excessive and fraught with future evils, see their predictions fulfilled. The disproportionate and hysterical spirit that made its appearance then, has reappeared to discomfit those who first raised it. This, however, will pass. The present Prime Minister may fairly be reckoned to be within a certain measurable distance of retirement, though that event is probably much less close at hand than is sometimes supposed. But there is no reason to suppose that his withdrawal from affairs would lead to any return of that composed temper which on the whole marked public life between the fall of Sir Robert Peel and the accession of Mr. Disraeli to power a generation later. It is the fashion now

among both parties to disparage the moderation and equanimity with which the leader of the Conservatives in the House of Commons conducts the business of his party. He lacks fire, they say; he is not aggressive; he does not keep up incessant and harassing assaults in the citadel of the enemy; oh, for one hour of Disraeli! But to talk in this strain is to forget the long years, amounting to nearly a quarter of a century, in which Mr. Disraeli followed exactly those tactics of quietude and patience that are now pronounced to be so contemptible in his successor. No party leader was ever more free from violent restlessness, or more hostile to mere attack for the sake of attack. Disraeli was, by temperament and by intellectual penetration, inclined to take those broad and patient views of policy and of circumstances which make the feverish sallies of excited partisans seem no better than an idle kicking against the pricks. It would be absurd to trace a close likeness between the deep and calculated tenacity which in Mr. Disraeli was a gift of his race, and the honourable fairness, the spirit of proportion and measure that distinguish Sir Stafford Northcote; but we may at least say that in each case there was the same result—a sort of self-respect which prevented men from turning politics into a peculiar kind of frenzy. How far the Conservatives in the constituencies really like and approve of the insensate violence in some of their foremost champions is not easy to ascertain. Nothing has been seen like it for many years, and in fact one may doubt whether anything has ever been seen like it in English politics. We must go to the worst virulences of the Parisian press to find a parallel to utterances so unabashed.

The worst of it is that demoralisation always spreads. In the fierce competitions of the party system, great is the terror of being left behind. All violence breeds violence. Men take a reflected colour from their opponents. As in temper and language,

so in principles and policy. The fear of losing the popular gale becomes stronger than the fear of falling out of the true course, and the necessity of winning shakes integrity of creed.

The Irish party have already made themselves felt in more ways than one, and perhaps their private operations have been more formidable than those which were public. Their course in following Lord Crichton into the lobby on the vote of censure was not settled until the last moment, and it is believed that it was adopted against the views of Mr. Parnell under pressure from the more bitter spirits of Mr. Biggar and Mr. Arthur O'Connor. This is of unhappy omen, like the violent speech made by Mr. Parnell himself at the Rotunda. It shows that the intractable temper is gaining ground, and making it more and more difficult to carry out even the working compromises that have hitherto practically prevailed in spite of much external friction. Though the Irish members may be supposed to be at least as much interested as others in the passing of a bill to extend the franchise in their own country, they have prolonged the discussion on recent events in Ulster. They have indicted the Orangemen for riot and disorder, and the Executive for making of this riot and disorder a pretext for the suppression of Nationalist meetings. The Orangemen have in fact made no pretence of defending themselves against the charge: their answer has been, not that the Nationalists were outside of their legal rights in holding meetings in Ulster, but that such meetings were disagreeable to the Loyalists, that therefore the Loyalists took the law into their own hands and refused to allow their rivals to do what nobody denied that they had a right to do. The Irish Executive, on the other hand, admitted that the Nationalists had a right to hold their meetings, but alleged that they had felt obliged to prohibit them when the expense and

trouble of protecting them against the lawless violence of their opponents seemed excessive. "When 800, 1,000, or 1,200 men were not sufficient to ensure the preservation of the peace, then the Government thought it their duty to stop the meetings. When meetings would . . . have involved an immense expense to the public, the Government had not thought it right to permit them." This principle has been generally accepted as satisfactory, and for the moment it might be allowed to pass. But it is obviously only putting off the evil day. For one thing it was an abuse of the purpose with which the power of putting down meetings was entrusted to the Irish Executive by the Crimes Act. The Crimes Act, however, is not perpetual. And when the time comes for renewal, this particular provision, at any rate, is pretty sure either to be dropped altogether, or else to be so guarded that it will not again be available for any such purpose as putting down a lawful meeting because certain persons in the district or out of the district threaten a lawless attack upon it. For another thing, we are within a measurable distance of a general election. Are Nationalist candidates in Ulster to be allowed to address meetings or not? Is the expense of protecting these meetings to be fatal to them? Clearly no such excuse will under the circumstances of an election hold good for a moment, and however enormous the expense and the embarrassment, the Executive will be obliged to protect what is absurdly styled the "Invasion." Would it not, therefore, have been as well to teach the Orangemen the lesson of law and order to-day rather than to-morrow?

Events in Egypt have numbed the lively interest that would otherwise have been taken in the final assumption of supreme authority by Russia at Merv. Although this step may not excite such keen controversy as if it had happened when politicians were not otherwise engaged—some think

that if we had not been otherwise engaged, it would not have happened—its importance will not be overlooked. Merv is not by any means the "bulwark of India" nor "the vulnerable point in our Indian armour" that our foreign critics suppose, but it brings us closer to the grave and difficult question of our future policy in regard to the Afghan frontier. We are told that Lord Beaconsfield would have answered the annexation of Merv by the military occupation of Kabul, Kandahar, and Herat. This would be a policy no doubt, but before lamenting that it will certainly not be adopted by the present Ministry, it is as well to consider the alternative schemes that are open. One of them, of course, is to persevere in absolute abstention. That might or might not be the best from an ideal point of view; it will be difficult to adhere to it, considering the liability of British opinion to waves of apprehension and vehement activity. Even so careful and well-informed a statesman as the present Governor of Madras has said that we are committed to Herat and by Herat we must stand. To-day, at any rate, it looks as if no considerable party would be in favour of leaving Russia to go even as far as annexing Afghanistan, if she should be minded so to take a troublesome burden on her shoulders. As it is, though we have done nothing so foolish as to annex Afghanistan, we have undoubtedly gone a certain way towards making its frontier our own. The situation is now of this kind. The Government of India has twice since the events of 1880 declared its engagements towards the Amir of Afghanistan. "If any foreign Power should attempt to interfere in Afghanistan, and if such interference should lead to unprovoked aggression on the dominions of your Highness, in that event the British Government would be prepared to aid you," &c., &c. A year ago, the same assurances were repeated and confirmed by the Viceroy. Why does the definite establishment of Russia at Merv bring these

engagements into question? Because it is accepted as bringing Russian authority down to territories claimed by Afghanistan as within her northern frontier. It involves very shortly the delimitation of this frontier, ending in the two neighbours being conterminous along a considerable line. In this task of the delimitation of a disputable borderland it will be extremely difficult for us to hold entirely aloof. Again, supposing the frontier to have been settled, we may be sure that border quarrels will from time to time arise; that the Russian officers will cross the line; that if the Amir objects, we are pledged to support him against Russia, and if he acquiesces we shall believe ourselves to have good grounds for suspecting him of submission to Russia. Again, is it likely, after the two frontiers march side by side, that Russia will agree to consider Afghanistan as outside the sphere of her legitimate influence? That she will assent to the exclusion of her agent from Cabul? Could she be expected to take this position, unless the Government of India undertook corresponding liabilities for the good behaviour of the Amir and his unruly subjects? Yet, if we undertake these liabilities, do we not place ourselves in nearly as bad a

position as if we were the real rulers of Afghanistan?

It is well known that the idea of a treaty with Russia has been in the mind of the present Government, and it is believed to have been actually recommended with some earnestness by the Government of India. There are obvious difficulties in laying down the basis of such a treaty, but these are not peculiar to definite stipulations; they will equally have to be met and settled in laying down the lines of any other policy. There is the objection that Russia would disregard a treaty, as she has disregarded less formal engagements, which she was imprudent enough to volunteer in respect of Central Asia; but, even if this could be fairly said, the treaty would still interpose an obstacle of a certain strength, just as charters used to be valued even by those who knew that the king would violate them if it should suit his purpose. If we think it worth while to make treaty engagements with the Amir, knowing that they possess a certain force, even if they are not absolutely certain to be observed, it is hard to see why we might not make engagements with Russia direct, even with a similar expectation at the back of our minds.

February 23.

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APRIL, 1884.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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HISTORIC LONDON.

As I walk about the streets of this most mighty, most wonderful, most unlovely, and yet most memorable of cities, my mind is torn by a tumult of emotions and thoughts. What a record of power and life in those eighteen centuries since the Roman historian spoke of it as "especially famous for the crowd of its merchants and their wares." What a world of associations cling to the very stones, and names, and sites of it still! Can any city show so great an array of buildings and scenes identified with poetry and literature, and with the memories of poets and thinkers, of so high an order? In its parks, in its river, in its matchless group of buildings at Westminster, in the peculiar beauty of some sunset effects, it has still, I think, certain elements of charm which no northern city surpasses. And then, with these superb elements of interest and beauty, what endless tracts of ugliness, squalor, and meanness! What a prison house, or work-house, is it to some three millions at least of the four millions who dwell here! What a puzzle without hope does it seem, this evergrowing wen, in which we seem to be madly trampling life out of each other as a mob in a panic! And how it maddens one to think that it is within the lifetime of some of us that this extreme monstrosity of bulk has been piled upon our poor city; that but a few years since some of its most memorable and beautiful buildings have been de-

stroyed; that improvements and restoration have wrought their worst under our own eyes. More real ruin has been done to old London within my own memory than in the two centuries which preceded it. More old spots disappear now every ten years than in any century of an earlier time. The Great Fire itself was hardly more destructive than are the railways; and the "boards" are more terrible to such a city than armies of foreign invaders. At times I could almost wish that if the New Zealander is ever to sit on the broken arches of London Bridge and muse upon the ruins of this city, the ruin might take place before London consists of nothing but American hotels, railway stations, and stucco terraces. In a few years London will be only a grimy Chicago, or stuffy New York. The poet will cry again—"Etiam periere ruinae."

Let us put aside the darker, more discouraging side of this strange city; its monotony, its meanness, its horrors, the huge areas of ugliness, and portentous piles of brick and iron which modern ideas of progress have given it. Within this century about a dozen American cities of the fourth class have been dropped down over a large part of the counties of Middlesex and Surrey; and within the same period the river-side has been covered from Putney to Woolwich with some twenty miles of city of the iron and cotton country type. Within twenty

years the river has been crossed and the city pierced by enormous railroads. But all this is not London. Let us think of London as many of us can remember it—a very big city, but neither a county covered with bricks nor a huge terminus; before avenues, American hotels, and mammoth warehouses were invented,

This London, I make bold to say, is of all cities north of the Alps the most rich in local interest. In certain elements of historical interest it surpasses, indeed, Rome itself, Athens, Jerusalem, Venice, or Paris. There is no single spot in London so memorable as the Forum and the Acropolis or the Mount of Olives; none so romantic as the Piazza of San Marco; and Paris has a history almost more fascinating than London. But the historic buildings of Paris have suffered even more than those of London from destruction and restoration. Paris has no Tower, no Westminster Hall, no Temple, and no Guildhall. The history of Venice is at most that of some four or five centuries; that of Jerusalem is made up of broken fragments; that of Athens is but the history of some two centuries. Nay, even the majestic memories of Rome are broken by vast gulfs and blanks; it wants any true continuity, and there is no monumental continuity at all.

Now that which gives London its supreme claim as a historic city is made up of many concurrent qualities. In the first place stands the continuity in the local history of London. To put all probabilities and uncertain origins aside, there is a definite record of London as a city for 1,823 years. During that period there is a history (not more broken than that of England), and a constant succession of local and visible traces. Though London was never a Roman city of the first order, the general scheme of Roman London can still be traced; there is an adequate body of Roman remains; there are Roman bricks in the fragments of the city walls; and

the White Tower stands on the foundations of a Roman bastion. For the thousand years which separate us from the days of Alfred the history of London is complete, and that history can be traced in an almost continuous series of local associations, and for the last eight centuries it exists in an almost regular series of monuments or fragments. Some few of the cities of Europe have an even longer historic record. Some few of them have a more perfect monumental record. But such cities as Treves, Lyons, Milan, or York, obviously belong to the second class of cities, whatever their antiquarian interest. To rank with the four or five great historic cities of the world, we must look to mass, unbroken sequence of local association, and dominant place in the history of the world over a long course of centuries. Marseilles, Florence, Venice, Genoa, Rouen, Cordova and Cologne—even Athens, Naples, Moscow and Prague fail before this test. And of European cities alone can be counted—in the first rank of great historic capitals—Rome, Constantinople, Paris and London.

Now I do not hesitate to say that no one of these surpasses London (I doubt if any one of them equals London) in the degree in which existing buildings, and recognised sites can be identified with history, literature, and the human interest of mankind, in so great a volume and over so vast an unbroken period. Even at Rome all the greater remnants of the ancient world belong to the later empire and the age of decay. The Colosseum, the vastest of the ruins, tells of no great age or man, of nothing but abomination. No great Roman that we know of can be certainly connected with the arch of Constantine, or the baths of Caracalla, or the walls of Aurelian. The very site of the Capitol, the plan of the forum, are disputed. There is hardly a vestige of the city of Coriolanus, of Scipio, and of Julius; hardly any trace of the mediæval church; little

anywhere but the monuments of pride, rapacity, tyranny, and luxury. The same is true of Constantinople in a far greater degree—of almost all the historic cities of the world. This want of continuity is pre-eminently true of Paris. What we see there to-day, the spots that we can verify precisely, are not those of their greatest memories, are not exactly identified with great men, and do not form one immense continuous series. Even Paris has not played, until within three or four centuries, that dominant part in French history, which London has played in the history of England for six or seven centuries. Paris has far fewer records of the feudal ages than London; and it is hopelessly Haussmannised. Nor is old Paris identified as old London is with so great a mass of poetic associations.

London has been, since the Conquest, the real centre of government, of the thought, the growth, the culture and the life of the nation. No other city in Europe has kept that prerogative unbroken for eight centuries until our own day. At the very utmost, Paris has possessed it for not more than four centuries, and in an incomplete manner for at least half of these four. The capitals of Prussia, Austria, Russia and Spain are merely the artificial work of recent ages, and the capitals of Italy and Greece are mere antiquarian revivals. England was centralised earlier than any other European nation; and thus the congeries of towns that we now call London, has formed, from the early days of our monarchy, the essential seat of government, the military head-quarters, the permanent home of the law, the connecting link between England and the Continent, and one of the great centres of the commerce of Europe. Hence it has come about that the life of England has been concentrated on the banks of the Thames more completely and for a longer period, than the life of any great nation has been concentrated in any single modern city. When we add to

that fact the happy circumstance that at least down to the memory of living men, London retained a more complete series of public monuments, a more varied set of local associations, more noble buildings bound up with the memory of more great events and more great men than any single city in Europe (except perhaps Rome itself), we come to the conclusion that London is a city unsurpassed in historic interest.

The true historic spirit, I hold, looks on the history, at least of Europe, as a living whole, and as a complete organic life. I know it is the fashion to pick and choose epochs as supreme, to back races as favourites, to find intense beauty here and utter abomination there. But the real historic interest lies in the succession of all the ages, in the variety, the mass, the human vitality of the record. Now the peculiar glory of London is to possess this local monumental record in a more complete and continuous way than any city perhaps in Europe. We can trace it when the Fort of the Lake, the original Llyn-din, was one of two or three knolls rising out of fens, salt estuaries and tidal swamps. We can make out the plan of the Roman city; we have still the Roman milestone, fragments of Roman walls and of Roman houses, and the line of Roman streets. From thence to the Conquest we can identify the sites of a series of buildings civil and ecclesiastical, and have scores of local names which remain to this day. From the eleventh century downwards we have a continuous series of remains in the foundations of the Abbey, in the White Tower, in the Temple Church, St. Bartholomew's, St. Saviour's, and the other city churches; and so all through the Feudal period we have some record in the Tower, the Guildhall, the magnificent group of buildings at Westminster, the remnants of the Savoy, Crosby Hall, and Lambeth Palace. Of the Tudor and Jacobean age, we have seen the tower gateways of St. James's, of Lincoln's

Inn, and St. John's, Clerkenwell, the Middle Temple Hall, the banqueting hall at Whitehall, Holland House, many of the halls of city companies and of lawyers, old Northumberland House, Fulham Palace, and many a house and tavern frequented by the poets, wits, and statesmen of the seventeenth century. Thence, from the fire downwards, the record is complete and ample, with St. Paul's and the other churches of Wren, Temple Bar, and the Monument, and scores of houses and buildings which are identified with the literature, the statesmanship, and the movement of the eighteenth century from Newton and Dryden down to Byron and Lamb.

There is no city in the world (not Rome or Athens itself) which has been inhabited, and loved, and celebrated by so glorious a roll of poets extending over so long a period. Through all the five centuries from the days of Chaucer and Longland to our own time, a succession of poets and thinkers have lived in London, have spoken of its aspect, and can be traced to this day in their homes and haunts. We can follow Chaucer, and Piers Ploughman, and Froissart, and Caxton, More, and Bacon, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and Milton, Raleigh and Cromwell, Pope and Dryden, Newton and Wren, Addison, Swift, Goldsmith and Johnson, Chatham and Burke; we can look on the houses they dwelt in, on the scenes they frequented, see what they saw, and stand where they trod. The London of Shakespeare alone would fill a volume with the history of the localities where he can be traced, the buildings which he describes, and the local colour which warms so many of his dramas. If we gather up in memory all the scenes that he paints in the Tower, in the city, on the river, in the Abbey or the abbot's house, in the Jerusalem room, in the Temple gardens, in Crosby Hall, in Guildhall, and remember that *Twelfth Night* was performed in the Middle Temple Hall as we have it, we shall get some notion of the stamp which the genius of the

greatest of poets has set upon the stones of the greatest of cities.

Next to Shakespeare himself comes Milton, a more thorough Londoner, and whose many homes, birthplace, and burial-place, we have or lately had. So, too, Dryden, Pope, Handel, Addison, Swift, Fielding, Richardson, Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick, Hogarth, Reynolds, Turner, Byron, Lamb, Dickens, Thackeray, and De Quincey—strike out of our literature, our history, our law, our art, all that is locally associated with definite spots of London, London sights, London life, and London monuments, and the gap would be huge.

The features of London are themselves so vast, their local history is so rich, that they each have a history of their own. No city in Europe possesses a river like the Thames with its leagues of historic buildings along its course, its mighty ports, and bridges, and docks; nor have the Rhine, or the Tiber, a closer association with poetry, literature, and art. Our history and our literature abound with memories of the river. Nor has any city of Europe so great an array of parks associated as much with poetry, literature, and art, each with a long history, and endless traditions of its own. The parks of Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, or New York are modern pleasure grounds of yesterday without the secular avenues, the ancient names, and the famous sites of ours.

In influence upon art, no one would compare the Seine with the Thames, or in immemorial charm contrast Longchamps with Kensington Gardens. In no capital in the world can we find a fortress such as the Tower, so ancient, so vast, so rich in centuries of historic memories, and so closely allied with splendid poetry. No other city possesses two such cathedrals as the Abbey and St. Paul's, each in the front rank of their respective forms of art, and both consecrated by an immense army of buried worthies and historic scenes.

How comes it that our city which has, in five or six of the elements of a

great historic capital, qualities so supreme; which possesses the most venerable cathedral, the most historic castle, the most famous hall which still remain upon the earth; which has most noble remnants of all forms of Gothic art, both civil and religious, of all forms of Tudor art, of the classical Renaissance, and of the modern rococo art; a city whose monuments and localities are enshrined in ten thousand pages of our literature; where we can even yet trace the footsteps of the larger half of all our famous men; a city where in a summer's day you may pass across the record of eighteen centuries in stone, or in name, or in plan—how comes it that this city which has been the stage for so large a part of English history, and the delight of so glorious a roll of English genius—is to some of us a place of weariness and gloom?

It is only, I think, within this nineteenth century that London has ceased to be loved and honoured. As I walk about its streets, and try to forget the monotonous range of stucco palaces and dismal streets we see, and recall the look of it when silver Thames flowed between gardens, towers, and spires, the music of a hundred lines is wont to ring in my ears. I fancy I can see the pilgrims setting forth from the "Tabard" in Southwark, or with Shakespeare

"Stand in Temple Gardens, and behold,
London herself on her proud stream afloat,"

and walk about with old Stow, or visit the tombs with Sir Roger, or so musing I go and see Goldie's grave, and Johnson's house in Gough Square, and the fountain in the Temple dear to Lamb, to Dickens, and to Thackeray.

London within this century has grown to be four times what it was at the end of the last century; and perhaps it is this portentous bulk which prevents us from seeing, or knowing, London at all. We cannot be persuaded that our city still possesses works of incomparable beauty and

historic interest, and that the mass and sequence of them, and their literary associations have hardly any equal in the world. We undervalue our city when we talk so continually of its smoke, its horrors, and its ugliness. Historic interest is not the same thing as artistic beauty; and picturesque elements may still manage to survive in a wilderness of grimy brick. London is not one, but ten or twelve great cities; it is the only city in the world, which is at once the centre of a vast empire, the port of the commerce of the world, the seat of the finance of the world, the home of the oldest monarchy, of the oldest parliament, and some of the oldest foundations, religious, legal, and municipal to be found in Europe. Though it has no palaces to compare with those of Paris, it has fragments of palaces even older, and parks which have even more beauty, and as much historic interest as palaces. As the Thames is a commercial port which has no rival but the Mersey, as London is a larger manufacturing centre than Birmingham or Leeds, as the historic buildings of London are in foundation, at least, older than those of Florence, Venice, or Pisa, as its parks exceed in varied beauty any other open spaces in Europe, London has over and above its huge and melancholy bulk, at least four elements, each one of which would make a city of the first class.

There are in London three great buildings, or groups of buildings, which, in their combination of artistic and historic interest, are absolutely without a rival in Europe. These, of course, are the Tower, the Abbey and its surroundings, and Westminster Hall and the other remnants of the Old Palace. If to these we were to add two other buildings of a very different kind, I mean the Temple and Holland House, we have those buildings, of all others, it may be, in Europe of a private, and not a public, kind, where rare beauty is to be found in connection with an immense record

of association with literature and with history.

Each of the three great monuments is of its kind amongst the noblest in the world; each of them has been for centuries an organ of our national life. That life has never been interrupted in any of them. They still survive in all their essential character. They still belong to the dynasty which built them, and they still serve the uses for which they were originally designed. They are all associated with our history and our literature as hardly any buildings now extant are. In their combination, in the continuity of their record, and in their own separate interest, they give London a character which no living city in the world retains.

Of the three buildings, the Tower is the oldest and, in some ways, the most unique. It shares with the castles of Windsor, Avignon, the Palazzo Vecchio, and the Kremlin the rare peculiarity of being a mediæval fortress of the first class which has not become a ruin or a fragment. But the Tower in its central part is far older than them all. The races which built the Kremlin and the minarets on the Bosphorus were wandering robbers and herdsmen when the White Tower was the home of the most powerful kings in Europe. And as to the Vatican, the Escorial, and the Louvre, much in the stirring tale of the Tower was ancient history before the foundations of these palaces were laid. The White Tower has an authentic history of more than 800 years, and there is every reason to believe that beneath and around it are still remains of the Roman fortification of Londinium. But for the eight centuries of its certain history, the White Tower has guarded the symbols of our national power. The descendant of the Conqueror still holds it for the same uses. When the White Tower first rose over the Thames, the nations we now call France, Germany, Austria, Spain, and Russia did not exist as nations at all. And now, when the Bastille of Paris has disap-

peared for almost a century, and the republics which built the palaces of Florence, and Venice, and Ghent, and Bruges have been extinct for centuries, the Tower of the Normans has continued after them as long as it existed before them. It is neither a ruin, nor a museum, nor a site. It is still in the nineteenth century what it was in the eleventh—the central fortress of the kingdom which the Normans founded; it still guards the crown of Alfred, the Confessor, the Conqueror; it is still a martial camp, and guard to this day is changed day and night in the name of the descendant of King Wilhelm. And its towers recall more passages in the history and the poetry of our nation than perhaps any other building in the world records those of any other nation.

It may be that the Tower is modernised to the eye by wanton and stupid restoration. It is quite true that in magnificence and pictorial charm it cannot compare with Carcassonne, Loches, the Kremlin, or the Palazzo Vecchio. But the old stones in the Tower behind the wretched rubble facing, and the old bloodstained mould beneath the encaustic tiles of St. Peter's are just as real as ever. The Tower is only modernised skin-deep; and in some ways it is far more truly interesting to the historic eye, because it is not a mere picturesque ruin, a long-abandoned pile. Its very modern air is, in one sense, its surprising feature. It looks almost a recent work, because it has never ceased to be used for the end for which it was designed. It may be doubted if any civil building in the world has so long a continuous history. There are tombs and churches of twice its age; there are ruined castles and walls of far greater antiquity. Priests say mass in the baths of Diocletian; the tomb of Hadrian is converted into a fortress; the square temple of Ne-mausus is a picture-gallery; and bulls are baited in the amphitheatre of Arles. But the Tower is the only civil edifice remaining in the world which

has stood for eight centuries serving the same dynasty and the same national life, in unbroken continuity of service; and in those eight centuries it has known no period of degradation or decay, but rather has witnessed a splendid series of great men and memorable deeds.

The Tower is by no means the mere collection of armouries, dungeons, and torture-chambers that the casual sight-seer thinks it. Its true historical character is that of seat of our early government, residence of the kings, and head-quarters of their forces. It is palace, fortress, council-hall, and treasure-house quite as much as prison. Indeed it is only a prison because it is a strong place. For five centuries, from the days of the first Normans to that of the last Tudor, it was from time to time the official residence of our kings, and hence the scene of much of our political history. Plantagenets and Tudors have all inhabited it; for nearly three centuries our kings started from it on their coronation ceremony. Two kings, four queens, and many princes and princesses died there. Many have been born there, and two, as we know, were buried in its walls. Its two churches, the Norman St. John's, and the late-pointed St. Peter's, are both amongst the most historic and touching of the monuments which the Middle Ages have left us. There is hardly any other building in Europe, and certainly none in England, of which it can be certainly said, as it can of St. John's Church in the White Tower, that it stands to-day (but for some wanton and foolish scraping) much as it was in the days of our Norman and Angevin kings, when there were gathered in it the men who first fashioned the map of Europe. Of St. Peter's-on-the-Green it may be said that the Abbey itself has no such pathos. Beneath that floor and beside those walls, which ecclesiologic childishness has pranked out with trumpery restorations, there moulder the headless bones of men and women whose

passion, pride, crimes, or sufferings fill the annals and the poetry of our race.

In this matter there is surely one protest to make, one appeal to urge. The Tower is beyond all question the most historic feudal relic now extant in Europe. It contains almost the only chambers of the early middle ages to which we can assign any definite history, and point as the actual dwelling-place of historical persons. Some of the most important of these, and the prisons of Elizabeth, and Raleigh, and More, and Lady Jane Grey, are practically closed to the public. The fact that the Tower still contains a considerable population and some scores of families is a great danger to its safety, degrades and vulgarises it, and excludes the public from the use of it. The Tower should be entirely cleared of all inhabitants except the necessary force of soldiers, and the warders in their old Tudor uniform. The place should be protected against fire as carefully as the Record Office or the British Museum; mere rubbish and modern carpentry should be cleared away, and the old stones left bare without Brummagem "restorations."

In the Abbey, Englishmen have a building which has become to them the typical shrine of their history and national glory, which fires the imagination and makes their heart throb, as no extant building in Europe affects any other people. To some degree the Kremlin exerts the same spell over the Russian; but the *genius loci* is less concentrated, it is incomparably lower and coarser in its power, and has a far less ancient and splendid record. France has no such monumental centre of its national memory; nor has Italy, nor Germany, nor Spain. But the Abbey is still to Englishmen all that the Temple of Solomon was to the Hebrew, and the tomb of the Prophet to the Arab, and the shrines of Olympia to the Greek, or that of Jupiter on the Capitol to the Roman; and not to Englishmen

only, but to some sixty millions of English-speaking people in so many parts of this planet. To all of them the Abbey is grown to be a glorified Kaaba, a splendid and poetic Fetich in stone, which seems to them the emblem of our English spirit and the resting-place of whatever England has ever held most venerable. It is no longer church, no longer cemetery—the tombs and the throne of kings are but part of its possession; no museum holds things so precious; no historical building has so vast a record of associations. Its very name has passed into our language as the synonym for national honour. St. Denis is to-day a whited sepulchre, where spruce revivalism is still scraping and bedecking in loathsome gaudiness the empty and ruined tombs. Rheims, too, once even more beautiful than the Abbey, is being scraped and trimmed like an American corpse prepared by the embalmers for the undertaker's show. Its historical memories have little power over modern Frenchmen. The magic and the mystery have left Notre Dame; the Campo Santo of Pisa, and the Duomo of Florence or of Venice are not national at all, but provincial; and the Cathedral of Cologne is an academic product of German Geist and Teutonic Kunst. But the Abbey is a building which has an inimitable power over the imaginations and the sympathies of a great race.

The Abbey is so vast a pile, and its associations are so far-reaching, that like London itself we fail to grasp its dignity as a whole. It is not one building, but a great assemblage of buildings, each one of which has a story that would put it in the front of the secular monuments of Europe. With its history that reaches back for eleven centuries, and with remains still visible which go back to the Confessor, it is one of the oldest foundations in England, and one of the most perfect remnants of pure mediæval work. Since the walls that we see rest in part on foundations

anterior to the Conquest, and the history of the church has been unbroken since the time of the Confessor, we may properly speak of the Abbey as one and the same monument. In that sense no church in the world can show so long a succession of historical scenes. It is possible, but doubtful, that some other mediæval work has an equal assemblage of various groups of beauty; but none other, assuredly, has such inexhaustible sources of interest and pathos. How they crowd on the memory at once! The tombs of saints which have become shrines and pilgrimages; the long succession of ceremonials of state, coronations, marriages, funerals, and national manifestations of joy and grief; the rows of tombs from the majestic simplicity of that of the first great Edward; the helmet and saddle of Henry; the exquisite art of Henry Tudor's, and the desecrated vault where Cromwell lay; the historic throne, and the legendary stone—

“The base foul stone, made precious by the
foil
Of England's chair.”

“The monumental sword that conquer'd France,” the shield of state, the banners and helmets over the tombs, the quaint history of the Order of the Bath with its five centuries of fantastic mediævalism, the rare and suggestive paintings on the walls, the vast city of tombs and monuments—philosophers, artists, statesmen, soldiers—the scenes of Shakespeare which every corner of it recalls, the memorable passages in history, the exquisite prattle of Sir Roger, the talk of Johnson and Goldsmith, the wit of Pope, the verses of Wordsworth and Scott, the prose of Irving and Lamb—the echo of a thousand pages in our literature and our history—all these make up a charm which in mass and in beauty invest no other building in the world.

I am not myself very greatly interested in public ceremonials, as such,

be they royal coronations or the burial of celebrities, and I leave it to heralds and courtiers and newsmen to gloat over these things as they please. Nor do I care overmuch about mediæval saints. But the historic spirit cannot forget that the annals of the Abbey have a very different significance. In these various occasions of public ceremonial there took part, we may remember, all the men recorded in our history—the statesmen, the soldiers, the lawyers, the poets, the men of every department of greatness. All of these from time to time for eight centuries have been gathered in that building to open or to close a new reign or a new dynasty, to celebrate some national festival, to bury some national hero, to muse upon the relics of the past, to weep over the body of some inimitable genius as the thrice-sacred dust was piled upon the dust of him they had loved. Yes! there is no building in the world where human sympathy has poured forth in such torrents, in ways so great and various, and over so vast an epoch of time.

The Abbey, as I say, is not one building, but an assemblage of buildings; and each one has a history of itself. The remnants of the old Benedictine Abbey are in themselves extraordinarily beautiful, and charged with memories and associations. The conventual edifices still left in Europe undestroyed and undesecrated are not so many but what these stand in the front rank. The Cloisters, the Abbot's House, and the Refectory, the Muniment Room, the Chapel of the Pyx, the Jewel House, the room called Jerusalem, the remnants of the other abbey buildings, and above all the Chapter House, are so rich in associations with our history, our poetry, and our literature, that if they existed alone in any foreign city, we should make special journeys to see them. What a history in the five centuries of "Jerusalem" alone, which is perhaps the most venerable private chamber now extant in

Europe. But of all these relics of the past surely the Chapter House is supreme. Built 630 years ago in the zenith of the pointed style, it is one of the most exquisite examples of its class. Here six centuries ago, from the day when the House of Commons existed as a separate chamber, it met and continued for the most part to meet for nearly three centuries till the death of Henry VIII. Here was matured the infant strength of that Parliament which now rules 300,000,000 of souls, and which has served as the undoubted model of all the parliaments of Europe, America, and Australia. This house is in fact the germ and origin of all that is known as the "House" where the English tongue is heard; it is the true cradle of the mother of parliaments, where that mother was nursed into childhood. For two centuries and a half it has been the school of English statesmen, and has witnessed some memorable struggles of our feudal history. I never enter it but I think what were the feelings of a Roman of the age of the Antonines, who, standing on the hill of Romulus looked down on the Rostra beneath, and thought of the days when Licinius and Valerius, Virginius and Camillus addressed a few hundreds of herdsmen and farmers, and Rome was but a hill fort by the Tiber, and the Republic was but one of the tribes of Italy.

If with this Chapter House by the Abbey we take in with our mind's eye the remnant of St. Stephen's Chapel close by, and are willing to think of that exquisite fragment as standing for the chapel itself, we get, in the two together, the seat of the House of Commons for nearly five centuries and a half, from Edward I. to our own memory. I doubt if any buildings still extant convey to any people in the world so great a suggestion of the course of their whole political history. And of the crimes which architecture has wrought on history, the most unpardonable, I think, was done when the monotonous

heap of bad masonry which they call the New Palace of Westminster disguised Westminster Hall, decked out St. Stephen's crypt like a toy Bambino in a Jesuit church, and swept away the burnt ruins of the Plantagenet palace—to make Tudor corridors and symmetrical galleries for the comfort of my lords and honourable members.

Of the Hall of Westminster, the third of the matchless remnants of Old London, I can hardly bear to speak. Though it is not, as we see it, the hall of Rufus, still it stands upon and represents the hall of Rufus, and is thus in a sense as ancient almost as the Tower or the Abbey. But call it what it is, the Hall of Richard II., what a history lies wrapt in those five hundred years. It stands still, to my eyes, the grandest hall of its class in Europe. Let us forget the silly statues, and the strange transformation of it, and the carpenter's Gothic restorations, and be insensible to everything but its mass, its dignity, its glorious roof, and its inexhaustible memories. Centuries of court pageants and state trials, speeches, and judgments of famous men, scenes and sayings which are embedded in our literature; let us think of the tragedies, the agonies, the crimes, the passions, the terrific crises in our history; of what glorious words, what gatherings of learning, wit, beauty, ambition, and despair have the old walls witnessed from Oldcastle to Warren Hastings, Sir Thomas More and the Protector Somerset, Strafford and Charles, the Seven Bishops and the great Proconsul. Of all trials in our history, those two of Charles and of Hastings have perhaps most exerted the historic imagination, by the intense passion with which they aroused the interest of the nation, by their concentration of historic characters round one great issue, by the dignity and world-wide importance of the proceedings, and by the place that they hold in our national literature. I ask myself sometimes which I would rather have beheld, the

faultless dignity of Charles in presence of the mighty Cromwell, or the molten passion of Burke in the assembly of all that was famous in the nation, and I find it impossible to decide. And when we add to these memories all the other scenes the Hall has witnessed, the great judges who have sat there and built up the slow growth of English law, unrivalled in the modern world, the illustrious lawyers who have argued, the memorable decisions that it has heard, it is beyond doubt the most historic hall in the world.

We, then, who have in these three incomparable relics the most historic castle, the most venerable church and burial place, the most memorable hall of justice now extant on the earth, are even thereby citizens of no mean city. Neither the pall of smoke, nor the defilement of our noble river, nor the weary wilderness of brick and plaster, nor the hideous abominations of shed, viaduct, and caravanserai which the steam devil has brought with him—nothing but our own folly can destroy the historic grandeur of London. Nor is it wholly in memory that its glories live. There is still something for the eye. As I watch some autumn sunset through the groves of Kensington that the great William of Orange so loved, or across the reaches of Chelsea that Turner so loved; as I watch the Pool from the Tower terrace, and the ducks and the children at play in the park of Charles; as I prowl about the remnants of the old Gothic churches in the city which the Fire has spared, and which the blighting hand of the improver has forgot to destroy; as I sit by the fountain in the Temple, or listen to the rooks in Lincoln's Inn; as I grub up some quaint old fragment of a street, or a tavern, or a house, or a shop, or tomb, or burial-ground, which has still survived in the deluge; as I stray through the multitudinous windings of the city, and out of the old names rebuild again as in a vision the city of the Romans, and of Alfred, and of the Conqueror, of the Fitz-Aylwins,

and the Bukerels, and the Poulteneyes, the Whittingtons, the Walworths, and the Greshams; as I see the golden cross of Wren rising out of a white October fog into the sunlit blue, I say that there is yet something left for the eye as well as so much for the memory. And what a pang does it give us to think that it is doomed. Bit by bit the old London sinks before our eyes into the gulf of modern improvement, or the monkey-like tricks of the restorer. We who have lived to see the remnants of St. Stephen's carted away, and a mammoth caravanserai take the place of Northumberland House, the last link of modern Charing Cross with the Charing Cross before the Commonwealth; we who have seen the tavern dear to Shakespeare and Ben Jonson disappear, and the houses of Milton go and leave not a wrack behind; who have seen the "Tabard" and the "George" disappear, and the Savoy and the Watergate swallowed up in the torrent—we must brace ourselves up for the rest. Villas will soon cover the site of Holland House. The Temple will be wanted for a new restaurant. The

Underground Railway will pull down the Abbey to make some new "blow-holes," and a limited company will start a new "Hotel de la Tour de Londres" on the site of the Tower. It is melancholy to think that the stones which eight centuries of national history have raised, that the roofs which have rung with the mirth of Shakespeare and the organ of Milton, on which such beauty has been lavished and where so much genius has been reared, are to be swept away in a few years.

It is eighty-two years since our great poet of nature cried as he looked from Westminster Bridge in the dawn—

"Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty."

No poet could say it now; no poet will ever say it again. But they cannot rob us of memory. And let us who care for our national glory at least cherish the story of these sites when the very stones are gone. That will always be "most touching in its majesty."

FREDERIC HARRISON

A VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA FOR HEALTH.

It is becoming such a common thing with English doctors to recommend a long sea-voyage to their patients, that no apology is needed from one who has tried the prescription for relating his experience. Well or ill told, it must have interest for a large number of readers.

It is a serious remedy, and for that very reason its probable effects are almost certain to be over-estimated. People in bad health are naturally inclined to think that some great effort of this kind, involving sacrifices of money, time, and comfort, is more likely than anything to bring about a radical cure. A word of caution is all the more necessary, for the venture is not one to be made hastily and without due consideration both of its own peculiar drawbacks, and of the circumstances of each particular case. Promising as it may seem to be in itself, it is often necessary to take account of some special obstacle to its complete success. On the other hand, if a voyage is to be taken at all, it should be in the earliest stages of disease; and a more or less complete disappointment is the certain result of deferring the evil day until a sea-voyage is thought to be "the only chance."

It must be borne in mind that as much responsibility rests with the patient as with the doctor. The latter recommends what, from his point of view, is likely to do his patient the most good. He has neither the time nor the opportunity to enter into the special circumstances of each case. It is for the patient to consider whether or not they are at all likely to hinder the end in view. His pecuniary resources, his like or dislike for travelling, his ability to endure with cheerfulness the monotony of a sea-life, especially if he is to

be dependent upon the society into which he may be thrown on board ship, may be mentioned as circumstances that will contribute largely to the success or failure of his journey. In my own case the conditions were altogether favourable. I went to Australia in the company of my wife, in one of the largest and best passenger ships, at the best season of the year, and among a large number of fellow-passengers we were fortunate enough to meet with several congenial companions.

It is not my purpose to describe the events of a sea-voyage, or to give a detailed account of life on board ship. To all who are interested in the subject, I cannot do better than recommend the excellent handbook of Dr. Wilson, *The Ocean as a Health Resort*, from which full and reliable information may be obtained.¹

It is supposed by many that the climate of the ocean between England and Australia is pretty nearly all in favour of the invalid. This is far from being the case. A very trying part of the voyage is the season of hot weather that sets in within about a fortnight after leaving the Channel, lasting perhaps a month. The warmth is pleasant enough at first; but, as it

¹ To one detail of ship-life I must call attention here, both on account of its importance and because I have not seen it noticed elsewhere. I would strongly recommend any one who is not in a position to secure a whole cabin to himself to exercise caution as to the fellow-passenger with whom he consents to share it. I have seen men condemned through a long voyage to the most uncongenial and even offensive companionships, to their constant annoyance and disgust. But there is a yet more important reason for this caution. It must be very undesirable for any one to share the small space of a ship's cabin with a consumptive patient, especially so for one who is in any degree a fellow-sufferer.

increases it becomes enervating, and we nearly all found, while passing through the tropics, that we were steadily losing weight. Bad coughs became worse, and the real invalids began to despond. Again, the rapid transition from the heat of the tropics to the cold of the Southern Ocean is severely felt by all who are sensitive to sudden changes of temperature; and, although it is during the colder part of the voyage that the greatest improvement in health may be expected, it is a time when very great care to avoid chills is necessary. There were several cases of hæmorrhage, pleurisy, and other forms of inflammation among the passengers at this period. We did not at any time go below 40° S. lat.; but at this latitude the weather was very cold, and it was impossible to remain on deck, even on days of bright sunshine, except while taking vigorous exercise. Ships going to Australia often proceed to 45° or 47° S. lat. when the sufferings and risks of invalid passengers are necessarily very much aggravated.

Physicians would do well to warn their patients against the folly of taking liberties with their health at sea. It is true that colds are not so easily caught as they are on land; but, even at sea, cold-bathing on deck in the early morning must be injurious for any but those who are in comparatively strong health. I noticed this in more than one instance; in one particularly of a young man, otherwise likely to have made some real improvement, who injured himself fatally by his imprudence in this respect. Another common and very fertile source of injury is violent exercise in climbing the rigging, in games, and other athletics.

The results of our voyage were not in any case of that sensational kind that has often been described. I have heard many stories of persons carried on board ship in an almost dying condition, who have arrived in Australia, if not perfectly restored to health, at least far on the way to

recovery. No such happy results came under my notice; indeed, there was a general feeling of disappointment among us at the apparent failure of the voyage. Out of seventy-five saloon passengers upwards of forty were travelling for their health. For several of these the chance of recovery, under any treatment, was so slender, that it would have been far better had they remained to enjoy home comforts and the society of their friends to the last. The custom of sending invalids to sea in an advanced stage of disease cannot be too strongly deprecated; and in this I am certain that all who know what sea-life really is, will agree with me. My own case was one of chest disease, at an early stage, attended with great general debility. I certainly felt better at sea than I had done for some time previously; but I cannot trace to the voyage any permanent benefit, either local or general.

Before returning to England I spent nearly nine months in Australia, so that I am not in a position to offer any opinion as to the merits of a voyage out and home, for the sake of the voyage only. Whether it is desirable to return at once, or to remain for a time in the hot, dry climate of Australia, is, of course, a question for the decision of a medical man in each individual case.

Nothing could have been more disappointing than the weather that greeted our arrival in Melbourne. We had come some thirteen thousand miles in search of warmth and sunshine, and reached Australia in mid-summer to find very much the same weather as we had left behind in England—gloom, rain, and cold winds. "A beautiful season," we were told, "plenty of rain," which, to English ears, sounded the reverse of encouraging. However, this did not last long; and it was not many weeks before we could fully appreciate the beauty of a cloudy day, and were longing for rain as earnestly as any one. For persons

with weak chests I think the climate of Melbourne must be one of the most trying in the world. Mornings of bright, hot sunshine, with scorching wind, change within a very few hours to afternoons of really biting cold, when the strongest are thankful for ulsters or sealskin jackets. Upon the hottest days it is a common thing to see people carrying heavy coats or rugs, in anticipation of the sudden change that may occur. The whole of the southern coast of Australia and a considerable margin of country inland is, so far as I was able to learn, subject to like alternations of temperature. Very little is known in England, even among medical men, of the climate of the Australian colonies, or rather, I should say, of their many different climates. Persons coming out for their health seem very generally under the impression that they have but to reach the shores of Australia to find a climate ready made to suit their particular ailments. This is a great mistake as regards consumptive patients; and I will go so far as to say that, in the majority of cases, they will find themselves, on first landing, in a climate less suitable to them than that of the south coast of England. The climate of the Australian coast has been proved for the most part to be unfavourable. With the invalid's arrival his difficulties and hardships really begin. He is a good deal disappointed, it may be, with the effect of his long sea voyage, from which he had been led to expect so much, and finds at once that to get real benefit from a residence in Australia he must set out upon a fatiguing and expensive journey by land. Where he is to go, and where to live when he gets there, will be questions of very serious difficulty. Lodgings, such as we know them in England, are not to be met with. The choice of accommodation lies between boarding-houses and the so-called hotels, which are often little better than a common public-house; and, except in the neighbourhood of the largest towns, visitors

must depend entirely upon the latter. Any one who has made acquaintance with a Bush hotel would be slow to recommend it as a residence, even to a man in health, and would certainly advise an invalid by all means to avoid it. Practically speaking, it comes to this, that, except for those who are so fortunate as to have friends living in the interior in a favourable locality, Australia is not a suitable resort for invalids at all. I had it from a medical man, practising in one of the large cities, that, out of hundreds of persons with weak lungs who had consulted him during a period of twenty-five years, not one of those who remained on the coast had materially improved in health. His advice to all who, from want of means, want of friends, or want of strength were unable to proceed to the interior, was to return to England as soon as possible.

It had been our intention to spend the summer in Tasmania; but as the season seemed likely to be a cool and rainy one, the physician whom I consulted in Melbourne dissuaded me from going there. I cannot, therefore, give any certain information as to the Tasmanian climate. What I heard about it from others makes me think it must be very much more like our own than is generally supposed in England. An additional drawback to consumptive patients is the daily fall of temperature that takes place in the early part of the afternoon. This is especially felt at Hobart and near the south coast generally. During the summer Hobart is crowded with visitors from all the other colonies, and it is then a matter of the greatest difficulty to secure accommodation of any sort. My doctor told me that, for this reason alone, he could never recommend invalids to go there, unless they had friends ready to receive them.

While staying at Melbourne I busied myself with making inquiries as to a suitable resting-place for two or three months in Victoria or New South Wales; not with very great success. Trustworthy information, as to the

climate of any particular locality, I found it hard to obtain. This is especially the case when inquiries are made in one colony about the features of another. At length, with the concurrence of Dr. —, we determined to make a trial of Albury in the Riverina, on the borders of New South Wales, seven hours from Melbourne by railway. We found it a clean and pleasant little town, prettily situated on the banks of the Murray, and surrounded by ranges of hills. We were so fortunate as to secure comfortable accommodation with board in a private house; and as, during the first three weeks of our stay, we enjoyed pleasant summer weather, we made up our minds to remain at Albury during the two months that must elapse before we could start for Queensland, where we had been invited to spend six months in the cooler part of the year. We did not long enjoy the pleasant weather I have spoken of. About the middle of January it became very hot—the thermometer for some days standing at over 100° in the shade (once as high as 104°) during the day, and at 90° in the house at night. It was considered a “cool summer,” in Albury— 110° , for a week together, being, by no means, exceptional. From this heat, however, we could see no escape. We could not hear of any place where we should be likely to find cooler weather without encountering, at the same time, the cold southerly breezes and changeable climate that had proved so trying to me in Melbourne. Besides that, we were reluctant to leave our comfortable quarters. For equable weather and continuous warmth I had been pining for many months; but I had not anticipated heat like this, nor could I have believed it would prove so rapidly enervating as it did. I would strongly recommend Sydney, rather than Melbourne, as a starting-point, except for those who intend to visit Tasmania. Sydney is within reach of localities more suited to the invalid than any he is likely to hear of in

Victoria. It offers a more favourable climate than Melbourne for a temporary residence, and possesses great advantages in the many beautiful excursions, both by land and by water, that are to be made in its neighbourhood.

Towards the end of February we started for Queensland, and arrived at our friend's station “on the Barcoo” in the middle of March. Our route was from Albury to Sydney by railway, sixteen hours, a voyage of five days by steamer to Rockhampton, after which another day's railway journey brought us within two hundred and seventy miles of our destination—a distance to be covered by two days of coach travelling, and as many more in a “buggy.”

A journey of nearly three weeks, with a rest of two or three days here and there, would be a formidable undertaking to a person in bad health, even in England. It is a much more serious business in Australia, especially when it extends beyond the railways. To rise at four o'clock each morning, and to be jolted about in a coach for fourteen or fifteen hours, along the roughest and, at times, almost impassable roads, under a blazing sun and enveloped in clouds of dust, is enough to try the endurance of the strongest; which is further tested by the coarse fare and bare accommodation of the roadside huts. Nor was there anything in the aspect of the country in the parts of Australia through which I travelled, to relieve the tedium of the way. The eye was wearied day after day by a dreary and monotonous waste of dried grass, sand, and scrub. A sudden fall of rain may delay the coach for hours, perhaps for days; and as it is all that five horses can do to drag coach and luggage through the mud, the passengers must get on as best they can upon their legs. Happily, of this last misfortune we had no actual experience; but it is a danger from which the traveller is never quite free, and the fear of it was always in our minds.

The shorter stages made in our friend's conveyance were less exhausting, but even a station buggy is not the most luxurious vehicle in the world. It took me fully a month to get over the effects of my journey, if, indeed, I have ever done so. Yet, it was to Queensland, and to this particular district of Queensland, that I had been specially recommended to come; and we had travelled in the easiest way possible. A great disappointment was in store for us. We had been led to understand that the heat would be over by the end of March, and that we might look forward, after that, to five or six months of really pleasant and refreshing weather. *In fact*, great heat lasted till the beginning of May, and we found that "the winter" extended over something less than three months, during which a week or ten days of really cool weather—say from 65° to 75° in the shade at noon—might be expected at intervals. It is fair to say that the winter we spent in Queensland was said to have been an unusually "mild" one.

An Englishman is entitled to use the expression "great heat" of a temperature of 98° in the shade, though probably a resident in Queensland would speak of it differently. It should be remembered that heat and cold are only relative terms, the use of which conveys very different ideas to different persons. It is of the greatest importance, in making inquiries about climate, to know accurately in what sense the words are used, and to obtain the readings of the thermometer at different seasons. I have often heard the words "pleasantly cool" applied to days which I could only describe as "exhaustingly hot."

An opinion prevails now that the western downs of Queensland are highly favourable for consumptive patients; but I very much question its accuracy. In some cases, where the general strength is only slightly impaired, it is possible that the light,

dry air of these districts may do good; but for persons who are really in weak health the intense heat must be extremely enervating. There is nothing sufficiently bracing in the climate of the winter months to compensate for the severity of the summer. But it would be folly to go for the winter only, as nothing but a stay of many months could possibly compensate for the necessary journey.

Before the end of the hot weather I was convinced that it would be unsafe for me to remain through a second summer in Australia; and, being quite unfit for the discomforts of a journey to Tasmania, we determined, as soon as the winter was over, to make for England by the shortest possible route. Accordingly, at the beginning of August we started from Queensland. We reached Sydney on the 27th of that month, and left by steamer for England on the 31st, arriving at Plymouth on the 20th October.

Through the kindness of our friends, in placing at our disposal a suitable conveyance, relays of horses and two of their most careful men as drivers, the fatigues of our land journey were mitigated. But kind wishes could not improve the miserable accommodation on the road, nor make five days in an Australian steamer anything but tedious and disagreeable. Many will think that to return to England in October was unwise; but the result in my case has justified the conviction that, with proper care taken, a winter here would prove less injurious than the exhausting heat of an Australian summer.

It will be seen from the foregoing pages that my journey to Australia ended in disappointment. I returned to England in a very much worse state of health than I left it. I am not aware that this result has unduly coloured the expressions I have used. It certainly does not affect the main facts of my story. I have endeavoured to give a true account of what came under my own observation; and I am

most anxious that my readers should use every means to verify my facts for themselves, before putting them to the test of personal experience.

I am far from denying the good effects, in certain cases, both of the sea-voyage and of residence in Australia; but I think the number of such cases is greatly exaggerated, and that the remedies are often applied where they are quite unsuitable. Prevention, rather than cure, is, in most instances, all that can be claimed for the influence of the sea. I believe it is particularly beneficial in averting the mischief that so often threatens after acute illness, and also in cases of debility without actual disease.

As an illustration of the ignorance of the Australian climate that prevails in some quarters, I will mention one case that came under my notice. A lady, having an hereditary tendency to consumption, but with no actual disease, was advised by a physician to try the climate of Brisbane—in summer! The voyage by the Queensland mail route is intensely hot; and before the patient arrived in Brisbane disease was actively developed. She soon became very much worse; lingered for eight months through the hottest season of the year, and then died. What her sufferings must have been, only those who know something of Queensland heat can realise. This is only one instance among many that might be related.

The Australians themselves cannot understand why so many sick people are sent to them, and ask with wonder on what it is that their sanguine expectations are founded. They do not hesitate to condemn in very strong terms the “cruelty” of those who, knowing nothing of Australia, send out patients, not only unattended, but with very little prospect of finding a home when they arrive. Faces from the old country are common enough; and it is a mistake to suppose that every Englishman who comes, bringing any sort of introduction from home, is sure of a hearty welcome wherever he

happens to present himself. Yet, but for some such uncertain claim upon the kindness of strangers, many invalids arrive in the colonies absolutely friendless; and not a few of them are compelled to spend their last days in some hotel or hospital alone.¹

In nearly all respects I do not hesitate to say that Australia is an unfit place at present for any one who may be called an invalid. Travelling is rough, the accommodation is rough, the food is rough. The railways are slow and tedious, and railway porters are scarce, and the steamers are small and overcrowded. Of coach travelling I have already given some particulars. The houses in many parts, with their roofs of corrugated iron, seem built to absorb as much heat as possible in summer, while in winter they afford a very imperfect protection against cold. The food is substantial enough. Joints, steaks, chops, make their appearance at every meal, and at breakfast, even in the hottest summer weather, they are often the only fare; but there is a heavy monotony about it that is ill-calculated to tempt a delicate appetite.

To the strong and healthy such details as these may appear but trifling; but taken together they must make a very important factor in the calculations of an invalid.

I cannot conclude this paper better than by quoting the opinion of a physician of great experience in these subjects. In his article upon phthisis Dr. Fullerton writes as follows:—

“If the patient can, in the earliest stage of the disease, make a long sea-voyage in the summer season, and

¹ Some people are under the impression that the cost of living in the colonies is small. This is a mistake. Beef and mutton are cheap, and some sorts of fruit. Everything else is very dear. To secure anything like comfort in the hotels, the highest English prices must be paid. In the outlying districts the cost of most things is enormous. At one township where we stayed for two days, I paid five shillings for a quart bottle of beer, two shillings for small bottles; six shillings a dozen pieces for washing, and for other things in proportion.

select a mild, genial climate for his future residence, the progress of the disease may be arrested; the tubercles already formed may remain dormant, and with proper care and attention he may live to a good old age. It is rare, however, to find patients inclined to adopt such measures in the early stage of phthisis. To be full of hope is one characteristic feature of persons suffering from this disease in any form, especially at its commencement. Patients will draw a full breath, tell you they feel no pain, have no taste for travelling, cannot bear the idea of being separated from their early associates and friends, and only require a little medicine to make them quite well. Arguments of this kind, together with the entreaties of friends, induce medical practitioners often to act contrary to their own judgment, and to continue to treat patients at home under unfavourable circumstances, because they know there is something very chilling in the appearance of strange faces, and the absence of wonted comforts that detracts largely from the advantages of travelling and change of climate. After the disease has advanced to the second stage, and suppuration of the tubercles is established, no motive should induce medical advisers to encourage a patient to leave the comforts of home and the care of friends. A sea-voyage is often trying to those in health; but it requires one to have witnessed their sufferings to be able to sympathise sufficiently with poor invalids, tossed about by the merciless billows, half starved by reason of the solid sea-fare being too gross for their delicate state, and nauseated by the sight of tea, coffee, or any fluid food

that can be got on ship board. Nor is their fortune much improved when they arrive at a foreign port.

"Servants at hotels have little leisure and less taste for waiting on invalids. At an early hour, when they could get rest, they are constantly disturbed, and, towards morning, returning cough deprives them of both rest and sleep. Lodging and boarding-houses are little better; a stepmother's spirit seems to pervade them all, so as to chill the invalid to the centre on his entering them. Despondency of spirits, never felt at home by such patients, is now certain to be added to his former sufferings. The constitution, under these unhappy influences, sinks apace, and the miserable sufferer, instead of having his health renovated by change of climate, hastens to a premature grave. Such has been my experience when making six voyages between England and Australia. And while practising in the latter country, I have observed that patients who arrived in the first stage of the disease were improved, and enjoyed a respite of some years; but those who came after softening had begun, were carried off sooner than would be the average duration of such cases in Europe, even under unfavourable circumstances. Persons attacked with phthisis in Australia, whether natives of the country or immigrants, follow in the same course. The climate, although favourable to the enjoyment of health, is relaxing to invalids, and hastens the softening of tubercles and, consequently, the fatal issue of the case."¹

¹ *The Family Medical Guide.* By Geo. Fullerton, C.M. and M.D. Edin. Jos. Cook and Co. Sydney.

BRITISH BUTTERCUPS.

THERE are no flowers, save only daisies, more familiar to us, from childhood upward, than the buttercups; and yet there are few of us, outside the strictly botanical world, who even know that we have in England more than one species of these common and beautiful plants. In reality, however, we possess no less than thirteen indigenous and well-marked kinds—the “splitters” make them into many more—and their history is so very instructive from the evolutionary point of view, that we may well spend half an hour in investigating the origin and nature of their various typical forms.

Taken as a group, the buttercups must rank as extremely primitive and simple flowers. Indeed they have varied very little or not at all from the earliest norma of the great race to which they belong. Their primitive character is shown both by the conspicuous regularity and symmetry of their arrangement, and by the fact that none of their parts have coalesced with one another, as often happens in more advanced and developed plants. For example, their blossoms always consist of four parts or whorls, arranged one inside the other, and comprising sepals, petals, stamens, and ovaries. In the common meadow buttercup, which may be regarded as the central type, we have first five distinct and separate sepals, forming a divided calyx, and not united into a compound tube, as in the pink, the campions, and many other specialised flowers. Next, we have five equally distinct and separate petals, forming a divided corolla, and not united into a compound bell or funnel, as in the harebell, the convolvulus, the primrose, and many similar advanced types. Within these, again, we get several rows of simple stamens, not

united into a sheath, as in peaflowers and mallows, nor with flattened stalks, like stars of Bethlehem, but representing in its earliest form the primitive staminal type. Last of all, in the very centre, we get a number of simple ovaries, each containing a single seed, and all quite distinct, instead of being combined together like the cells of a poppy, the segments of an orange, or the five leathery carpels which go to make up the core of an apple.

There are other ways in which the buttercups clearly exhibit their very primitive organisation. For instance, more advanced plants often have the numbers of their parts considerably reduced, owing to their increased specialisation enabling them to dispense with some of their superfluous organs; thus, the poppy has only two sepals, while the meadow buttercup has five; the stocks and wall-flowers have only four petals, the milk-worts three, and the larkspur two, while the buttercup has again five; the pinks have only five stamens, the valerians three, the veronicas two, and the orchids one, while the buttercups have many; and as to ovaries, the peas, plums, and an immense number of other plants have them reduced to one, while in the buttercups they are very numerous indeed. Once more, the various organs in the buttercup are extremely simple in shape, and are arranged in circular symmetry. For example, the petals are all alike, and are typical petals in form; and they are set in a row of five round a common centre, instead of being produced into long spurs, as in columbine, or of being variously shaped and irregularly arranged, as in the peaflower, the violet, the snapdragon, and the gladiolus. All these points conspire to show

that the buttercups are a very early and unaltered type; indeed, I do not know that we can find anywhere in nature a simpler form of flower from which to begin on the upward march than our common English meadow buttercup.

There is one very easy mark by which to recognise any one of the true buttercups at a single glance. If you pull out one of the petals, you will see at the base a small hollow spot, usually covered by a tiny convex scale. This spot is the nectary, where the honey is produced, and the scale serves to protect it from the depredations of small thieving insects, for whose benefit it is not intended. The plant has stored up the honey in order to insure the visits of bees and other proper fertilisers, who will carry its pollen from head to head, and so aid in setting its fruit: but it does not wish its bribe to be devoured by lesser flies, which steal the nectar but do not bring the pollen to the sensitive surface of the ovary. So to protect the nectary from such useless small fry, it has developed the little scale that covers the honey gland.

Our common English meadow buttercup, as everybody knows, is a tall golden-flowered plant, abounding in meadows and pastures, and blossoming in early summer. It manages to maintain itself even in closely-cropped fields by virtue of its acrid taste, which makes it very unpalatable to horses and cattle. Hence one may often see a pasture where all the other plants have been steadily eaten down, while the tall heads of the buttercups are still left unmolested in the midst; and it is this freedom from the attacks of herbivorous animals, no doubt, that has enabled the meadow buttercup, big and conspicuous weed as it is, to hold its own so bravely even among our deeply-nibbled commons and waste places. The stems are erect, and very hairy, the hairs being intended to prevent creeping insects from climbing up to steal the honey. In the lower part of the stem, they are turned

downwards, so as to form an effectual *chevaux de frise* against ants or other intruders from below; on the middle part they stick out at right angles, apparently as a protection against stragglers from neighbouring blades of grass; but on the flower-stalks they are closely pressed against the surface, an arrangement the purpose of which I cannot conjecture. The foliage consists of stalked leaves, deeply divided into three, five, or seven segments; and these are again subdivided into three lobes each. Such subdivision of the leaves, about which I shall have more to say further on, is due to the competition between plants for the light and the carbonic acid in the air, from which mainly they form their organisable material. Where leaves have access to abundant light and air, without much competition, they grow out full and round; where they are tightly packed together so as to shade and crowd one another, they are split up into numerous minute segments which thus manage to catch every atom of carbon that passes their way. Meadow buttercups live in thickly-peopled, open spots, where the competition is comparatively severe, and they have, therefore, adapted their foliage to the average necessities of their situation.

The flower in the meadow buttercup, as in most other British species of the group, is a bright golden yellow. This is the commonest colour among very simple flowers, and it probably represents the primitive hue of all petals. The use of the bright tint is of course, to allure the fertilising insects, which recognise these brilliant patches of colour as the outward and visible symbol of the honey concealed beneath the little convex scales within.

There are two other closely allied species of British buttercups, seldom distinguished by ordinary observers from the meadow buttercup, but differing in a few interesting particulars. One of them, the creeping buttercup, is quite indistinguishable so far as the flower is concerned, though it may be

readily known by the foliage and the shooting runners. The leaves have three stalked segments each, like those of the meadow buttercup, but the central one projects slightly above the others, on a longer stalk, so as to give the entire leaf a more oval outline. The purpose of this curious modification, which, though so slight is quite constant, would be difficult to decide: probably it results from the fact that the creeping buttercup grows, as a rule, in more densely occupied spots, and needs to raise its leaflets higher, in order to get at the sun and air. The use of the runners, which spring from the root-leaves, is at once obvious. They serve to propagate the species by suckers, as they root and form fresh plants at every joint. The creeping buttercup affects mainly rich soils, especially near the water-side, and it can therefore afford plenty of material for forming young off-shoots, in such a directly proliferous fashion, exactly as strawberries do, and the more so the more highly they are manured. Accordingly, this species proves a most troublesome and almost ineradicable weed in rich pasture-land. It is as acrid as the meadow-buttercup, and therefore as fully protected against herbivorous foes. Their time of flowering is the same.

The bulbous buttercup, again, has varied a little more markedly from the central meadow type. It is a perennial, like its sister species; but it has acquired the useful habit of laying by starchy material in a sort of rude bulb at the base of the stem. This store of valuable foodstuffs allows it to open its flowers earlier in the season than the other two kinds, which have to collect material for their blossoms in the spring before they begin their flowering period. Accordingly, it is the first of all our taller buttercups to appear in full bloom, being well out in the early part of April: though the aberrant and almost stalkless lesser celandine (as we shall see hereafter) is able to anticipate it by many weeks. This early flowering is of course an

advantage to the plant, as it thereby manages to attract the attention of the spring bees, before all the competing species have begun to vie with it for their much-appreciated services. As the bulbous buttercup flowers while the grass is still short and young, it does not need to grow so tall as the meadow species, which has to overtop the summer hay crop. It has another marked peculiarity of its own, too, in the behaviour of its sepals, which instead of remaining concave as in the two previous kinds, turn over after the flower opens, so as to be reflexed or doubled back against the top of the stem. This peculiarity is so marked and so constant that it must clearly have been acquired for some special purpose, probably to baffle some peculiarly assiduous climbing insect. The foliage resembles that of the creeping buttercup: the flower belongs (except as regards the calyx) to the central type.

The hairy buttercup, a smaller and bushier plant, with numerous little pale yellow flowers, has the same trick of turning down its calyx, but does not lay by starch in its stem, and so blossoms later in the season. It may therefore be regarded with great probability as a descendant of the same ancestor as the bulbous buttercup, but rather degenerate in type, as a "weed of cultivation," that is to say, a form adapted to the special conditions brought about by human tillage. The carpels are also marked on their edges with some tiny tubercles, which seem like the first symptom of a feature more fully developed and more obviously useful in the next species.

The corn buttercup represents a far more thorough-going weed of cultivation. It is a pale green plant, scarcely at all hairy, because its habit of growing among standing corn sufficiently protects it against creeping insects; and its leaves are divided into three long narrow segments, which thus best compete for air and light with the tall blades of the surrounding cereals. The flowers are small, as is

usual with such degenerate weeds; and their hue is pale and faded. But the most curious fact about the species is the nature of the carpels, which are covered with small conical prickles, often hooked at the end, and evidently the more developed form of the tiny tubercles noticeable in the hairy buttercup. It is a common thing for the fruits and seeds of plants which grow among corn to be thus specially protected; and this curious buttercup forms an admirable illustration of the rule. It is a Mediterranean weed by origin, and not indigenous to Britain; but it has been introduced here with the seed corn, and has now become a troublesome intruder on many farms in our southern counties. Like other cornfield weeds, it necessarily flowers and ripens its seed with the grain: for of course any weed which did otherwise would get cut off before its time, or else would not be carried with the crop. The corn buttercup, in short, is the descendant of the survivors which have managed by means of their hooks and their ripening season to outlive the annual ordeal of reaping, threshing, and winnowing, that effectually cuts off all but the best adapted weeds in our English cornfields.

A still tinier and more degraded representative of the group is the small-flowered buttercup, a weedy, matted, creeping weed, the last effort of the genus to keep itself alive under the most ungenial and unfavourable circumstances. It grows close to the ground, generally in rough, weedy places, overgrown by other small tufted plants; and its leaves are rounded and but little divided, as they are usually pressed tightly against the soil, and have therefore hardly any competition to endure. The blossoms are so small, feeble, pale, and stunted, that they can hardly be recognised for buttercups at all; but the petals still possess the characteristic spot at the base which marks the whole genus. They are visited, however, only by small flies and other insect riffraff.

In most cases the flowers are imperfect, having seldom more than three or four petals. The carpels are covered with prickles, neither so long nor so sharp as those of the corn buttercup. Altogether, this degenerate little type fairly indicates the low watermark of the buttercup race.

Returning to the central form of the meadow buttercup, we find certain divergences in another direction which lead us up towards a second and more peculiar group. Of these, the goldilocks of our woods and copses may be regarded as the most primitive example, and indeed in some respects it may probably rank as the very earliest in type of all the buttercups. Its flowers resemble those of the meadow kind; but its lower leaves are circular or kidney-shaped and hardly divided at all, which doubtless marks an original form. Growing in bushy places, with little competition from surrounding ground-plants, it is able to raise its foliage on long stalks into the free upper air, and does not need to split up the blades into long or subdivided segments, like its neighbours of the open plains and pastures. It often happens that the woodlands thus preserve a very early type, while the cultivated fields contain only more developed forms, produced by the severe struggle for life which goes on in the over-stocked meadows. The carpels or fruits of goldilocks are covered with minute hairs, which may act as a deterrent to birds.

The celery-leaved buttercup is a water-side form, quite destitute of hairs, as often happens under such circumstances; for as the stems grow out of water, the natural moat thus provided for them sufficiently protects them against creeping insects, and they are consequently enabled to economize the material that must otherwise have gone to the production of a preventive *chevaux de frise*. Indeed, it may be laid down as a general rule (with few exceptions) that when two allied plants grow respectively in wet and dry situations,

the former will have a smooth and shiny stem, while the latter has a rough and hairy one. The leaves of this species somewhat resemble those of celery, which grows in the wild state under exactly similar conditions: and such a resemblance in the leaves of totally unrelated plants, similarly circumstanced, is very common indeed. It points to the fact that the forms of foliage are mainly determined by situation and mode of life: and where these are the same, like forms are developed from the most unlike ancestral stocks. The flowers are small and many, but they are remarkable for the absence of the scale which usually covers the nectary at the base. Doubtless this peculiarity depends upon their marshy habitat, and the nature of the small flies by which they are oftenest fertilised. As a consequence, the carpels are small and thickly crowded together, so as to get the full benefit of the insect visits.

We have two other waterside buttercups in England of much the same general habits, but with considerable difference of appearance and foliage. The common spearwort, which grows abundantly in marshes and boggy bits of pasture land over all Britain, might easily be mistaken for the meadow buttercup by a casual observer who looked only at the character of the flowers. But the foliage is very different indeed, and in many ways much more primitive. All the leaves are quite undivided and hairless; and the lower ones are usually oval in shape, while the upper are long and grass-like. The latter form is very common among waterside plants, such as the sedges, flags, and marsh veronicas: it may indeed be considered the typical form for erect (as opposed to floating) swampy leaves. The nature and meaning of these foliar changes and variations I shall consider more fully a little later on.

Our other erect waterside buttercup is the magnificent plant known as the greater spearwort, one of the handsomest and most striking members of

our native flora. It is a stout, hollow-stemmed plant, two or three feet high, with a splendid panicle of very large, bright, golden flowers, each as big as a dog-rose, and extremely graceful. The leaves are here again long and lance-shaped, and very much like those of the larger sedges in general character. As to its great size and very handsome flowers, one can only say that in the temperate regions generally, marshland blossoms seem often to attain a larger and finer development than their woodland or meadowland neighbours. Perhaps the richness of the soil in which they grow, and the comparative absence of competition have something to do with this result.

We come now to one of the more abnormal British buttercups, a little spring flower, well known from Wordsworth's familiar lines as the lesser celandine. All the species with which we have hitherto dealt have normally five sepals and five petals; but this pretty little flower has so far diverged from the type of its race as to possess only three sepals, while it makes up for the loss by producing eight or nine bright golden petals instead of five. Whether these latter have been developed, so far as regards the supernumeraries, out of the missing sepals or not, it would be hard to say. The petals are also much longer and narrower than in any of the preceding species, and they are usually a dull bluish brown or russet on the under side. Altogether, the flowers of the lesser celandine are less buttercup-like than those of any other British plant belonging to the group. Nevertheless, there is no doubt about its very close relationship with the other kinds, as the petals exhibit most markedly the characteristic nectary and scale which are so peculiar to the buttercup genus. In foliage, on the other hand, the celandine still retains a comparatively primitive type: its leaves are almost circular, and heart-shaped at the base, not lobed, but slightly indented near the edge.

Flowering so early in the year, and pressing its leaves rather flat on or near the ground, it does not require to divide them into segments. The roots are noticeable for their numerous small pill-like tubers, which are renewed every year, and which have procured for the plant its two common English names of figwort and pilewort. These tubers, being richly stored with starch, enable the celandine to begin flowering very early in the season, and so it appears before any other British member of the group, not even excepting the bulbous buttercup.

Our two remaining English species, though structurally less divergent than the lesser celandine, would hardly strike a casual observer as buttercups at all. They are commonly known as the ivy-leaved crowfoot and the water-crowfoot, and both have small, scrubby, white flowers, far more inconspicuous as a rule than those of most other buttercups. This is especially the case with the first-mentioned plant, which creeps on mud by the side of ditches, puddles, or intermittent water-courses. Its leaves are like miniature copies of ivy; but it straggles loosely in a shabby sort of way along the soft ooze, rooting at every joint, and looking extremely degraded in its dirty, ditch-haunting habits. It is, however, remarkable for its white flowers, which have evidently been developed from yellow ancestors; for the petals are white at the edges only, the claw or base being still primrose or golden. This is a common principle of colour-change in flowers; the new hue appears first on the outer edge, the original tint remains unaltered near the centre of the blossom.

More curious by far is the water-crowfoot, which grows in ponds or streams, and often produces comparatively large and striking masses of white flowers. Here again the whiteness is confined to the edge of the petals, while the base remains pale yellow. But the most interesting point

about the plant is to be found in its leaves, which are of two totally distinct sorts, according as they grow above or below the water respectively. The submerged leaves are finely and minutely subdivided into long, narrow, hair-like segments, which wave freely about in the stream as it flows; the surface leaves float on top of the water, and are large and rounded like those of the ivy-leaved crowfoot. The reason for this curious difference is easy enough to understand. Running water holds in solution a comparatively small quantity of carbonic acid. Hence the lower leaves fill out only along the lines of the ribs, and never produce cellular matter to fill the intermediate space. They are then able to wave up and down in the stream, and to catch every stray passing atom of carbon, which they fix in their tissues, and so add to the growth of the plant. Their shape may be compared to the gills of fishes, or still more closely to the external branchiæ of some amphibians, which are similarly designed to catch the few particles of oxygen diffused through the surrounding water. But when the leaves reach the surface, and obtain abundance of carbonic acid and sunlight on the unoccupied area of the top, they fill out like the floating foliage of the water-lily, and assume at once their full ancestral shape. In this respect they may rather be compared to the lungs of terrestrial animals, with their provision for inhaling the ubiquitous oxygen of the atmosphere in large masses. The water-crowfoot has been divided into several supposed species by "splitting" botanists, according as all the leaves are submerged and finely cut, or as some are floating and rounded, or as the segments are more or less linear in shape; but all these differences depend entirely, I believe, upon the nature and amount of the carbon supply. In rapid streams, the foliage is usually all carried along with the current, and grows out into long parallel streamers. In deep pools, where the stem can hardly

reach the surface, and only the flowers get up to the open air, all the leaves are also cut, but into shorter and rounder segments; in shallow ponds or slow brooks, the two kinds of leaf, floating and submerged, are found together. Even accidental variations in the fall or rise of the water make parts of the self-same leaf fill out or not according to the temporary nature of the carbon supply.

From this brief survey of our existing English buttercups we may, perhaps, deduce the following facts as to their ancestry and subsequent modification. The primitive progenitor of the buttercup race had golden yellow flowers, with five petals, and with a scale-covered nectary at the base of each. Most of its descendants preserve the ancestral type of blossom practically unchanged; but in the lesser celandine the number of petals has been increased; in the small weedy buttercups the colour has become paler, and the scale has disappeared; in the very degraded small-flowered buttercup the blossom has been immensely dwarfed, frequently with loss of one or more petals; and in the water-crowfoot and ivy-leaved crowfoot the hue has changed to white under stress of special insect selection.¹ As to foliage, the primitive buttercup had a rather rounded simple leaf, and this type of leaf is still everywhere approximately preserved, where the circumstances are favourable; it is well seen in the lesser celandine and in the lower leaves of the small spearwort, and still better in the continental snakelike, once found in Jersey, but now extinct there owing to the drainage of the marsh where it formerly grew. This same type also survives more or less in the ivy-leaved crowfoot, and in the floating foliage of the water-crowfoot. To a less extent, it occurs in the lower leaves of the goldi-

locks and the small-flowered buttercup. But where the competition for light and air is stronger, the spaces between the ribs do not fill out with cellular tissue; and this gives rise to the cut leaves of the goldilocks in its upper portion, and to the foliage of the meadow buttercup and the creeping buttercup. In the lesser spearwort, on the other hand, the upper leaves are not divided, but drawn up into long blades; and in the greater spearwort, all the leaves are similarly drawn up, in accordance with a common water-side practice. In the corn buttercup, the foliage is divided, but cut into narrow segments. In the submerged leaves of water-crowfoot, the segments become almost hair-like. In short, the foliage throughout is built upon a common ancestral plan, but immensely altered in detail by the nature of the circumstances under which the plant lives.

It would be impossible here to enter at any length into the history of the more developed British plants which are not buttercups, but are derived by descent from the same family origin—the *Ranunculaceæ* as opposed to the *Ranunculi*. Still, I may briefly mention in passing a few of the more striking and familiar among them, merely in order to show the variations which a single type can undergo without losing the marks of its common ancestry. The globe-flower or trollius, a rare British plant, confined chiefly to Wales, the Lake District, and the Highlands, has from ten to fifteen large golden-yellow sepals, inclosing as many small and unnoticeable petals. It shows us how, when the calyx is more conspicuous than the corolla, the attractive colouring matter is developed there rather than in the normal organs. In our own common marsh marigold, whose leaves still strikingly retain the primitive type, this substitution of calyx for corolla has been carried even further; for here the useless little petals have quite disappeared, and the five bright golden sepals take their place, resembling

¹ The group of flies, known as Syrphidæ, which are the common fertilisers of these waterside kinds, have a special liking for white, and the flowers which usually cater for them produce accordingly white petals with yellow nectaries.

almost exactly the petals of the buttercup, though, of course, lacking their distinctive nectary and scale. The anemones are a group which have similarly lost their unnecessary petals by suppression; though to make up for the loss, the sepals are often largely increased in number. In colour, too, most species of this genus have risen considerably in the progressive scale; for though some few still remain yellow, the greater number have become white, pink, purple, or blue. Our familiar English wood anemone varies from white to pale lilac; the rarer pasque-flower of the chalk downs is dull violet.

While in these cases, the petals tend to die out altogether, there is a second set of English ranunculaceous plants in which they tend to become even more specialised as nectaries or honey-sacks. In columbine, the little spot at the base of the petal has become developed into a long spur, containing a store of honey accessible only to the higher insects; and here too the sepals have become brilliantly coloured, in order to aid in the effective display, though not to the exclusion of the petals, as in the marsh marigold and anemone. However, the hues are generally of a

more advanced type, our English species varying from blue to dull purple. In larkspur, which is also blue, the flowers have become one-sided, in special adaptation to the visits of the humble-bee, which, as Hermann Müller has shown, alone among North European insects has a proboscis long enough to reach the honey in its deep spur. Here it is the sepals that are coloured, and the petals, usually reduced in number to two, have been specialised as nectaries alone. The same peculiarities are still more marked in aconite or monkshood, the highest of our English buttercup family; for here one sepal is greatly enlarged and converted into a helmet, under which the two petals are curled up as long-stalked nectaries. Rudiments of the three remaining petals exist in the lower part of the flower. In fact, widely different as these higher members of the group appear at first sight from the little symmetrical yellow buttercup, the links which bind them together may still all be traced through such intermediate or illustrative forms as the globe flowers, the Christmas roses, the columbines, and the various larkspurs.

: GRANT ALLEN.

A SOCIAL STUDY OF OUR OLDEST COLONY.

II.

ANY one who was familiar with Irish social life before the famine and the passing of the Encumbered Estates Acts, would have found in many respects a most striking analogy between that and life in the South, particularly in Virginia, before the war. The presence in each of a degraded race, the varying treatment by good landlords and bad landlords, by good masters and bad masters; the strain upon the country in both cases from the rapid multiplication of the inferior race, though in Virginia the crowding was only crowding owing to the large and reckless system of farming it necessitated. The notions of hospitality were of an almost identical order. But not the least striking similarity was the presence of a class of men at the tag end of the real gentry that in both countries, but in rather different ways, looked on themselves as above honest work, and yet were quite unfitted to be either ornamental or useful in the higher walks of life.

I would now pass over the wavering and uncertain line that divided the aristocracy—or what, for want of a more exact definition, I have called the aristocracy—from the great middle class, or what may with equal fairness be called the yeomanry. The former, in the county whose social census I am making a rough estimate of, I placed at fifty families; the latter would number probably from a thousand to fifteen hundred households. All of these owned land and slaves at the opening of the war. Some of them held property in both to a greater extent than many of the class who were their social superiors. Such property was the chief and almost only opening for the

investment of accumulated means, and men who began life with nothing but “a level head” sometimes died worth a considerable fortune in land and negroes, and the practical local influence which such brings, but without any social recognition. These were exceptions. The average Virginian farmer, who rode his own horse in the war as a trooper under Stuart, or got off it for the first time in his life and performed astonishing marches, barefoot, under Stonewall Jackson—such a man would probably have had four or five hundred acres of land and from ten to thirty head of negroes, only a small proportion of whom would have been full power male labourers. He stayed persistently at home and rarely went out of the county, which he spoke, and still speaks of, as “old” Nelson, “old” Buckingham, “old” Halifax, or whatever its name might be. His dwelling was very frequently superior in external appearance to what his habits and ideas would seem to demand. He shared all the characteristics of the class above him, with whose material interests his were of course identical, saving the social and educational advantages which alone distinguished them apart. He treated his negroes well and was his own overseer, kept out of debt rather more than the *'ristocrats* (*sic*), was admirable in all his relations of life, rather slow and unbusinesslike than actually lazy, as he is depicted by outside chroniclers. For an Anglo-Saxon, he was not drunken by any means; occasionally went “on the spree,” but very seldom “boozed” habitually in his own house—drinking, as a general thing, spring water and buttermilk. A careless farmer, but yet, under the economic conditions which surrounded him, not such

a senseless one as is generally made out by people who have had no practical experience of Southern agriculture or Southern life. While the class above him were mainly Episcopalians, he leaned decidedly towards the more congenial excitabilities of the Baptist or Methodist persuasion. By the time of the revolutionary war, indeed, dissent from the old Episcopal faith of Virginia was so great that the first republican legislature "was crowded with petitions for abolishing this spiritual tyranny" (religious legislation). Two-thirds of the citizens were even then seceders; now the proportion is much greater, embracing nearly all the middle and lower ranks. The Southern yeoman, too, is polite, and has no trace of that uncouthness which makes the plain Northern or Western farmer respected more for his intrinsic merits than for his charm of manner. He has always kept fox-hounds and hunted foxes with a passion that is hereditary and of British origin, though in a style that would shock the booted and breeched and ornamented devotee of that noble sport in modern England. He shoots a little, but not nearly so much as the class above him. The balance of his leisure is devoted to "chatting," the pastime above all others which he ardently loves. A country where for seven months in the year people sit in verandahs or under the shade of trees when they sit at all, and when that is combined with a state of society where people live entirely upon farms and plantations, apart from one another—such a state of things is, I think, conducive to a desire for conversation. "Neighbourliness," indeed, was cultivated as a science by the Virginian always. He will talk at any time in the day and upon any and every day. Outside each country store rows of saddled horses tied up to the fence for hours at a time, though most of them have not come three miles, give evidence of the gregarious instinct of their owners. These will be found within sitting

among the flour barrels and nail kegs, indulging in quaint, humorous chaff, or passing slow judgment upon men and things, upon negroes, corn and tobacco, church meetings, lawsuits, or fox-hunting, as if time itself were no more.

The whole tradition of the country unites in a vast protest against hurry. If you meet your neighbour on the road on horseback, though you had met every day for a week, he would look on you as a curmudgeon did you not stop and "chat a while." If on a summer day you stop at a roadside farmhouse for a drink of water, you will be fortunate, if the owner is a speaking acquaintance, to get away within an hour, and considerable hardening will be required to resist the entreaty to "'Lite, sir, 'lite," that follows instantly on his greeting of recognition.

Rural property, where the house stands upon the public highway, is among this middling class considered as having something special in that particular to recommend it. The middle-aged or elderly proprietor of such an enviable location, though he has nowadays to make his boys work, will still sit himself upon the porch in his shirt-sleeves, with long pipe or the less picturesque quid between his teeth, rocking himself to and fro in the warm summer days. His eyes are bent always on the dusty red road that, beyond the shade of the acacias and the old-fashioned, straggling box-trees which divide him from it, leads the people of his part of the county to the county town. Riding along it at slow ambling gaits, on Texan saddles with long swinging stirrups, in big straw hats and white linen jackets, the neighbours go by in ones and twos at long intervals. Each is greeted by our venerable friend with a shout of entreaty to "'lite and set a while." The predilections of all tempt them to comply. The stronger-minded, however, declare "they are mightily pushed for time, and must get on." Others yield to their native instinct, hitch

their horses to the fence, and relapse into that extended and elaborate formula which, of various kinds according to education, accompanies in the South the meeting of man and man.

It is considered almost rude for a man to go straight into the business,—the loan of a plough or whatever it may be—that takes him to his neighbour's door, without a long preamble on things in general. The extraordinary unwillingness to come to the point in any business, however trivial—that is, I believe, exaggerated to the greatest extent in the Spanish American—is a very strong characteristic of the Southerner. It is a symptom, I think, of excessive neighbourly tenderness, that shrinks from disturbing—by rude allusions to necessary things—the *dolce far niente* of Southern rural life. It is the same spirit that produced the happy-go-lucky style of life that has become identified with those regions, that made the backing of a bill come to be gradually looked on as the natural duty of every man towards his neighbour, if he would not be condemned as an utter niggard; the fatal tendency of putting off everything that smacked of business formality to the very last moment, which made whatever in the rural South depended on parchment and figures so apt to be a hopeless chaos.

This great yeoman class, in Virginia particularly, is, now that slavery has been abolished, far more important even than it was. The war reduced it certainly to poverty, together with the class above, or rather we should say destroyed for a time the means of tapping its only sources of supply—the lands—that were left to it. The richer and better educated slaveowners abandoned farming in very large numbers at the end of the war, being unable or unwilling to adapt themselves to a new state of things. They and their sons often went into commercial and professional life, while those that are left, though of course their traditional social position still clings more or less

to them, are drawing nearer and nearer, under the more levelling influences of a comparatively hard-working and anxious life, to the level of mere farmers. The large middling class, on the other hand, has scarcely moved at all from its former abodes, and if its rising generation are not so picturesque or so quaint as their shade-loving sires, they are at least more hard-working, more ambitious, more open to outside influences, and, in the general advance of education better instructed than the latter. These in all probability imbibed their three Rs, and maybe a little elementary Latin, at the feet of one of those pedagogic oddities who ruled over what was called in their young days an "old field" school.

For the third time the Virginian social system has been destroyed, and the cards are reshuffling themselves on a new basis—this time neither on an aristocratic nor on a *quasi* aristocratic, but on a purely Republican one. By a gradual and natural process farmers all over the South, as elsewhere in America, are melting into one class. The evidences of recent class distinction, battered though they be, are still too fresh to have accomplished this as yet, though lands and homesteads that were identified with well-known families have been changing hands rapidly for the past ten years. The "country" is already beginning to be looked down on by the ambitious youth, and his eyes, as elsewhere in America, turn now towards the towns where a rate of improvement much faster than that of the rural districts is beginning to create, out of all sorts of constituents, a leading class on a basis of wealth and education. It is not likely, however, that the rural districts of Virginia will ever become a social wilderness, like so much of America, for many reasons. The hereditary land-hunger of the Virginian causes the successful man of business very frequently to invest his first savings in a country place whither he can "carry" his wife and family in the summer months

and experiment in comparatively improved farming. Northern people of education are not infrequently to be found doing the same thing, attracted by a beautiful and healthy country, large, ready-made, and often even pretentious establishments surrounded by groves and mountains, and broad acres of naturally fertile soil to be had, at what seems to them, and is in fact, a very low price, while still greater numbers of educated Englishmen have stepped into the vacated homestead of the better class of ex-slaveholder. The old magisterial system, which was identical with our own, went with the war, and stipendiary judges at the county towns were appointed. The interests of the people in the state legislature instead of being represented as of old by the educated country gentry are intrusted to courthouse lawyers, or more often still to shrewd yeoman farmers. No more social honour is conveyed by being a member of the Virginia legislature in these days than would be the case in Ohio or Kansas.

Before the war most of the wholesale and all the retail trade in the few towns there were, was carried on by Jews, Irishmen, and the middle-class of native Virginians. People with any social pretensions did not go much into wholesale business, rather from the lack perhaps of opening than anything else, but they looked down on shop-keeping with contempt. Now all that is altered, but still there is a discrimination in shops which is amusingly marked and has no doubt good reason for being so. A hardware, or a dry goods, or a drug-store in a good town is looked upon in these days as highly respectable, but I never heard of a young man belonging to the better class becoming a confectioner, a tobacconist, a tailor, or a family grocer, and I don't think I ever saw one keeping a country store. Saloon keeping, that common resource of young English gentlemen in America, who have either a natural taste for low company or think themselves smart and tell their

friends that it doesn't matter what you do in America, is, I need not say, utter social death.

There is no question but that the South has altered wonderfully in its ideas, within the last decade more particularly. I remember even ten years ago the bitterness of defeat seemed to me to have entered irrevocably into the very souls of its people. The farmer, as he sat upon his porch and looked upon the smokeless chimneys of his cabins, breathed imprecations on everything and everybody north of Mason and Dixon line. It used in those days to be a sort of consolation to him to scout at the notion of the United States remaining intact, and to gloat over some future day when the irreconcilable conflict of powerful interests should effect that disruption which he had unsuccessfully attempted by force of arms. Such feelings, which were then but natural, the local papers used to vie with one another in keeping alive. You hear little or nothing of all this now. The old strong sectional feeling, so far as any hostility is concerned, gets every year fainter and fainter.

The towns which I have said are gaining rapidly on the country in influence, are growing more American and less Southern. All the energies, at any rate all the enthusiasm of the people, is directed towards home development, and a Northern man who twelve or fourteen years ago would have been coldly received upon any terms, is now, if he is likely to be a substantial addition to a community, welcomed with open arms.

At the close of the war great bids were made for immigration by Virginia and other Southern States. But the flow that was expected from the North, and that did actually begin to trickle, was dried up by the high prices at which proprietors were foolish enough to hold lands that in many instances it would have paid them to give away. They had not yet learned what now is an accepted truth in the South, that it is better to farm four

or five hundred acres well and keep it in good condition than to scratch over a thousand or two on the old "rip and tar" (tear) principle.

It was a period, however, of general inflation and the sanguine temperament of the Southerner found vent in that glowing phraseology, so characteristic of his race, scattering the impression through the country districts that the outside world were all jostling one another in their eagerness to get to those halcyon fields that a dire calamity had suddenly thrown open for their use. Therefore the first instalment of investors found the enormous surplus of land that was waiting to be tilled in the South held at prices which were based not only upon its past value for the raising of negroes but on the fiction of a crowded market.

Nearly all investors in these lands at their early prices lost heavily, for it was 1877 before they reached "hard pan." Now that the South has shaken down into harness, forgotten *la revanche*, and has an assured future, judicious investors have a very different prospect before them.

With regard, however, to the native farmers after the war—they scraped what they could together and went on working with hired labour on the same careless, easy-going, soil-exhausting principles they had pursued during slavery. They could not reconcile themselves to household thrift, and continued to live with regard to such matters as they had when they were comparatively rich men—simply at all times, but generously and with a contempt for details. I forget the exact years, but I think it was about 1871-2, that tobacco and other staples ran up to a very high price, and it seemed to many as if a whiff of old times had come back. Parts of the country began to burst forth again into "frolics" (vernacular for dances) and tournaments,¹ credit most fatally re-

¹ Tilting at the ring on horseback was till quite recently a leading rural sport in Virginia.

vived for a time, and people generally conceived an idea that things were not so bad after all. It was, however, but a false and fleeting gleam of prosperity. A slow shrinkage in everything thinned out still further the ranks of the country gentry class, who, when they came fairly face to face with the life of a farmer who had nothing but a farm to live upon, and no capital to help him, shrank from it and began to move townwards. The yeoman class have had of course the same ups and downs since the war, but they have weathered the storm much better—naturally so—their ideas not being so 'ristocratic. They are better farmers as a rule than the others, having lived closer to the soil than these, even if they have not delved in it personally to any great extent. As I before said, the younger generations of both classes are taking off their coats pretty generally, and merging by slow but perceptible degrees into the same type. As the principal agriculturalists of the South they stand upon a better and firmer basis of prosperity, though a less picturesque one, than their forbears. Fortunately they do not emigrate to the West much, and when they do, they very frequently return with a strong dislike both to the people and the climate. The Virginian, it must be remembered, is as much a foreigner in Kansas or Nebraska as an Englishman, without, however, being at all like the latter. From whatever rank of society he comes he has been all his life accustomed to treat others, and be treated with rather formal politeness, and Western manners are distasteful to him. He has generally been quite unaccustomed to blasphemy and profanity, at any rate as an habitual method of conversation, and it is disgusting to his stricter ideas of decency and decorum. Perhaps he has not always energy enough for a Western life. His own climate is, of course, an admirable one, and he is not as well adapted to stand extreme cold as a New Englander or an Englishman. Lastly, he

is very fond and proud of his own State, and has a clinging to home and home surroundings that is not to be found to the same extent in other parts of old America. Wherever he goes he is always a Virginian, and associates, if possible, with other Virginians. The matter-of-fact bluntness of the Westerner has little sympathy for this sort of thing, and is impatient of any other standards of human perfection save the material one he has erected, together with his prairie towns and grain elevators.

Perhaps the most unhappy characteristic of the South to-day is the tacit refusal of public opinion, and consequently of juries, to recognise as murder, or sometimes even as manslaughter, the killing of a man in a personal quarrel. They are not a quarrelsome people. You seldom hear men outside of politics abusing one another, either to their face or behind their back. Of course gossip of a kind flourishes, but it is of a cautious description, while the scandal-monger is far less reckless than in countries where the pistol is unknown. I am by no means inclined to attribute the universal reluctance of the Southerner to say anything against his neighbour to the dread of serious consequences only. I think it is due very much to the old easy-going feeling of neighbourliness that, outwardly, at any rate, over-rides jealousies and shrinks from the nuisance and unpleasantness of even a bloodless "fuss." No doubt the recognition of the pistol does have some influence on people's behaviour to one another. The universal purity of white women above the most degraded class, and the excessive rareness of domestic scandals is, no doubt, due in very great part to the fact that the seducer acts at the peril of his life, with judge, jury, and public opinion to applaud the injured relative who kills him without ceremony upon the first opportunity.

The statistics of homicide in the South look formidable, nor is it any

defence to say that the statistics of quarrelling and wrangling, could they be determined, would present, on the other hand, a very favourable appearance. In Virginia, as elsewhere in the South, there is an ingrained feeling that to kill a man under certain provocations is a misfortune rather than a crime. Respectable people, however, do not in my observation rush lightly into quarrels as Englishmen do, and when such occur there is a great reluctance to say or do those particular words and acts of insults that the Southerner looks on as unpardonable. If, however, this line is once overstepped, the consequences are very likely to be serious. Duelling went out before the war. Now and then, however, a meeting comes off, and is a nine days' wonder. The whole press then unites in ostentatious thankfulness that the barbarous practice has so nearly disappeared; but the vehemence of the denunciations against it are somewhat dulled by the consciousness that most newspaper editors would not hesitate to shoot down on the spot a man that struck them with a cane; nor would they consider that by so doing they had in any way forfeited their position in the eyes of society, much less their life or liberty. The homicides of the West are mostly done by the hectoring, bullying rowdy, ready for insult and prone to aggression. The homicides of the South are very frequently the deeds of men of otherwise irreproachable position—men whom the world would call good Christians and good citizens. I cannot see the logic of the self-laudatory congratulation of the Southern press in having got rid of the duello, and substituted the street fight with six-chambered revolvers. The former had at least an element of Anglo-Saxon fair play about it, and had the minor merit of gentility which should have tickled Southern ears. The latter savours of the "rough" pure and simple, has no assurance of fair play, and is often dangerous to harmless passers-by. In this method the aggrieved one, if he

is not armed—which is probably the case, for Northern writers very much exaggerate the prevalence of carrying pistols about in the South—sends word to his enemy to look out for himself, and each procuring a pistol, their first meeting in the street or elsewhere is the signal to commence firing. A good deal, however, of the homicidal records of the South are drawn from the haunts of the “poor whites” in the remote valleys of the mountains, and the exterminating family feuds, so much talked about at the North, are more often than not among these social outcasts, who have little but the passions and instincts of animals to guide them. In Virginia, for instance, among the respectable classes, the refusal to regard certain forms of homicide as murder is as strong as anywhere; but the cases of deadly conflict among these are only just numerous enough to illustrate from time to time by their treatment the aspect of public opinion, and far too few to enter for a moment into the considerations of life. It is the feeling towards this matter, which in the South seems to be something apart from religion or morality, that is unfortunate for the country, and that this palliatory attitude towards this class of crime is a matter of internal sectional satisfaction, mixed with a feeling something akin to contempt for people who cannot understand it, does not argue well for its speedy disappearance.

Many of the characteristics of the Virginian, and of those neighbouring states of whom he is typical, savour of the Puritan rather than of the rollicking Cavalier. Its Episcopal Church is evangelical, even to contempt, as regards forms. I have seen the Bishop of Virginia hold a confirmation in a country church attired in a frock coat, stand-up collars, and a black tie fastened in a sailor’s knot. The feeling of the majority of his diocese is quite in sympathy. The behaviour of the younger portion of the congregations in country churches

is so extraordinary as to argue rather a complete failure to appreciate their position than wilful irreverence. The blessing is hardly finished when the ladies, young and old, fall into one another’s arms; the men relapse into corn and tobacco, and the inside of the church assumes the appearance of an animated social gathering. That few of these buildings, even those erected in country neighbourhoods that at the time were wealthy, have anything in their external appearance to mark their ecclesiastical character is not unnatural in a country where architects and mechanics proper had no existence, and where nothing approaching to art was known. Imagine one of the old-fashioned, oblong, red brick methodist chapels of a small English country town dropped down in a grove of trees by the road side, and you have a fair idea of the average country meeting-house of the Southern Episcopalian. If service is going on, you will see forty or fifty saddle-horses hitched up in the shade of the oak trees, a dozen or so of conveyances of every description—buggies, spring waggons, and cumbersome old-fashioned family coaches, spattered with mud, and venerable in appearance, with black-coated negroes snoozing upon the box. Horses and mules taken from the plough, with loosened breast chains and hanging bearing-reins, crop sleepily at the scant grass, and shake the flies from their long ears. Negro servants will be murmuring in groups under the trees—for the African does not much appreciate the ‘piscopal service—and a knot of men will probably be hanging round the open door, getting scraps of the service between their remarks on crops or weather. Many of the congregation will be Methodists and Presbyterians, who, having no service at their own church upon that Sunday, have no sectarian scruples of any kind in patronising the more exclusive church, if not as worshippers, at least as silent critics.

There will be many episcopalian

families there, however, with whom that church has always been *the* church, in spite of all the lack of dignity and slovenliness that has characterised it from the earliest times in its first Transatlantic strongholds. They sit where their fathers sat before them, and can look out through the great square windows over the undulating fields of corn, and wheat, and tobacco, to homesteads where their fathers lived before them, shining among the distant woods. They like their sermons long, and they like them strong. It is no uncommon thing to hear, even at this date, the giddy waltz denounced with solemn thunders from an Anglican pulpit in the South, while the clergy of other denominations wage universal war against such innocent pastimes, with threats and arguments which do little credit either to their common sense or their perspicuity. There are even degrees of crime in this particular in the rural South that are worthy of remark. First, then, are the young ladies, who are terrified into abjuring dancing altogether by the thunders of their Church. Next come those who will go out of the straight path so far as to perpetrate "a square." There are then a very large following—I am afraid the hopelessly insubordinate—who dance everything that comes, but in deference to local ideas of decorum abjure the familiar position of the gentleman's arm, and adopt, as a last protest, a compromise of crossing hands in front. Lastly, there has been, from recent friction with the outer world, an immense increase in the brazen young ladies who insist, to the horror not only of their spiritual advisers, but of their more conservative kinsfolk, in waltzing as people waltz in New York, London, Paris, and every other centre of civilisation.

The young lady in the South is still a "belle;" the young man is still a "beau." As a small but suggestive instance of the gradual assimilation to the outside world going on in the South, I may mention the differ-

ence in the appearance of the Southern rural "beau" when I first knew him and now. Then he wore a "full suit of broadcloth" with sweeping tails, an expansive shirt front, long hair, a moustache and goatee often dyed black, a stiff-brimmed wideawake hat, with a silk cord round it, and a pendant tassel. All that is changed now. The funereal go-to-meeting garments are left to the very rustic, and the young clerk or student attires himself as nearly like his contemporary of New York and London as the advantages of location admit of. He has not yet shaken off many of his funny notions, and one of the drawbacks to introducing tennis successfully, I hear, into the country towns and districts, is his tradition that it is indecent to take off his coat before the ladies. America abounds in such fantastic pruderies, but the South revels in them. Athletic sports have never gained the faintest foothold. A few rowing clubs flourish feebly, but they flourish without the countenance of the older generation, many of whom look on such things as being connected vaguely with gambling, and at the best, being "ungenteel." There is no sort of sympathy for physical or muscular prowess as there is in the Northern states, except, perhaps, in connection with a horse. There is a kind of feeling that all such things are "undignified," for there is a strange passion for this vague distinction of dignity in the Southern character. The greatest compliment that an aspiring country town clerk or sucking lawyer can have paid him by admiring young ladies is to be told he is dignified; he struts happily then, and cultivates at second-hand, by the light of a limited experience and narrow education, what he fancies to be the grand air of the "old Virginian gentleman."

Something like a third of the population, and two-thirds of the white population, in the county I have spoken of were non-slaveholders before the war. Most of these belonged

more or less to the *bona fide* "poor white" class, who lived apart in the mountain hollows, or on odd corners of thin land, that in a country where land was plentiful and cheap could always be had. Just above these, but with the vaguest of divisions, came the mechanics (so-called), overseers, and small farmers—without slaves, who were connected with, and merged imperceptibly into, the lower strata of the class that I have spoken of as "yeoman."

Without a particle of sympathy for slavery as an institution, one may yet state the bare incontrovertible fact that the Virginia negro before the war was, as a general thing, a happy and well-cared-for being. He had no thought for the morrow; he was well-fed, well-clothed, attended in sickness with the best medical skill procurable, and nursed with almost the same care as his master's own family. So far as his understanding went he wanted for nothing. His work upon the whole was by no means excessive; time was allowed him to attend to his garden; presents of money even were frequent at Christmas, when he had several days complete holiday, and enjoyed the best of all that was going. Other days in the year, too, were given up to merrymaking and enjoyment, as a matter of long usage, by the majority of masters, and no race ever knew better how to utilise such opportunities than the negro of the Southern States.

If the less that is said on the question of morality the better; yet, as far as outward observance went, the form of marriage was a standing institution, and was celebrated with solemn pomp. It was a common thing for slaves belonging to different plantations to intermarry, and in such cases so many evenings a week were given to the man to visit his family, while the children always belonged to the owner of the woman.

Throughout the war the negroes behaved admirably. Great numbers were drafted for the Confederate works around Richmond and elsewhere. Some few joined the Federal

armies, but the majority stayed at home, and formed all the support the women and children of both races had to look to during those terrible years.

Emancipation tried them sorely. Exaggerated ideas of freedom drove some from homes that under other circumstances they would have been loath to leave; while others refused to leave their old master even when he told them there were no dollars in the till to recompense their services. This same emancipation found them without surnames—a difficulty which was got over by their adopting with some reluctance the names of the families to whom they had belonged. All this righted itself after a time, for it was natural that the freeman of Virginia should be less averse to labour than his brother of the extreme South or the West Indies, where a warmer climate made it easier to maintain life with a minimum of work, and where the recollections of serfdom were, upon the whole, far less pleasant. Since the war the Virginia negro, considering his training and traditions, has behaved himself well. A temperate climate has, we have already said, compelled him to work, and if he has done that work in a fashion peculiar to his race, he has, upon the whole, given fair satisfaction.

A few have bought small farms, though these have, as a general thing, been low-priced, and consequently indifferent, land. A frequent inability to pay cash for their purchases, and a system of deferred payments, has hampered many of such small proprietors with debt, and it is a question whether they are in as good a position as many of their landless brethren.

Others work as labourers, at wages varying from eight to twelve dollars a month, and rations of bacon and Indian corn meal.

The greater proportion, however, live as tenants upon estates, and inhabit, for the most part, fairly comfortable log or frame houses, with garden attached, and the right to cut firewood, with pasture for cow and pigs.

In some cases such tenants may own a pair of horses or mules, and have allotted to them so many fields, for which they pay a fixed money rent, or a share of the crop, varying from one-fourth to one-third. Usually, however, his landlord provides him with teams and implements, advances him rations for the year when necessary, and divides the crop evenly when sold.

The chief difficulty of this system, which to a great extent frees the negro from supervision and compulsion, lies in his unbusiness-like qualities, rather than in his deliberate idleness, and in the frequent holidays which his new-found independence thinks necessary to indulge in. Should Whit-Monday, for instance, or some other church festival—the name of which conveys no meaning to the Ethiopian ear other than a time-honoured jubilee—arrive in the middle of a critical period in the farm work, no matter how weedy the corn is, or how foul the tobacco land, money could not bribe the hitherto industrious darkey to forego his customary “fling.”

The negro's dissipations almost always have a religious tendency; he hardly knows any other social joy but that which is in some way or other connected with the log church by the road-side, which he will work very hard to erect and to support. To analyse his religious feelings would be difficult, to determine the exact proportions of animal excitability and earnestness that constitute his piety would be as vain as to mock at his whole mode of worship would be flippant.

Religious excitement has the most marvellous power over the negro. He will go Sunday after Sunday to his church, and wait patiently, and to all appearance with perfect indifference to all religious influence, for that magic impulse, of which we know nothing, that impels him to seek the “mourner's bench,” and lose for a time his sanity in wonderful convulsions. He will listen in absolute immobility day after day to the

passionate thunders of his negro preacher, till on a sudden its echoes will strike him at the plough tail, and drive him leaping and bounding all over the plantation, till he falls exhausted in his cabin, amid the sympathies of his fellows, a happy and converted man.

Against lying and stealing his creed inveighs, mildly, and without effect; but against dancing or planting a cabbage on Sunday, it devotes its denunciations with great success.

Again we must admit the negro does not swear nor drink, to speak of; nor is he much given to fighting or to serious dispute. He is neither rude nor arrogant, but is rather by nature civil, and generally ready to render any small service over and above his regular work that may be required of him.

As an agricultural labourer, a miner or a factory hand, at the comparatively low wage which he receives, the negro is probably the cheapest labour in America. His want of industrial ambition and frugality is the most hopeless trait in his character. He will desert the farm where he is hired by the year at forty cents a day, for a mine or mill where he is hired by the day—but still, with the option of regular work—at a dollar, and yet the aggregate sum he earns will be no greater, and will be regulated by his simple wants, the difference in wage being made up by idleness and loss of time, and inability to save money that is paid him frequently and regularly.

Government schools for the coloured population have been universally established throughout the south, presided over by coloured teachers, who, as regards Virginia, have for the most part received their education at Hampton College, an institution founded by northern philanthropists soon after the war, for the benefit of negroes and Indians. The desire to learn among the children and young men and women is general, and up to a certain point they show great aptitude and quickness. It is as yet too early to predict what effect this will have upon

the future of the race. From an outside and abstract point of view, common sense will naturally suggest but one effect, that of general elevation; but an intimate knowledge of the people and their circumstances, will make one shrink from unreserved acquiescence in what at first sight seems like a truism.

To begin with, the colour line in social matters is not likely ever to be broken through. A gradually diminishing minority is not likely to wrest a privilege from a ruling and increasing majority, the concession of which that same majority now looks on as a calamity worse than death itself.

Any possible elevation, therefore, of the negro race must always be within certain restricted bounds. A certain amount of political place will be open to them, it is true, for years to come, but office without even the faintest pretence to social recognition amounts after all to very little, even if their best moral and intellectual representatives came to the front in such matters, which, after the fashion of their superior caste, they do not. It would be mere affectation in an Anglo-Saxon to regret that prejudicial barriers exist which secure his race against an infusion of negro blood. Nor whatever abstract laws of justice enthusiasts at a distance may lay down, is it conceivable that an American of English blood, with the welfare of his state and nation at heart, could hail as a sign of its progress and improvement, the participation of Africans in its government.

So as labourers, small farmers, factory hands, and so forth, it is more than probable the negro will remain, and it is a question not to be lightly dismissed, whether a limited education, the acquisition of which encourages that very irregularity in habits of labour which is their curse, is an altogether unmixed good.

A freemasonry, assuming almost the form of mutual terrorism, pervades the whole race. To detect crime, except such as threatens personal

safety, through negro channels, is as hopeless an undertaking as it is to track agrarian crime through native sources in Ireland at this moment. Revenge of some kind in return for exposure is looked on by a would-be informer as more than likely. "A white man," they say, "don't know how mean black folk can be to one another." A dread of poisoning without, I think, much ground for such, is the commonest form which this mutual timidity takes. The negro, however, is full of fears, and has not the smallest shame in making them public. He is afraid to walk in the woods alone at night lest "a sperrit" should jump on him from behind. Every familiar spot is peopled after night-fall by his fancy with the spectres of the dead. The cry of the night owl from the forest is for him full of the most portentous omens, while sickness and misfortune he is ever ready to attribute to the spell of some evil eye.

The future of the women is far less hopeful even than that of the men. The older generation, from the habits of industry inculcated by slavery, are still more or less valuable as household servants, washerwomen, or housewives in their own cabins. The younger are as a mass utterly frivolous. The good qualities of the parents are not sustained, while the bad are exaggerated in the children. The latter are as immoral as the men of the same generation—less inclined to work, and less steady and efficient when they do work. Sufficient wages and constant employment are always within their reach. "Trifling" as they are, an established reputation for honesty, steadiness, and application would secure any of them high wages; but these ordinary virtues among the young negro women seem incompatible with the whole tenor of their lives. In the tobacco factories, it is true, they do more regular work, but these are open for very few months in the year, and the town life which they necessitate and after which the women hanker is more costly, not only in the matter of food and lodging, but in that of the excessive personal

adornment which it encourages. That this class form an exception to the otherwise very fair record of the negroes since the war, will, I think, hardly be disputed, though that they are the mothers of future generations of United States citizens is not a pleasing matter for contemplation.

Since the artificial connection between the two races was severed by the abolition of slavery they seem to have each fallen back within themselves, and left a yawning gulf between, across which it is not easy to imagine that even in their remotest future any bridge can stretch.

The independence of the free negro is not like the independence of the white labourer of the Northern States, who though he may talk about equality, and be barely civil to his superior, yet prides himself upon the reputation he has for skill and industry among the employing class, and regards that reputation as his stock-in-trade.

The negro on the other hand, in spite of the protestations that run smoothly from his glib tongue does not as a rule care a straw for the good opinion of the white employing class, though his manner towards such, is usually that of a servant to his master and his feelings anything but unfriendly. Of the bad opinion of his own race, however, he lives in pious dread, and the opinion of his own race is based upon a standard that can tend in no way to his advancement, but very much to the contrary.

The most curious side of all this is that there is no one more fond than the negro of enlarging on the duties and obligations of life. Neither is there any one, except perhaps the low-class Southern white, such an adept at blowing his own trumpet. It is quite a common thing to hear two negroes, whether men or women, whether in the corn-field or the kitchen taking turns about in expatiating on their happy freedom from all those lamentable vices and weaknesses to which their less fortunate brethren are liable.

In spite of all these things, however, no spark of race hostility has

ever disturbed the amicable relations that have existed between the Virginians and their former slaves since the war. In nothing has the general fairness of the white majority to the black minority been more displayed than in politics. The latter have voted year after year, in conjunction often with the illiterate whites and unprincipled adventurers in opposition to their employers, and have occasionally been by these tactics victorious on issues that have simply brought disgrace upon their state in the eyes of the world. I have never, however, heard of even an attempt at intimidation except among the negroes themselves, but have rather wondered at the sublime indifference with which educated and intelligent men watch the annual stampede to the polls of those who live upon their land, and who look to them in time of need for everything, but who give wholesale political submission to the dictation of men who very rarely even pretend to be respectable.

I am far from wishing to scoff at the tenacity with which the negro exercises his right to vote. On the contrary, his loyalty to the party that freed him would have an admirable aspect if it were intelligent and more individually spontaneous, and if it were not for the knowledge that his simplicity and ignorance were used as a cat paw by the unscrupulous and the adventurer.

Two-thirds of the black vote is cast in ignorance of even the names of the candidates. Just as they were taught to believe after the war in the "forty acres and the mule" canard, so now is the fiction that the victory of the democratic party would once again rivet on them the chains of slavery industriously maintained. In the presidential elections their vote merely helps to swell the republican majority and does no harm except in the opinion of the defeated democracy. It is in state elections, where they form a tempting prey to any adventurer with an immoral platform and a small following, to turn the scale, that the mischief lies.

THE INVESTITURE OF THE NIZAM.

ON Saturday, February 22nd, we started by a special train at twelve o'clock *en route* for Hyderabad, in order to be present at the investiture of the young Nizam. On the 5th the Viceroy had preceded us by twenty-four hours, and we found all the stations adorned in his honour with those peculiarly graceful decorations of fruit and flowers in which the natives of India excel. For some hours the country through which we passed presented little worthy of remark. I noticed a white *Nymphaea* growing in the ditches, apparently a variety of the beautiful blue species with which Egyptian travellers are familiar. Further, the most interesting natural objects were the lovely Indian jay, and a still more lovely grass-green bee-eater, of which numerous specimens were perched on the telegraph wires. As the day wore on the blue chain of the Naggery came in sight, and the country changed from cultivated plains into jungle—of which the chief characteristic was the size and luxuriance of the bamboo, whose waving feathery foliage made an exquisite setting or foreground—to turquoise-coloured lakes and distant hills of a deeper blue.

We stopped at Balapully to see a cage of strong masonry, with a door and windows of stout iron bars, in which the pointsman is secured from the attacks of tigers. On the following morning we awoke to flat plains covered with crops of *cholum* (*Holcus Sorghum*). The distant blue hills, the bright green corn, and the little stages from which the birds are scared away, all recalled Egypt vividly, though the crops in "this barren and thirsty land where no water is," looked poor and niggard compared with the growth of the

same plants when watered by the ever-flowing and stately Nile.

As we neared Hyderabad the country became less level, and broke into hills composed of boulders of very extraordinary and fantastic forms, piled one on the top of another.

I also observed that the villages were fortified and walled, with, in most cases, a little tower in the centre. A few miles from the town the railway passes a large lake or tank, on the further side of which the roof and minarets of the Chudderghat peeped out of surrounding trees. Of the town itself we could only see a mosque, also, as it appeared, buried in wood.

We were met at the station by the younger son of the late Salar Jung and brother of the present prime minister, who told us that we were to occupy his elder brother's country residence at Bolarum, twelve miles off. We retraced our steps along the tank, passing the station of Secunderabad, and finally arrived at Trimalgheri, the station for Bolarum. We soon found ourselves the occupants of a pretty bungalow, with somewhat Italian decorations, and filled with copies of Italian pictures. I noticed the *Madonna della Seggiola*, Correggio's *La Notte*, a Carlo Dolce, and others.

The Viceroy was established at the English Residency a few hundred yards off, and a very pretty and well-arranged camp, composed of a long street of field-officers' tents, ended by a large durbar tent for dinner, afforded accommodation for sixty or seventy visitors, who were royally entertained by the Nizam, and of the arrangements for whose comfort every one was loud in praise. The next day, Monday, was one of repose for all English visitors except the Viceroy, who exchanged State visits with the Nizam, but one

of anxious and feverish expectation in the court and city, as every one was anxious to know which of three rival claimants—Khoorshed-Jah, Bushir-ud-Dowlah, and Salar Jung—would be raised to the premiership. It is not my intention to enter into Hyderabad politics further than to say that the two former are relatives of the Nizam and each other, and are men advanced in life; the latter is the eldest son of the late Salar Jung, and a young man of twenty-three. The eventful morning at last arrived, and we left Bolarum early. The road was lined with guards at intervals, and as we neared the city, preparations were being made on the most extensive scale for the evening's illuminations. Almost every house was decorated, and we passed under innumerable triumphal arches cleverly made of paper in imitation of stonework. In every direction were loyal mottoes: "God bless the Queen Empress," "Long Live the Empress," "Welcome Lord and Lady Ripon"—in one case, "God send us more Ripons"—the last rather reminding me of the young lady who told George IV. that she wanted to see a coronation! After driving through the long suburb we at length crossed a bridge, on the further side of which rose the walls of Hyderabad. The streets were all kept by guards, and there were few people in them but shop-keepers, who differed little from the ordinary decent-looking Mohammedan of other parts of Southern India. We drove through many streets of two-storied houses, and at last for some distance between blank walls, till we arrived at the palace.

The durbar hall, where the installation was to take place, stands on a flight of steps, and is open to the air. It is supported by square columns of white chunam, and decorated with cut-glass chandeliers, some standing on the ground, others dependent from the ceiling. A yellow carpet led up to the throne, on which were placed two gilt arm-chairs covered with yellow damask, and two chairs were also

placed in front. On the right of the throne were seats for the court and officials of the Nizam—Salar Jung, who had that morning been appointed premier, significantly taking the first place; on the left the Englishmen, among the principal of whom were the Commanders-in-chief of India and of Madras; the British Resident, Mr. Cordery; and the Governor of Madras; behind them were the English ladies. When all were placed the Viceroy and the Nizam arrived. The latter has just concluded a minority of seventeen years. He is below the middle height and slightly made, with handsome regular features, more European than native in character. He wears whiskers and a moustache, and his hair is somewhat longer than is the fashion among young Englishmen. He wore a black coat like an undress uniform, a gold belt with a diamond clasp, and magnificent diamonds on his cap. The Viceroy and he occupied the two chairs below the throne, and the proceedings began by the former making an able and affecting speech on the duties which awaited the young prince, alluding with much feeling to the loss the latter had sustained in the death of the late Salar Jung. He then led the Nizam to the throne, placing him on his right hand. The Nizam replied in a few words, spoken so low that only those very near could hear them. Mr. Durand, the acting Foreign Secretary, then read a Persian translation of the Viceroy's speech, and the Governor of Madras offered his congratulations, as did the two Commanders-in-chief. The khillat, or robe of state, in this instance represented by a jewelled sword, was offered by Lord Ripon to the Maharajah. Further gifts were presented to the chief officers of state. Bushir-ud-Dowlah was conspicuous by his absence, having had an attack of illness on the 4th, from which he did not recover during the Viceroy's visit. We returned to Bolarum for lunch, and late in the day drove out again to be present at the banquet given by

the Nizam to the Viceroy. By this time the lamps were lighted, and the illuminations increased in number and brightness at every step. The whole way along the streets the crowd was kept back by a latticed barrier traced in small lamps. A fountain near the centre of the town was covered with floating lights, and the white walls we had passed down in the morning, no longer dead, were adorned with patterns of light. All, however, that we saw in the town, beautiful as it was, was nothing compared to the sight within the palace, when, after being taken through a long featureless passage, we suddenly came out on a great square with a marble tank in the middle, decorated with dazzling arches and arabesques of light, seeming to realise every fable of Oriental magnificence. From these delicate traceries, which might have been the work of fairies and genii, we turned into a very Parisian suite of rooms, on the further side of which was another great court with another parterre also brilliantly lighted up. We went from the drawing-rooms into the banquetting hall, a long and narrow room, where covers were placed for 150. The menus were printed on yellow satin edged with red fringe. The dinner was like most other good dinners, and the table decorated with gold plate and flowers, like an ordinary European state dinner. The only peculiarity I observed was that the ice plates were made of sugar. After the usual healths had been drunk, we returned to the great court of the palace, where a brilliant series of fireworks took place, designed and executed with the usual skill of natives in such matters. On leaving the city, the great lake just outside it, which had not previously been illuminated, was covered with boats lighted up and with floating lights of every description.

Early the next day we started for the review to be given in honour of the occasion at Secunderabad. The latter boasts the largest parade ground in

India, and is indeed like one's childish ideal of the Desert of Sahara. The Viceroy, accompanied by the Governor of Madras, drove down the ranks in a carriage and four, followed by his staff, and then took up his position at the flagstaff, where he was shortly joined by the Nizam. Four thousand five hundred troops defiled past, of which the elephant batteries of heavy artillery, and the picturesque Lancers of the Hyderabad contingent, with their coloured turbans and light pennons, were the most interesting.

We had been somewhat disappointed with the extremely respectable, but somewhat unpicturesque, appearance of the crowd, as we drove along the streets on our way to the durbar, and were glad to accept an offer made to us of seeing it in a more every-day aspect. We accordingly drove to the bridge leading to the city, and there found six or seven huge elephants awaiting us, each with a howdah on his back like the seat of a mail phaeton. As we waited for our party to collect I watched the crowd go by, and had never perhaps done so with so much interest before, except in that other great Mohammedan centre, Constantinople. The first person I observed was a gentleman sitting on an elephant, in the old-fashioned scarlet howdah of nursery picture-books, scattering copper coins to the crowd; then came three pack elephants, escorted by forty or fifty wild-looking men with guns, knives, and swords; next a palanquin with a well-dressed man reclining in it, who was followed by a servant with a sword. Arabs passed by with long guns, having very thin barrels inlaid with ivory or silver. Then a bullock cart, with a peaked top carefully done up in a cloth, and containing veiled women, went by. Then a fakir, half saint, half beggar, and probably whole rascal, with a high felt cap, and mounted on a wretched pony, with a tin pot on his back, shambled his way among the people. A contrast to him were one or two solid respectable men, in green or scarlet robes, passing

decorously along on handsome cobs as substantial as themselves.

Long before I was weary of watching the ceaseless stream, our party was completed, the gigantic animals knelt obediently down, and we climbed up the ladders that led to their howdahs. I observed when the elephants had risen that we were on a level with the first and top floor of the houses. These latter consisted chiefly of shops, the owners of which sat with pipes, chatting or playing with pet birds on the floor covered with matting or linen. The trades appeared to keep, on the whole, much together, except the flower-sellers, whose piles of roses without stalks and jasmine garlands were scattered here and there, and looked sweet and refreshing in the heat and dust. I particularly observed the bakers' shops. The ovens were cone-shaped holes scooped out of the floor of the shop, and wafered on the sides with the chupatties that were baking. There were a great many shops for arms, some of which were prettily chased and inlaid, but the prices were high, and the work rather coarse.

Looking up the principal street the view was very striking. The great Char-Minar, formerly a college, appearing gigantic by the side of the low houses surrounding it, rose with its four minarets and its graceful pointed arch. Before it, through the street, streamed the crowd with turbans and sashes of all colours, seen through the hot haze of the mid-day sun. The principal market was built round a square, in the centre of which was an extremely pretty garden with fresh green plants, small tanks and fountains, all neat and well kept. After going through the principal street, we turned into unfrequented thoroughfares, where we noticed that the houses had domed projections of a shape I have not seen elsewhere, picturesquely adorned with arabesque mouldings. In some cases there were square projections resembling those of Cairo, but without the beautiful carv-

ing distinctive of that place. Both kinds had their shutters carefully shut, and were apparently used for the women. These last were more kept out of sight than in any town, Mohammedan or other, which I have previously seen. We observed, indeed, but one who appeared to belong to the better class, veiled in white draperies, on a pony. Out of the chief streets everything had the look of dilapidation and decay, characteristic of all suburbs, but specially of those in the east. These were largely occupied by stables for elephants and horses. As we returned to the gate we saw other curious figures, half-naked men with huge bunches of peacock feathers on each side of the head and fantastically disposed round their persons. A dark fierce-looking man, with straggling locks of hair, was telling a story or delivering a sermon as we entered, and still held an attentive and interested audience on our return an hour after. The beggars were numerous, and demanded alms in a hoarse minor drawl which recalled the "Baksheesh Hawajee" of Egypt.

After making the circuit of the city very completely we reached the starting point where we left our elephants, the more inexperienced of us perhaps a little relieved that the novel ride had terminated without accident or adventure. The day concluded with a second banquet given by the British Resident to the Nizam, at which the Viceroy, the Governor of Madras, and the two Commanders-in-chief assisted, also Salar Jung, Khoorshed-Jah, and other members of the Nizam's court.

Mr. Cunningham, the Assistant Resident, kindly sent me a camel from the commissariat department to draw this morning. It had a curious double saddle to carry two men, peaked before, behind, and in the centre, and mounted in steel. The man who accompanied it had the handsome determined type of face very common among the Nizam's soldiers. He wore a dark-green tunic, a scarlet cummerbund, a turban of light and

dark blue with a scarlet tuft, and tawny leather breeches. He and his animal proved most patient models, and he was much delighted with the portraits when they were finished.

Early in the afternoon we started to go to the Meer Allum tank, and on our way called on Mrs. Neville, daughter of Charles Lever, the novelist, and now wife of Major Neville, Commander-in-chief of the Nizam's "reformed troops." We had last seen her in Trieste thirteen years before. Of the joyous party who met on that occasion the three most distinguished, namely, her father, who was the host, Professor Henry Smith, and Mr. W. R. Greg, have all passed away.

Another call was on Captain Clerk, the young Nizam's English tutor. Mrs. Clerk, an Italian lady, showed me some birds, whose cages were folded tightly up in white cotton, and who, thus kept in the dark, sang constantly. The cages were made of very fine wood, with very artistic handles of metal work, and they and the birds are much prized by Mohammedans. I also noticed a stand of arms of really fine native work. After this we skirted the town, passing under the grey walls which were crowded with spectators in many coloured garments ranged in rows below and perched on the battlements above. We at length reached the place of embarkation, a few houses at the side of a lake where two steam launches were lying, and where also was the Nizam with his suite. We were soon followed by the Viceroy with his, and the party put off from the shore. The tank was curiously separated from the lower country by a dyke shaped like a bridge lying on its side, with very deep arches, the work of an English engineer. The scenery was pretty, the shore covered with wooded hills, on one of which was the picturesque tomb of a saint, and the tank itself was dotted with rocky islets, on some

of which tall cranes were sitting statuesquely poised. After steaming about for nearly an hour we returned to the shore, and, after seeing the Viceroy off, and taking leave of the Nizam, had again the pleasure of driving through the city, which did not lose in interest on being seen a second time. We had again occasion to remark the entire absence of any unfriendly feeling. A few years ago an Englishman was unsafe in Hyderabad, and such a ceremony as has just taken place would have been neither wished for nor possible. To-day, however, all this is changed, and the fact that the representative of the Queen came himself to invest the new sovereign with full powers has given profound satisfaction. I was informed by an English lady, who had unusual opportunities of seeing and knowing Mohammedans, that much indignation had been roused among them by the disloyal and unpatriotic tone recently shown towards the English Government by some of the non-official Anglo-Indians in Calcutta, and that they were peculiarly anxious all over India to evince a respectful and loyal feeling. Nothing could certainly exceed the cordiality of the welcome awarded, not only to the Viceroy, but to all the English present, who will long look back to the magnificent hospitality and the thorough consideration for every one's comfort, not only with pleasure at the enjoyment afforded, but with the well-founded hope that the meeting between the English Viceroy and the Mohammedan Nizam at Hyderabad may draw closer those ties which, in spite of difference of race and creed, should exist between the fellow-subjects of a much-loved sovereign, whose aim has always been to appeal not only to the duty and loyalty, but to the good-feeling and the affections, of her subjects.

A. JULIA GRANT-DUFF.

A RENEGADE.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

HAVING come to San Biagio, as has been seen, for one night, I ended, as the sequel proved, by remaining weeks. The place somehow took my fancy. Despite the grimness of the old walled town there was an idyllic charm about it and its surroundings that grew upon me hourly. The weather too was perfection. The inn, if distinctly the reverse of luxurious, was at all events clean; it was enchantingly free from other guests, while the people from the landlord downwards possessed that ineffable charm of kindly good-will which makes even the very roughest accommodation endurable, so, having no calls of any sort elsewhere, until the weather changed I resolved to remain where I was.

With this view I next morning summoned mine host and inquired into the possibilities of additional accommodation, and in response to my appeal was ushered a few hours later with much pomp into another bedroom with a sitting-room—a room at least without a bed—beyond, which had been hastily cleared out and prepared for me. A primitive little pair of apartments they were truly; their windows opening upon a sort of walled-in court or garden which had found a lodgement for itself in an angle of the walls, its space choked with ragged vines, a plot of maize about the circumference of a table-cloth filling the centre; stacks of faggots leaning about in despondent attitudes against the walls; while above ledges, thick grown with yellow lichens, dangled their tufts of mesembrianthemum, and upon the opposite wall a lady with scarlet cheeks, and brilliant grass-green gown, half obliterated, but still smiling sweetly stood upon a balcony, with a back-ground of star-pointing peaks and

pyramids which fairly put to shame those less ambitious efforts of nature which showed through an opening in the roof beyond.

Despite these and other allurements, my chief attraction at San Biagio was, however, naturally my newly-made acquaintance, young Maclean, whose character and the sequel of whose adventures possessed for me all the charm of an as yet unstudied chapter of romance. I could not help feeling touched too by the evident dependence with which he seemed disposed to cling to me, finding apparently in my chance fellowship a sort of equivalent for those home ties and affections which he had either too hastily abandoned or had possibly never known.

He was not, as I soon discovered, lodging in the hotel, but only coming there for his meals. He had established himself in a couple of rooms in a house which projected from a corner of one of the gates, a modern excrescence thrusting itself with much discordance and unconformability upon the ancient structure, its front painted, in true Ligurian fashion, with such a profusion of doors, arches, and windows as hindered one from giving it credit for even the very limited number of such apertures as it in reality possessed, a ridiculously rickety little balcony, coarsely daubed with already faded green paint, being clamped on to the solid blocks of masonry, which in their day had withstood, it was said, sieges, and whose date (1504) could still be seen between the thin discoloured sticks of the railing.

For Maclean the chief attraction of this abode, I was not long in discovering, lay in the fact that it commanded a corner of the village piazza—that corner where the fountain issued from the wall, and where the maiden

of the tower, whose name was Colomba Zecchi, was in the habit of descending from her aerial abode to fill her water jars, and refresh herself at the same time with a little congenial gossip.

Leaning over the balcony—at some risk of finding oneself precipitated into the street—one saw first a long stretch of fern-fringed wall, ending in the marble statue of some forgotten saint, once upon a time, no doubt, white, but long since yellow with time and damp; beyond, through an archway, a vista of cypresses, straggling two by two, like gloomy excursionists, up the steep hill-side, and for foreground a blacksmith's shop, with family groups of children and grandmothers twirling distaffs, strewed about over the thresholds and pavement.

The fountain, which stood in an angle, was of marble also, the water escaping in a couple of weary jets, as if exhausted with its centuries of work, out of a wall surmounted by the three Medicean balls. Below the shell-like cup, which received the water, though nearly worn away with much attrition, still retained no little of its original fluted grace. Here, from morning till night, the women of the place were always to be seen washing, splashing, shrieking discordantly to one another, filling those classical-shaped jars which form so effective a feature in every North Italian tableau, and carrying it away with them to their homes. It did not seem to make anything or any one one whit the cleaner; indeed the whole town reeked with smells of every variety of pungency, but in itself nothing could be more effective than was the grouping thus afforded. Look when one would, there was always a procession passing to and fro—always a girl, or group of girls, standing under the wall in the same invariable Caryatides attitude, one hand up to steady the jar just poised upon her head, and not seldomest Colomba, who doubtless knew the effect of those black brows and

shapely shoulders of hers silhouetted against the pale Carrara marble, just tinged here and there with a hue of red or brownish rust, which had accrued to it in the course of ages. Overhead a row of five orange-trees filled the air with scent, a slender brown brick campanile rising immediately above; and beyond that again other houses, whose walls rose one above the other, with many an excrescence and jutting ledge, and little misshapen, unexpected doors and windows, where women were hanging out washing amid pots of red carnations, while upon the very top of all a house, striped like a puma, flaunted itself audaciously full against the sky.

Not very far from the fountain, under the partial shelter of a vine trellis, a seat had been placed by some thrice-blessed forerunner of the present race, and here I used to seat myself of a morning to smoke my early cigar and see the whole life of the place expanding itself before me. It is wonderful what familiar acquaintanceship one may make under such circumstances with people with whom one has never exchanged a single syllable. Near the church there was a small *collegio convitto*, kept by three stout old priests, to which the brown-cheeked urchins of the place used twice a day to be rung by a cracked bell which hung from the crooked pink campanile. Later on their shrill voices used to reach me as they pattered over their *Aves*, or shrieked their spelling in chorus. A broad flight of steps—broad at least for San Biagio—led to this abode of learning, and upon these steps stretched a small tessellated platform where the three fathers might be seen walking up and down, and refreshing themselves with liberal pinches of snuff between the hours of study.

I had not been a week in the place before all these people appeared to me in the light of familiar acquaintances. I knew their incomings and their outgoings; could tell as well as they could themselves

at what hours they eat their meagre strips of bread, or supped their meagre cups of coffee and minestra. Maclean too would often join me on my bench, and we used to hold high discussions upon every variety of subject. Whenever the fair Colomba appeared upon the scene, he used invariably, however, to spring up, no matter how enthralling might be the matter in hand, and hasten forward to take her jar from her and fill it at the fountain. He also frequently insisted upon carrying it up for her to the top of the steps, wholly regardless of the universal derision aroused by the proceeding, as well as of the fact that whereas she carried it without so much as spilling a drop, he never yet had attained the top without a very considerable proportion of the water dispersing itself over the steps, or finding a lodgment upon his garments. This silent act of love-making accomplished, he would return, and gravely resume the discussion at exactly the same point at which he had left it off.

More often than not these discussions of ours turned upon abstract points, either of ethical or philosophic lore, within whose meshes we entangled ourselves with much mutual satisfaction. It was evident to me that my new acquaintance possessed more than an average share of intelligence, and that, moreover, he had thought out his own views upon most subjects with what, under his circumstances, might almost be said to amount to originality. His ignorance of everything beyond his own contracted circle, hindered him, however, from appreciating the relative value of things, or perceiving where what was personal to himself began, and what was merely the common heritage of all young enthusiastic manhood ended. Everything was coloured and, to a certain extent, warped, too, by that attitude of opposition into which he had been almost unavoidably forced. His enjoyment of his own liberty was still in all the first flush of its novelty, so that he appeared to find it

necessary to be perpetually fingering it in order to make sure that it was actually there. Owing, no doubt, to the long continued repression to which he had been subjected, he had the effect of being always on the look out for disapproval; perfectly resolved not to allow it to influence him; to resent it, if necessary, but still expecting to meet with it at every turn; and to this, no doubt, that pugnacity of demeanour which had come out so strongly upon our first meeting was mainly due.

His long continued dogmatic training seemed to me to be perpetually getting in the way of his newly discovered freedom, now for a time mastered and set aside, but much more often mastering it, and reasserting all its old supremacy. The walls of the sheepfold were well around him still, as was perhaps not least conclusively proved by the innocent pride he took in occasionally leaping over them when he might just as well have gone quietly out by the open door. In discussing points of morals or ethics, he in theory too always advocated the widest and most advanced views, out-running even his own self-elected teachers in the vigour of his denunciations of existing barriers and demarcations of all sorts, advocating with enthusiasm the perfect emancipation of all social relations, the absolute and inalienable right of every man to judge for himself in such matters; the falseness of all existent theories of morality, and the necessity of breaking through the whole artificiality of things, and beginning afresh at the very bottom.

All this, however, I soon discovered was the purest talk, however, like the talk of some enthusiastic girl whose brain has been fired by notions of whose import she entirely fails to see the outcome. His own natural impulses lay exactly in the reverse direction, and that too to an extent I have never met with in any other man. Perpetually in our talks I was struck by the extraordinary innocence, not to say ignorance, which

characterised all his remarks, even to the extent of finding myself toning down all the worst and more aggressive features, from an instinctive feeling of their being somehow or other unfit for his ears.

As became a Highlander, he was a tremendous walker, and in the time we spent together we took a considerable number of walks in each other's company. To the more distant of these expeditions I rode upon a mule—a perverse, yellow-faced animal belonging to our landlord—Maclean striding meanwhile beside, or more frequently far ahead, of me, leaping from crag to crag, his eccentric garments waving in the breeze as he did so. The country around San Biagio is lovely, and the season was the very perfection and quintessence of the spring. Occasionally we used to make a longer expedition for some point, where I would dismount, and we would eat our lunch under the shadow of some tufa rock, or lounge away our day upon the sun-dried grass. It was an innocent sort of life, if not a very exciting one, and I look back to it now with a good deal of half-melancholy pleasure. One afternoon in particular comes back to me, I cannot for the life of me tell why, as nothing at all particularly worthy of note occurred then. We had climbed to the top of a crest, known as the Cima Nera, whose top, bald as the head of some aged vulture, rose above the smiling valley, and carried upon it one of those whitewashed chapels which crown the crest of how many thousand Italian summits. It had been a wild morning, and clouds were still strolling idly along the tops of the opposite hills, now hiding one point, and now revealing another, as they played at bo-peep amongst the ridges. The summit reached, the last half-dozen cypresses left behind, we passed the chapel, whose closed door, blistered with nearly five centuries of sunshine, was studded over with huge black nails, and extended ourselves

luxuriously upon the smooth rocks above. Below us rose a small company of pine trees, old but not large, bent and misshapen rather like creatures that had grown grey in iniquity, and below these again four distinct valleys could be traced, each with its stony, snake-like, all but waterless river bed, each with its small-walled *paese* enveloped in a faint, ghostly cloud of smoke. Opposite, scattered like white pebbles over the slopes, could be seen the tiny box-like habitations in which the inhabitants of the said *paese* passed their summers. As the sun sank, the whole landscape—hills, trees, valleys, water-courses, houses—began to swim and quiver in a faint rose-coloured haze, through which the light, escaping, smote here a jutting cape, there the white sail of a fishing smack, until it finally all merged in the pale roseate glow, concealing and encircling the distant horizon.

Frequently upon these occasions Maclean's tongue used to run upon the perfections of the adorable Colomba. Since my refusal to write to her father we had never seriously discussed the possibility of the marriage, but in his own mind it was evident that the intention was only suspended, not relinquished. What exactly her relations thought of the whole affair I was at a loss to guess; that they at this time regarded his attentions as having any serious importance I do not for a moment believe. I imagine that they simply looked upon poor Maclean as harmlessly demented upon this subject, as by the united consensus of village opinion he had already been pronounced to be upon most others. As regards his own views, there was, however, not the slightest question. He had fallen in love with Colomba, as he had fallen in love with Italy, with the sunshine, with his own emancipation; and despite those fluently latitudinarian views which he occasionally propounded, marriage was evidently the bourne, and the only bourne, towards which his thoughts pointed. Pending that desirable con-

summation he rarely missed his morning attendance at the fountain, undeterred by the very moderate amount of gratitude with which his efforts were rewarded, or by the unfailing derision they evoked amongst the children of the place. It was a very silent act of adoration, since he never, so far as I observed, spoke to her; indeed, his Italian, to the very last hour of our acquaintance, remained in an utterly nebulous condition.

A more serious obstacle was that there was already a rival in the path, a certain Antonino Zecchi, cousin of the fair Colomba, whose father was the proprietor of sundry rice fields in the vicinity, and according to my landlord's report a wealthy man. Six months before this Antonino had scattered dismay amongst his family and his admirers by drawing the fatal number which obliged him to serve in the army, neither prayers, bribes, or even substitutes availing anything in Italy nowadays against that onerous necessity. Latterly, however, he had reappeared upon the scene, the regiment to which he was attached being quartered at Spezia, and on more than one occasion had fluttered the hearts of the maidens of San Biagio, and not least that of his fair cousin Colomba, to whom he paid devoted court, to the intense though necessarily impotent fury of poor Maclean. He was a well-looking youth, this same Zecchi, tall, slim, and dark eyed; his becoming uniform with its natty completeness contrasting with my poor Highlander's wildly heterogeneous garments, which assumed day by day a more and more disorderly and fantastic appearance.

There was a little walk which ran up at the back of our hotel which for me had the merit of being one of the most sheltered in all the neighbourhood, and for Maclean that in its upper portion it commanded a complete view of the house which contained his divinity. Escaped from the town it struggled through vineyards and olive woods; now shut in by

hedges climbed over by that large-flowered white cistus which here usurps the place of the dog-roses; now overshadowed by roughly-put-together colonnades, red, green, and blue, of the fashion that Italy loves. Below, tall lupins, white or pale blue, rose knee deep, nearly strangling the half-grown vines, which only succeeded in clambering beyond their reach by the aid of small stakes to which they were tied.

Along this path Maclean and I were wont to stroll in the cool of the evening, satiating our eyes on that most incomparable of landscapes. The bay, white under the flail of the sirocco, or striped with purple streaks stretching diagonally over the blue; the long line of mountains rising one behind the other, the first set green and brown, the next blue, last of all the grey of the Carraras rising skywards in all their rock-hewn distinctness, their sides aglitter with what to a stranger would have seemed to be snow, but which was to our knowledge marble.

One evening we had gone higher than usual and were returning homewards over the stone-set path—very hard and pointed those stones I remember were too—past clambering vines and shapeless forgotten fragments of masonry; past the half-destroyed tower of Boboli, the base of which bulged outwards nearly blocking up the pathway; winding in and out of the unkempt maize-fields; dropping from terrace to terrace and over the dry beds of streams; Maclean, as usual, always ahead, looking back and encouraging me onward. As we came out upon the last of the lower summits we both of us paused by mutual impulse. Below us lay San Biagio, its brown roofs so near that it seemed as if they might be touched. Where we were the projecting ledge above overshadowed us, but below the path was flooded with sunset light, which rippled impartially over the patched roofs and over the lupins and vetches and sunflowers in the vineyards; over the

boats curtsying placidly in the little harbour; finally over three or four couples who were promenading about upon the bit of walk which stretched nearly at right angles to where we were then standing.

The whole scene wore the most unmistakably operatic aspect. The figures passed on below us two by two; one of the women was singing; several of the couples had their arms round one another's waists. As we stood there we saw one of the men suddenly stoop and kiss his partner, who thereupon smote him upon the arm with an air of very mild and placable displeasure.

Maclean seemed to get quite drunk upon the sunshine, upon the idyllic beauty of the scene, upon the somewhat trite and bucolic romance on which we were thus the involuntary intruders. "Look at that," he exclaimed excitedly; "who would believe that we were in the same world as where I come from? What nature! What grace! Could anything be more innocent, more perfectly harmless? and yet, you know, they"—jerking his thumb backwards over his shoulder—"would think it dreadful, horrible, heinous; they would believe they were one and all going straight down to the bottomless pit! Fools! dolts! idiots! fanatics!" Presently another couple came out of one of the houses and joined the promenaders. These two had not their arms round each other's waists, nor were they even arm-in-arm, nevertheless they walked with a certain self-conscious air which proclaimed them to be lovers, in *posse* at all events, if not in *esse*. Nor did it take very long to recognise them. Even in San Biagio, renowned for the beauty of its women, there were not many forms that could be mistaken for that of the stately Colomba, while in the figure beside her I recognised that tall and military-looking cousin whose advent had lately fluttered the dovecots of the vicinity. Poor Maclean's face fell; his head drooped upon his breast; and he hardly uttered another word before we reached our inn.

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CHAPTER IV.

I FIND myself lingering unwarrantably over this portion of my tale, but the truth is that even at this distance of time I shrink from once again approaching to the inevitable finale. For about another fortnight our life at San Biagio continued much as I have described it. Maclean and I walked, talked, and disputed amicably together; together we sailed along the coast, and together explored peaks and valleys, churches and monasteries until nothing, we flattered ourselves, or nothing in any degree noteworthy in the neighbourhood, remained by us unvisited. Never before or since have I met any one in whom the enthusiasm for nature so preponderated. His passion for beauty, for colour, for every form of innocently sensuous enjoyment, showed indeed in every word and act, the greatest peculiarity of all perhaps being that instead of having in his case been elaborately cultivated, wrought up to the highest attainable pitch by example and instigation, it had apparently grown-up against all training, and in opposition to everything held out to him as laudable or commendable, fighting its way as it were to the surface by sheer force of its own inherent vigour. At every turn he seemed to be expecting to find surprise, and even something very like contempt in response to the most candid, nay, the most obvious, expressions of enthusiasm in the harmoniousness of things, the blue skies, the green earth, the various scenic effects of his surroundings.

"And what, my dear Maclean, do you imagine that people as a rule come to Italy for, if you are the very first man that ever cared for scenery?" I used sometimes laughingly to ask him.

It spoke volumes too, I thought, for the repression and lack of congenial fellowship which had hitherto encompassed his life that I really think, during the short time we were together, the poor fellow grew to be positively fond of me. This may have

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partly come from the fact that he looked upon me as a perfect mine or reservoir of information, particularly as regards everything that was to be known, guessed, or suspected about his fellow-creatures, the lightest hint in this direction being received by him as a sort of revelation, a stimulative and suggestive peep into the untravelled regions of the unsuspected. Now, although I have been a good deal about the world, I cannot say that I flatter myself I have seen very much more than my neighbours, or that my knowledge of men and things is of any extravagantly profound or exhaustive character. To Maclean, however, my experiences were evidently unique. Not Faust with Mephistopheles, or Telemaque at the feet of Minerva, ever drank in lore with keener avidity, or gave wider credence to the marvels retailed by his mentor. To say that he was unsophisticated is to fail in expressing a quarter of the fact; indeed how any human being could have contrived to come to man's estate so profoundly, so touchingly ignorant of the world, its ways, thoughts, and doings, was a matter of ceaseless surprise to me. Having said so much I am bound for my own credit's sake to add that I do not think his innocence suffered any very serious detriment at my hands. If I did him no good I at least did him no harm, and that is a good deal to say for one whose very guilelessness made him all the more susceptible naturally of adverse impressions.

About the middle of this month of April young Zecchi, the cousin, disappeared from the scene, his regiment having been ordered away from Spezia, so that Maclean was no longer tormented by the sight of a rival basking in those seraphic eyebeams from which he remained inexorably shut out. He had found a means of communicating, too, which was another and an even deeper source of solace to him. An old Franciscan monk, the

solitary survival of a whilom well-peopled monastery, spoke Latin after his fashion, and to him by aid of this medium he was able to communicate his desires, entreating him to convey them in due form to the father of his *inamorata*. This, apparently, was done, since several interviews I learnt took place between the elder Zecchi and my love-lorn friend. Although I have never actually been informed as to what occurred at these conferences I have every reason to believe that a species of bargain was entered upon, and that if Maclean succeeded in producing guarantees as to the really solid and satisfactory nature of his possessions, the other upon his part promised not to withhold those means of persuasion with which Italian fathers and mothers are generally sufficiently well provided.

These negotiations, and the arrangements to which they gave rise, naturally took up a good deal of my young friend's time, so that our walks and talks were to a great degree suspended, and I began as a consequence to get not a little bored with San Biagio, and to bethink me of once again resuming the disconnected thread of my journey. One morning towards the latter end of the month, not having seen Maclean throughout the whole of the preceding day, I walked over to his lodgings, and making my way up stairs tapped at his bedroom door.

"Come in, d— you, whoever you are," was the answer, delivered in a tone of the most vehement and vindictive energy.

Although this was hardly perhaps to be called an encouraging invitation, I nevertheless took advantage of it so far as to open the door.

Inside I found Maclean striding up and down the narrow space in a perfect frenzy of excitement, the hot spring sunshine penetrating every corner, and filling the narrow room with its potent presence. Everything was in the wildest confusion. A pile of linen, evidently destined for the washerwoman, lay tumbled upon a chair;

note-books and sketching materials were scattered confusedly hither and thither; a vase of wild flowers which had been mounted upon a bracket was lying overturned and disconsolate upon the floor.

"Good heavens! *You*, Mr. Smith! I beg ten hundred thousand pardons," he exclaimed in a tone of dismay. "Need I say that I never dreamt for a single instant that it was you! In fact I never thought of its being any one that understood English. To tell the truth, I do sometimes relieve my soul by a malediction or two when I am perfectly certain that there is no one who understands me within hearing, and this morning the people of this house have been more exasperating even than usual. As if it wasn't bad enough to have them dashing in when one only wants to be left in peace, they have taken lately to rapping violently at the door, and then when I go to it to see what they want I find that they have run off somewhere, heaven knows where, and forgotten all about it! The fact is, I believe they honestly think here that I'm demented. At least this morning I distinctly heard two of the women whispering to each other '*Pazzo, pazzo*,' whenever I appeared, and I know that *pazzo* means mad."

As I looked at Maclean I own I could not feel surprised at these suspicions, however unjust or injurious. A more singular figure than his at that moment it would be difficult to conceive. His parti-coloured garments seemed to have grown less instead of more at unison with one another during their long companionship; a pair of blue spectacles decorated his nose, his original colossal straw hat his head; while his pockets were swollen with half folded maps, yard measures, note-books, and other heterogeneous gear which protruded from them in all directions.

"Where in the world are you off to in such a hurry?" I inquired. "Are you going to give me the slip as you did your relations, and disappear suddenly into space?"

"No, no, nothing of the sort, I assure you. I've got some business to do to-day though—an appointment to keep," and he nodded his head vaguely in the direction of the Carrara Mountains.

"An appointment?"

"Yes—that is, some one that I've arranged to meet me. Don't ask me anything about it though now, please, as I ought to be off. This evening when I come back you shall hear all." And before I had time to formulate another question he had made a dash at the remainder of his possessions, and, darting down stairs, turned hurriedly up the street in the direction of the station.

It was six o'clock when he returned. The weather had meanwhile changed, and a cold fine rain was falling dismally over everything. I had passed a solitary and a somewhat disconsolate day, and had now definitely made up my mind that my start for Florence should certainly not be delayed beyond the next but one. In fact, I was actually engaged in writing a note to a certain hotel-keeper there of my acquaintance, ordering rooms to be prepared for me, when I heard the impetuous tramp of my friend's feet resounding noisily upon the carpetless staircase.

"Well, what do you think I have been doing *now*?" he exclaimed as he burst into the room and flung his dripping hat upon my writing-table.

"That is exactly what I am waiting to learn," I answered.

"I have been buying a castle."

"Buying a castle?" I repeated, rising to my feet in the extremity of my astonishment. "And what has induced you to do that, if I might venture to ask?"

"Wait till you have seen it and you will not need to ask then!" he cried exultingly. "Or stay, I believe you have seen it, though only at a distance. Do you remember the day we went up to the top of Cima Nero, our wondering what a thing could be that looked something like a clump of

trees, something like a lighthouse, and something like an elephant upon a pedestal?"

"Perfectly."

"Well then, that is it. That's the castle I have bought."

"You haven't paid for it, have you?"

"I have though. Half the purchase-money at least."

"Then your next amusement, I suppose, will be to trying to find some one weak enough to take it off your hands," I observed. "Unless, of course, you propose to marry Colomba and settle down there for the remainder of your days," I added jocosely.

"That is exactly what I *do* propose doing."

I shrugged my shoulders. "In that case I have no more to say. The habitation will be thoroughly worthy of its inmates!"

Maclean looked hurt.

"You never will realise how entirely my heart is set upon this," he said in a tone of mortification.

"Perhaps not. Perhaps, too, it would be all the better if you didn't always realise it yourself either. Meanwhile, about this astonishing castle of yours. What is it to cost you, may I ask?"

He recovered his exuberance in an instant.

"That's the best of the whole joke," he exclaimed. "I got it for—but you'll never guess; an *enormous* castle, mind you, with walls four feet thick. It stood three sieges in the fifteenth century, and was only taken at last because the garrison were reduced to eating up their own boots. It covers the entire top of a hill itself over three hundred feet high, with a view—such a view from the top over the whole of the Carrara mountains!—perfectly splendid! And I've bought the entire thing out and out, castle, hill, view and all, for—what do you think?"

"A hundred pounds perhaps," I said.

He looked disgusted; probably he had expected me to say at least a thousand.

"Eighty-five!" he cried. "Two thousand one hundred and twenty-five francs!"

"And is it habitable?"

He laughed.

"I only wish you could see it! Why of *course* it is not habitable, if you mean that there are no chairs and tables in it. In fact in many places it hasn't any floors for them to stand upon. As far as I can gather it has never been occupied since the last time it was besieged, and that was somewhere about the beginning of the seventeenth century, after the battle of Parva, you know. An old fellow in the village who keeps the keys told me all about it. But bless you, the furniture is only a detail. I'll easily get all that shipshape, you'll see. As it is I've turned a couple of carpenters in, and set them to work at patching up the floors."

"Then you really do seriously propose going and living there?"

"Seriously—most seriously and solemnly!"

"And marrying Colomba?"

"And marrying Colomba—that is, if old Zecchi thinks I'll do him for a son-in-law, which I have still to learn. I'm now off to Padre José, in fact, to get him to display my purchase before him in properly glowing colours." And he picked up his hat to depart.

"I don't think you need cherish any uneasiness upon that score," I retorted irascibly; but he was already half way down the stairs.

I was right. Old Zecchi apparently did regard a mediæval castle with walls four feet thick as something definite, for the next morning Maclean burst in again, this time to inform me in a tone of triumphant glee that he was engaged, positively engaged to Colomba. That the wedding was to be as soon as the necessary formalities could be gone through—in short immediately.

"How about the cousin?" I inquired; but he was far too exultant to heed any such insinuations.

That was all nonsense, pure moon-

shine, he informed me. Padre José and old Zecchi assured him positively that she had never really cared a straw about him. It was nothing in the world but a boy and girl liking, magnified by the senseless gossip of the place into something serious. I said I was glad to hear it, but that if he expected me to congratulate him he might make up his mind at once to be disappointed; he already knew my opinion upon the matter, and so far I had seen no reason at all to modify it. My words, however, fell like idle drops upon the fire of his ardour, rather seemed to cause it, if anything, to burn the brighter. Later on in the same day I had the advantage, in common with almost all San Biagio, of seeing the newly-betrothed pair walking side by side along the piazza, escorted by old Zecchi himself, in a long green coat of antique make, apparently reserved for such solemnities. What the girl's own private feelings on the subject were I have never been able to discover. Probably, like most of her countrywomen, she looked upon marriage as a matter in which it was not to be expected that she would have any voice of her own, and that therefore it was just as well to submit with a good grace as not to the inevitable. She was a stupid, stolid creature in my opinion, as much below the average Italian contadina, I thought, in intelligence as she certainly was above her in beauty, the stately classicality of the latter giving even to her stupidity something of the sublimely statuesque air of those immortals to whom the imagination of her lover so frequently compared her.

I told Maclean that I should certainly leave San Biagio upon the next day but one, having at last written definitely to Florence to order rooms. He tried to dissuade me, but finding that I was obdurate, desisted, saying that we should in any case shortly meet again, as after his marriage he intended visiting both Florence and Rome. I own that I felt thoroughly disgusted with the turn affairs had taken. Up

to the last few days I had really never looked upon this preposterous fancy of his as in the least likely to result in anything serious. Now, however, that it was not merely serious, but imminent, I took myself to task for my previous supineness. Instead of contenting myself with merely laughing off the whole affair, I should have done far better to take it in hand and endeavour, if possible, to argue Maclean out of a fancy which, however little he might choose to believe it now, he was destined, it seemed clear to me, to expiate in a lifetime of unavailing regrets.

Meanwhile, for the moment, he was evidently basking in a paradise of supreme content, which not even the difficulty of communicating his sentiments to the adored one seemed able in the least to diminish. As if to show me, too, that the adverse attitude I had taken up was powerless to impair his regard, he was more than usually affectionate, every moment he could spare from his betrothed being spent in my society. The afternoon which preceded my intended departure for Florence was a lovely one, and he proposed that we should go for a final sail along the coast, a proposal to which I willingly consented, though a minute afterwards I would gladly have rescinded my promise on finding that the fair Colomba was to be of the party, a female cousin accompanying her to do propriety. Not liking to play the churl, however, especially as it was my last day, I said nothing, and having returned to the inn for a couple of wraps prepared to follow the others to the shore.

As I was hastily descending the steep path which led to the sea I noticed a young man with a cloak gathered closely about his face, who glared at me malevolently as I passed. It struck me that I had seen him somewhere or other before, but not being able at the moment to recollect where, and being already rather late, I hurried on without thinking very much more about the matter.

I found Maclean and his two companions standing rather disconsolately upon the shore. All the boats, it appeared, had gone away for the fishing except one belonging to a cross-grained old fellow named Paolo Botti, whose boat we had hitherto steadily avoided, it and its owner bearing both of them the worst of reputations along the coast. Evidently the old fellow was perfectly enchanted to catch us in this dilemma. Having first demanded three times his fare, which Maclean, however, agreed to pay, he next announced that it was impossible for him to sail without another man to assist him. In vain we remonstrated, in vain Maclean offering to do whatever was required. No, another man he must have, or the signori might stay at home—it was all one to him.

While we were still debating the point, the same young man I had noticed upon the hillside appeared in sight, strolling leisurely along the narrow path. Him old Paolo promptly hailed, and after a minute's hesitation he came forward, his cloak still shading his face. Hearing what was required, he at once consented to join the party, and stepping on board held out his hand so as to assist us to embark.

As he was in the act of assisting Colomba to her seat, I noticed that the girl suddenly started violently, and seemed for a moment as if she would have drawn back. She changed her mind, however, instantly, stepping carefully over the dirty thwarts and seating herself near the stern, Maclean assiduously spreading out a cloak for her, while I and the female cousin took up our places in the bows.

There was hardly any wind, a few puffs now and again ruffling the surface for a minute, dimming rather than breaking the absolute faithfulness of the reflections. Old Paolo, however, insisted upon setting up a sail, though evidently more for appearance's sake and to save himself the trouble of rowing than anything else. The big ungainly thing flapped and

flapped and swayed aimlessly from side to side—did anything, in fact, except assist us in our locomotion. Fortunately we were in no particular hurry. The sun had by this time ceased to be disagreeable; the pine-wooded points, below which we were slowly drifting, showed delightfully fresh and green, so that it did not seem worth while to any of us to insist upon a more rapid progression.

Complaining that the bottom of the boat was wet, Colomba had seated herself upon the extreme edge, with her feet resting upon the plank which supported Maclean. Had there been the slightest wind it would have been a somewhat perilous position; but the boat was moving along so slowly that one might have almost stood in safety tiptoe upon the taffrail.

The sleepy motion favoured drowsiness. There was absolutely nothing to do; the female cousin was not conversationable; the speechless love-making at the other end of the boat was, to a looker-on at all events, far from lively; so that I found myself gradually drifting into a reverie, which threatened to merge, in its turn, into something deeper.

Glancing once, half dozing, across the boat, I noticed that Maclean had drawn from his pocket a small cardboard box, which had arrived, I knew, that morning by post, and was presenting the contents of it to Colomba, who responded with a big stare of satisfaction out of her stupid black eyes, and a murmur, presumably of gratitude, which failed to reach me where I sat. I had already turned away again with a feeling half of amusement, half of pity, and something very like contempt for his infatuation, when all at once the young fellow who had joined us on the beach, and who had also appeared to be more than half asleep at the bottom of the boat, sprang to his feet with a violent execration, and, scrambling over the planks to the other end of the boat, thrust himself between the girl and Maclean. As he did so I recognised

him. It was, of course, young Zecchi, the cousin, no longer, however, in his trim uniform, his handsome dark face distorted with passion, his white teeth gleaming like those of a wild beast. Evidently whatever docility or indifference Colomba herself might regard that destiny which had consigned her to another had no place here. The old traditional Italian spirit was wide awake, and he was prepared to contest the matter, if need be, to the dagger's point.

What happened next I cannot really undertake to say positively, the sail having got between me and the group around the helm. Whether Zecchi in his anger actually pushed the girl, or whether she was merely frightened by his violence into losing her balance, certain it is that Colomba suddenly fell over the edge with a violent scream, and a heavy splash into the water.

In an instant all was confusion. I saw Maclean deal his rival a blow which made him stagger back several paces. The next moment he had himself sprung overboard, had seized the girl, and was swimming rapidly back with her to the boat.

There were only a very few yards to go, so that the danger appeared over. Already Colomba was being helped over the side, and Maclean was just preparing to follow her, when, by some extraordinary piece of inadvertence or almost inconceivable stupidity, old Paolo suddenly allowed the sail to fall upon the deck, and as it did so a spar, swinging loosely to one side, struck Maclean a violent blow over the head, who thereupon suddenly released his hold, and sank backwards without a word into the sea.

A minute afterwards I was myself overboard, and vainly endeavouring to reach him. It is always asserted that a man who has once swam can always swim if he tries, but certainly my own experience upon this occasion is utterly against the theory. As a boy I had managed at least to keep afloat, but now, [when every-

thing depended upon my doing so, it seemed as if some inexorable force were dragging me slowly but relentlessly down. Do what I would I did not appear to myself to be making the smallest way. My boots, which I had forgotten to kick off, tugged at me as if a hundred tons of lead had been attached to my heels. The smooth, glittering surface seemed mocking my frantic struggles, and with the voice of a thousand cataracts sounded around me, and a wild cry of impotence which rang despairingly through my own ears, I found myself sinking, sinking, sinking down into green depths untroubled by any of that commotion which had so suddenly distracted the surface.

When I came to myself I was lying upon a small bed in a narrow white-washed room. My eyes, in opening, rested upon a red check curtain, which some kindly, if inexpert, hand had pinned across the window, and from above and below which fiery splinters of sunset light were still pouring. There was a faint smell of orange or lemon blossom, mingled with the distinct and tarter odours of the sea. I could see the black tracery of a vine trellis moving slowly backwards and forwards, its shadow painted now lighter and now darker upon the curtain. Murmurs, too, of voices reached my ears from time to time, but whether they came from the house itself, or from some road without, I could not in the least distinguish.

At first all these trifles absorbed my mind entirely, but of the scenes of the last few hours I remembered absolutely nothing. Suddenly my eyes wandering vacantly round, fell upon a yellow object close at hand. It was Maclean's big straw hat that I had laughed at a thousand times and which he had flung aside I remembered before springing from the boat.

Instantly the whole of the recent drama rushed back again upon my mind, and I made a violent effort to rise, but found that my head still swam, so that I had speedily to desist from the attempt. A woman, appa-

rently upon the look out for my movements, entered the room, and to her I immediately appealed.

"The young Englishman, my friend, where is he?" I stammered.

She flung up her hands with a loud cry—

"Eh, *Dio, Dio!* the poor signore! *Dio, Dio!*" she wailed.

"Is he *dead?*" I asked; though even as I said the words I already knew the answer.

Again the woman wailed, and rocked herself significantly to and fro.

"Is he—has he been found?" I next inquired.

"*Si, si, si!*" Not at first, though; not until other boats had been sent out. The poor gentleman had been carried a long way by the current, they said. The doctor had already seen him, she believed, upon the shore. They were bringing him up now to the next house.

Even while she was still speaking I could hear indeed a sound of footsteps drawing slowly nearer. First a distant scraping over the shingle; then a shuffling of many feet moving along close together; then a halt; then another advance, followed by a whispered sound of voices not far off; then a total cessation of all sounds for several minutes, after which, one by one, I heard the steps coming slowly shuffling out into the road again.

My clothes had been taken away to dry, but now I insisted upon their being brought to me, and my being left alone to dress. All the while I was trying to do so I was pursued by a strange, an almost overpowering, sense of unreality. I knew, of course, perfectly well that he was dead, and yet it seemed as if at any minute the door might fly open, and Maclean himself—buoyant, excited, full of life, health, and spirits as he had been that afternoon—rush in to tell me it was all a dream; that he had never been drowned at all; that I had been imposed upon. He was not dead—no, not a bit of it; quite the contrary. How I left one house and reached the next I cannot

even now distinctly remember. I have an impression of passing through a crowd of people gathered about the doorway, and of women crying and making way for me. He whom I came to see was lying flat upon his back just as he had been set down by the bearers. The blow which the spar had made when it fell was plainly visible in a large dark scar across his forehead, otherwise his face had the pallid, deadly, almost frozen hue common I believe to those who die by drowning. I must have been still light-headed, I suppose, for all the while I stood there that same strange sense of unreality never left me for a single instant. Although I was actually gazing at him lying there stark and cold before me, it seemed to me all the while as if he was still alive somewhere—not there; that he would presently reappear, and all would be as it had been; nor was it until I had turned away, and had seen the sea, and the long grey line of coast still faintly touched here and there with a residue of the sunset light, that the whole miserable truth suddenly burst upon me at once.

A large crowd of people were still standing about the door when I came out, amongst whom I rather think was Zecchi the younger, but if so he had at least the grace to vanish instantly. Old Paolo, the boatman, on the contrary, the moment I appeared, hastened forward with loud outcries of virtue and innocence, swearing and protesting that *he* at least had not been to blame; he had done everything that mortal man could do to avert the catastrophe; he had put the boat about; he had thrown a rope overboard; he had got himself drenched to the very skin in the process; he and Zecchi had saved my life between them, and had done all that was humanly possible to save my friend's.

I broke away without listening to any of his explanations. What was the use of it all? What matter whose fault it was? Was he not—

were they not both of them for the matter of that—standing up there alive and safe, unhurt by so much as a scratch, and my poor friend—kindest, brightest, simplest, most lovable of created beings—dead, stone dead in the prime of his youth? Poor Maclean! poor fellow! so good, so guileless, so clever, so foolish! Such a child in his simplicity, such a poet in his enthusiasm! Why should he be dead, I thought, he who had been so very much alive? “Heartless things are said and done in the world, and many worms and beasts and men live on, but he is dead.”

CHAPTER V.

It turned out upon inquiry that poor Maclean had left a will drawn out only the very day before that fatal evening's expedition. An oddly expressed document it was—half English, half Latin, having been mainly concocted by the aid of his friend, the Franciscan, but it seemed likely to prove quite as legally binding as many a more orthodoxly worded one—such at least was the opinion of a notary to whom I submitted it. Of course the main object for which it was penned was to secure a provision for Colomba in case of her betrothed dying (as in fact had happened) before their wedding day. Of minor bequests there was only one, and that one, as I was profoundly touched to find, was a legacy of a couple of hundred pounds to myself—as a slight acknowledgment, the will said, for much kindness received. But for the catastrophe which had so disastrously terminated our friendship I should in all probability never have heard a word of this, since in the natural course of things poor Maclean was destined to outlive me many and many a day.

Not a little to my dismay I found too that I was asked to be executor, a trust which necessarily detained me a few days longer upon a scene from

which I would otherwise gladly have escaped. My first care had been to telegraph to the relations, stating the tragedy that had occurred, and requesting to know if any of them intended coming out, or if not, whether they had any directions to give me. No answer, however, was returned to this, and to a letter written at the same time I received in due course of time a coldly-worded but perfectly civil response, begging that any effects belonging to their late relative might be immediately despatched to them in Scotland.

As a matter of fact, there were no effects, unless his old clothes or the straw hat was to be counted, or a broken compass, which latter, by the way, I feloniously assigned to myself. There was more money, however, than I had any idea he possessed. Of this the landed property—worth something over five hundred a year—was duly left to his Scotch kindred, the newly-purchased castle and a not inconsiderable sum in the funds to Colomba, the two hundred pounds before mentioned to myself, and that was all, the whole will, including some circumlocutions evidently put in by the friar, did not cover more than half a sheet of foolscap.

Anxious to bring my painful duties to an end as soon as possible, I arranged the very day after the funeral to make an expedition to the castle, in order to find out whether there was anything that had to be seen to there before I left. To do this the usual way was to take the train to the next station, but on this occasion I preferred driving, so hired a carriage to take me the whole way.

The last few days had been wet and cold, while this one was oddly capricious—chilling showers of rain alternating with flashes of almost overpoweringly hot sunshine. Long before we had reached our destination I could see the gaunt walls of poor Maclean's preposterous purchase rising in feudal fashion over the surrounding country, and when I reached the little

village where the horse and chaise had to be left, it seemed to be dominating everything and every one to an insolent and even, as I thought, a reprehensible extent.

Certainly if the poor dear fellow had desired to sell his soul for the picturesque he could hardly have succeeded better! This castle of his was one of those gaunt old piles of lichen-stained limestone which meet the traveller here and there in this portion of the Apennines. Clambering up from the village, preceded by a much-patched functionary, carrying in his hand a key large enough to have unlocked the very portals of Hades, I found myself gradually coming nearer and nearer to its base, the great unplastered walls, relieved by scarcely a window, towering overhead, a stray tuft or two of red valerian or purple snapdragon which had found a lodgment for itself in the masonry the only alleviation to its grim uncouth bulk.

Inside confusion reigned paramount. The floor was belittered with shavings; tressels set up to enable the workmen to cut some wood into planks, were standing just as they had been left when the news of the owner's death brought the hardly begun work of renovation to a standstill. Everything in this part of the building wore an aspect of such utterly hopeless chaos that I very soon left it in despair, and scrambling up the wide mortar-strewn staircase, and through a sort of stone trap-door above, found myself suddenly out upon the roof or central terrace of the castle, a wide grass-grown space as flat and nearly as spacious, as many a town square.

The view here was certainly magnificent, enough so to excuse a little æsthetic vertigo. What had reached us as cold rain at San Biagio had fallen as snow upon the mountains, the great serrated backbone of the Carraras rising in a succession of snowy peaks and precipices, divided each from each by long dark lines showing where streams had already torn their way through this wintry

covering. Below, one looked directly down upon the little vassal village, nestling at the foot of the hill, its small ribbed roofs ranged in a sort of concentric pattern around the pink and brown campanile; the whole clustered so thickly upon a narrow tongue of land which jutted out between two streams that a single line of osiers, in all the freshness of their new spring dress, seemed the only things that had found room between the houses and the water. Purple orchids and pale dishevelled looking vetchlings were struggling to get their heads above the long grass growing thick and rank over the stones at my feet, while a few bushes of broom, laden with brilliant canary-coloured blossom, tossed and flaunted themselves audaciously in the corners, thereby giving a jocund and spring-like air to the grim, sullen-looking mountain of masonry around.

Nothing lovelier, nothing more inspiring than the scene above, nothing gloomier or more depressingly unsightly than the one within. Four rectangular towers of irregular shape surrounded this central block, and connecting each of these ran four narrow passages, out of whose discoloured sides there oozed a perpetual drip. Every stone was coated with fungi and slimy blotches of liverwort; overhead the copings were ragged with stalactites—evidently the growth of ages—upon whose points, projecting like gargoyles, the drops gathered and fell slowly, forming a broad oleaginous deposit upon the pavement below. The whole place reeked hideously of damp; an ancient smell, compounded of mould, dry-rot, and bygone horrors of all sorts, clung to it like a garment, even the sun which beat all day upon its walls, or the wild west winds which must in winter-time visit every hole and corner of the structure, seeming to have been powerless even to dissipate or to subdue its potency.

Tired of prowling aimlessly about I once more ascended from the bottom of the keep to the very top, and leaning over the battlements stood watch-

ing the swallows skimming buoyantly around me. Once a hawk showed itself for a moment, swooping nearly to the edge of the parapet, and darting away again in undisguised astonishment when it perceived my presence. Below, in the bed of the stream, women and girls were busy spreading out clothes upon the sand to dry, the osiers throwing a broken tremulous shadow across them and across the brown pools where the frogs were croaking lustily. Presently a little chaise containing three people, two men and a woman, drove up and stopped in the middle of the market place. The men got down and helped the woman—who wore, I noticed, a brilliantly red shawl—to descend; then all three began mounting the steep path towards the castle. As they came nearer I recognised them. They were Colomba, her father, and young Zecchi the cousin. The heiress had come to inspect her possessions!

It may have been, and I have no doubt it was, very contemptible indeed upon my part, but I felt that it was simply impossible for me to wait there and face them; so, rapidly descending the stairs, I hastily gained the gate of the castle before they had time to reach it. Then leaving the regular pathway to the right, I scrambled in a sufficiently breakneck and ignominious fashion down the hill to the village; pounced upon my driver, much to the disgust of that gentleman, and announced that I should require the carriage in ten minutes. Then, still in terror of an accidental encounter, I walked on to where a long low bridge crossed the two streams, and stood looking over the parapet into the water.

A slight shower was falling, but the sun still shone brightly at intervals. The women I had seen from above were still walking about the river bed, occasionally stooping to pick up a handful of linen; their shadows ludicrously distorted, now hugely distended, now enormously elongated, as

they alternately bent or stood upright. Everywhere the fantastic light was appearing and disappearing. Here shining fiercely upon the small red or yellow pergolas crowded along the river edge; there catching upon a balcony, or beaming like a new decoration upon the headgear of a mule. All at once it blazed upon a conspicuous spot of colour which had just appeared upon the top of the castle. It was the red shawl of the heiress, who had now attained to precisely the same station occupied by me a little earlier; nay, even at this distance I fancied that I could discern that statuesque turn of the shoulders which had so fatally bewitched my poor friend's impetuous fancy.

With a hasty malediction I turned again, and sped along the road heedless of where I was going. What fatality had ever brought him within sight or ken of her? I thought vindictively. What still greater fatality could have ever put it into his head to fall in love with that handsome vulgar piece of stupidity? Even for my own share of the tragedy I could not forbear throwing a stone at the fates as I went. When a man has attained to what an Italian saying calls the middle floor of life, his love of change, his capacity for friendships, for new experiments of all sorts, grows blunted and limited. The shadows close in; the autumnal mists descend. In the youth and lightheartedness of my new friend I had thought, perhaps flattered myself, that I for a while, at any rate, had grown also younger and more lighthearted. Now he was gone, and the old shadows made themselves even more conspicuously seen and felt than heretofore. The world henceforward promised, I felt, to be a duller, greyer, less cheerful place of residence, wanting that youth, strength, vitality, exuberance, which was lost to it and to me for ever when Donald Maclean died.

E. L.

AN OXFORD COLLEGE UNDER JAMES I. AND CHARLES I.

THE seventeenth century, so memorable in the history of the nation and of Oxford, also contributes some eventful chapters to a collegiate biography of Merton. When it opened, Queen Elizabeth still occupied the throne; the University was obsequiously loyal; and Merton basked in the sunshine of Court favour under the genial and scholarlike rule of Sir Henry Savile. When it closed, after witnessing the Great Rebellion and the only English Revolution, the Stuart dynasty had come and gone; William III. was reigning by a title the very reverse of Divine Right; the University, after being distracted by the Civil War, and the Parliamentary Visitation, had become a stronghold of Tory reaction; and Merton College, reverting to its older and more liberal traditions, was a nursery of Whig principles, as they were understood in that age. The contemporary annals preserved in the College Register, travelling over the gravest historical incidents, and the pettiest details of household economy with a sublime official disregard of proportion, enable us to realize in some degree the part taken by Merton in the great national drama; and at the same time remind us how little a corporate society, with an inner life of its own, may be affected by storms which shake the whole fabric of Church and State.

During the last twenty years of Savile's Wardenship, embracing nearly the whole reign of James I., little occurred to disturb the tranquillity of the University, or of the College. The former was sadly wasting its recovered vigour in barren controversies between the Calvinistic or Puritan school, represented by Lawrence Humphrey and John Prideaux, both Regius Professors of Divinity, and

the Arminian or Ritualistic school, headed by the celebrated William Laud, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. It is in 1606 that we first meet with Laud, then a Bachelor of Divinity, in the pages of Anthony Wood, as preaching in St. Mary's Church, and letting fall "divers passages savouring of Popery," as the Calvinistic majority thought, for which he was called to account by the Vice-Chancellor. These reactionary doctrines, half political, half theological, and affirming at once the Divine right of Kings and the Divine right of Bishops, rapidly gained ground at Oxford, as well as at Court, under the patronage of Prince Charles and Buckingham. When Laud was promoted to the see of Bath and Wells, and afterwards of London, his work was eagerly carried on by others. Professor Montagu Burrows, who has thrown valuable light on this period of Academical history, tells us that "Brian Duppa, Sheldon, Stewart, Jeremy Taylor, and several other good, able, and learned men, marched at Oxford alongside of Laud in London, and soon changed the current of Oxford theology." At last, after Laud was elected Chancellor in 1630, Arminianism became dominant, the most unscrupulous use was made of the King's prerogative in crushing all opposition to it, and preachers of the rival school were either silenced or forced to recant. In the meantime, the University was being repopled by students, who are said to have numbered "above 2,420" in the year 1611. But their morals are also said to have been gradually corrupted by the progress of luxury, and drinking in taverns, with other disorders, became more and more prevalent. It is remarkable that Anthony Wood dates

this degeneracy from the festivities lavished on the visit of James I., in 1605, when, as we learn from the Register, the Colleges taxed themselves for his reception at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on their ancient rents.

It is probable that Savile was absent at Eton or elsewhere during this visit, for it does not appear that any demand was made by the Royal party on the wonted hospitality of Merton. But it is also possible that he had incurred the displeasure of that pedantic monarch by reason of his refusal to sanction the practice of having a sermon preached every Tuesday, by members of each College in rotation, to commemorate the King's escape from a plot laid against his life in Scotland. However, James I. was duly welcomed at the gate of Christ Church with a flattering allocution by Isaac Wake, Fellow of Merton, and then Public Orator, who afterwards wrote a description of the Royal visit under the complimentary title of "*Rex Platonicus*." Wake is specially mentioned with other Merton scholars among the favourite pupils to whom legacies of books were left by the learned Dr. Rainolds, President of Corpus, and brother of the former Warden of Merton. But he was less famous in the University than his brother Fellow Francis Mason, who obtained the highest reputation as a literary champion of the new Anglican Church. Savile himself was among the selected translators of the four Gospels for the Authorised Version of the New Testament, and the College Register shows that he obtained a loan of books from the Library for that purpose. Though he is somewhat disparaged in the Rector of Lincoln's biography of Casaubon as a patron of learning rather than a learned man, he published under his own name a considerable number of more or less solid works. In one of these, his edition of St. Chrysostom, he was aided by the liberality of the College, which also voted an allowance to the great scholar, John Hales of Eton, still

a Fellow of Merton, for helping the Warden in his researches.

Having rebuilt St. Alban Hall, and the north front of Merton College, Savile was now actively engaged in that southward extension of the College buildings, the frontage of which towards Christ Church meadows is perhaps the most picturesque facade in Oxford. It does not clearly appear whence the funds were procured for this costly work, and we can only suppose that they had been carefully hoarded up for years before. At all events, it was finished by Michaelmas, 1610, and, if occupied by the Senior Fellows, must have contributed to deepen the line of separation between them and the younger scholars, or the new order of commoners.

An entry in the College Register, dated 1607, shows that a resolution was then passed to admit twelve "pensioners," apparently on the footing of gentlemen commoners, being the sons of knights or gentlemen "of great name," each of whom, at his entrance, should present the College with a silver cup. In 1616, however, the College displayed good sense by rescinding this resolution, the admission of pensioners having proved detrimental to College discipline. Meanwhile, the number of Fellows seems to have been generally kept up to twenty-five or upwards, and it is expressly mentioned that two probationers were elected in 1602, after a public examination lasting over three days.

On March 29 in 1613, Merton College was the scene of an imposing ceremonial on the occasion of Thomas Bodley's funeral. This great benefactor of the University, who had been a Fellow of Merton for nearly thirty years, was unwise enough to bequeath 666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* for the celebration of his own obsequies. Accordingly, some days before the actual interment, his body was brought down from London, and lay in State within Merton College Hall, where it was attended by three "Heralds of Arms," and visited by all the members of the

foundation and College-servants. The funeral procession, swelled by a vast body of University dignitaries and students, made a circuit through Christ Church to Carfax, down High Street to St. Mary's Church, and thence to the Divinity School, where an eloquent oration was delivered, back again to St. Mary's, where a funeral sermon was preached, and so home to Merton, where, says Anthony Wood, "the body was committed to the earth at the upper end of the Choir, under the North Wall." A funeral dinner, costing 100*l.*, expressly bequeathed for the purpose, was then served in the Hall to a very large party, including all the Heads of Houses, and "those who had mourning weeds."

A few months later in the same year, Isaac Casaubon was eagerly profiting by the munificence of Bodley, and devouring books in the Bodleian Library, having been driven across from Eton to Oxford, by Sir Henry Savile, in his own carriage, and introduced by him to the University. This Library had been originally designed by Bodley, with the assistance of Savile, in 1598, and in 1599 Merton College had contributed to it "thirty-eight volumes of singular good books in folio," the value of which is estimated in the College Register at 40*l.* or 50*l.*, in addition to a previous gift of seasoned timber. Twenty years later (in 1620) Savile himself made another donation of Greek folios, with a number of MSS., both Greek and Latin. On the other hand, Bodley is believed to have refaced the old shelves of Merton Library with ornamental woodwork, and covered the north wall of it with the existing panels. The College itself appears to have spent nearly 130*l.* in additions to its Library in 1599.¹ The Bodleian Library, however, soon dwarfed all College Libraries, and, in conjunction with the contemporary edifice of the Schools, towards which

Merton contributed 20*l.* on two separate occasions, it rapidly became the centre of Oxford studies in the seventeenth century. It was doubtless in honourable emulation of Bodley that Savile was led, in 1619, to found the two Savilian Chairs of Geometry and Astronomy, open to Mathematicians from any part of Christendom. At the same time, as we learn from Anthony Wood, he erected "a private Mathematical Library, for the use of his readers, between the Geometry and Astronomy Schools," and, as Bodley had left "chests" of money to be used like a reserve fund by the University and Merton College respectively, so also Savile endowed a "Mathematical Chest" with 100*l.* He himself opened the Professorial teaching in Geometry with a short course of lectures; and Briggs, the first Savilian Professor of Geometry, was also engaged to lecture thrice a week on Arithmetic in the Hall of Merton College, "being all the time of his abode in Oxford a Commoner there."² In 1620 Savile directed that a selection should be made out of his own Library of such books as might be required for the College Library, and gave these to the College. It may be added that in 1623 the College Library was fitted up with new seats, and enlarged by the annexation of a vacant room at its east end.

On the 19th of February, 1622, Savile died, and was succeeded by Nathaniel Brent, a man of a very different type, whom Anthony Wood mentions with little respect, but who seems to have borne himself well through his long and stirring Wardenship of twenty-nine years, broken, however, by a three years' interlude during Charles I.'s occupation of Oxford. Brent had been elected a Probationer Fellow of Merton, in 1594, and had filled the office of Proctor in 1607. He afterwards travelled much, and went through some perilous adventures in Italy, while he was collecting records of the Council of Trent, which he sub-

¹ In 1641 a donation of Mr. Allen, an ex-Fellow, was expended on Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Arabian, and Persian books.

² Briggs died at Merton in 1631.

sequently translated. He was Commissary and Vicar-General to Archbishop Abbott, Laud's great rival, whose niece he married, and was also Judge of the Prerogative Court. When he became Warden, the royal power was virtually in the hands of Prince Charles and Buckingham, under whose patronage the fortunes of Laud were in the ascendant. Four years later, in 1625, James I. died, and the plague raged so fiercely in London, that Charles I.'s first Parliament had to be held at Oxford, and all the Colleges and Halls received an order from the Privy Council, directing them to clear their rooms for the reception of the Lords and Commons. Accordingly all the Bachelors and Postmasters of Merton were sent into the country by a summary College order. The plague, however, followed the Parliament to Oxford, and Michaelmas Term had to be postponed until November 9. The Masters of Arts and servants who remained during the Long Vacation in Merton, were prohibited by another College order from venturing outside the gate without special leave.

It was not long before Charles I., notwithstanding the murder of Buckingham, fell under the influence of those evil counsels which at last brought about the Great Rebellion. Like his predecessors, however, he was most anxious to conciliate the Universities, and in 1629 paid a solemn visit to Oxford, entering it, as usual, from Woodstock. On August 23, the Doctors and Proctors went out thither to salute the King, and though Brent could scarcely have been in favour with Laud, he was selected for the honour of knighthood. On the following day, the French and Dutch Ambassadors, with a number of the nobility, were received at Merton by Sir Nathaniel Brent and the Fellows, complimented in the inevitable oration, and "entertained with a very sumptuous banquet in the College Gallery." Again, on August 27, according to Anthony Wood's account, "the King, Queen, and the retinue

went to Merton College, and, being received by the Warden and the Society at the common gate (Mr. James Marshe of that House then speaking it before them), were conducted into the Gallery before mentioned, where they were all royally entertained with a rich banquet at the College charges in honour of their newly knighted Warden." The King was then shown over the College, of which he was destined to see so much at a later epoch of his reign. Next year (1630) Archbishop Laud—that perfect model of a College-Don in the sense now happily obsolete—was elected Chancellor of the University by a small majority against Philip, Earl of Pembroke. He lost no time in commencing that campaign against laxity of discipline and doctrine which left a permanent mark on the University. Not the least of his reforms was the new proctorial cycle, which, as Professor Burrows remarks, "put an end to a perennial source of disturbance." This cycle, embracing a period of twenty-three years, was devised by Peter Turner, of Merton, and the rank of Merton among Colleges may be inferred from the fact that while six turns were assigned to Christ Church within this period, five to Magdalen, and four to New College, three were assigned to Merton, All Souls, Exeter, Brasenose, St. John's, and Wadham respectively, and two or one to each of the rest. Peter Turner seems to have been a special confidant of Laud, since he is not only mentioned by Anthony Wood as a reputed Arminian, together with his brother-Fellows, Richard Corbet, and James Marsh, but also as one who kept up a correspondence with the Chancellor about University matters. Moreover, he was among those, including Thomas French, sometime Fellow of Merton, who helped to frame the Laudian, or Caroline, Statutes, issued by Royal authority in 1636. These Statutes, which remained in force within living memory, were a monument of Laud's disciplinarian activity. The spirit in which they were conceived may be

inferred from the fact that Puritans and anti-Arminians were jealously excluded from co-operation in drawing them up, as well as from the insertion of certain passages which gave offence to men of that school. Still they were mostly salutary in themselves, and apparently effected some improvement both in Academical manners and in Academical administration. This was also the alleged object of the "Caroline Charter," granted to the University in 1635, under which its jurisdiction over its own members was confirmed and strengthened.

In 1636, Charles I. again visited Oxford in State, as Laud's guest, but the glory of hospitality was chiefly monopolized by Christ Church and St. John's, the Chancellor's own College. Merton probably took no active part in his reception, but contributed 20%, or 5 per cent. on its ancient rent of 400%, towards the expense of entertaining the Court, which afterwards demanded a further contribution of 5%. On this occasion, the Elector Palatine and his younger brother, the celebrated Prince Rupert, were presented by Sir Nathaniel Brent for their M.A. degrees. It is some proof of the respect in which Brent was held that, in 1640, Prideaux the Rector of Exeter, and Hood the Rector of Lincoln voted, though without success, for his election as Burgess for the University; an honour which had been conferred on Sir Thomas Crompton, also a Mertonian, when the University was first enfranchised by James I.

A very welcome light is thrown upon the internal life of Merton in the reign of Charles I., by the Ordinances of Archbishop Laud, dated May 9, 1640. There had been frequent interventions of former Archbishops, as Visitors of the College, during the religious troubles of the previous century, those of Cranmer and Matthew Parker being specially memorable. But the interferences of Laud, as might be expected, were far more frequent and minute, and in one instance he went so far as to appoint

a Sub-Warden by his own authority. The elaborate Ordinances now known as his were the result of a formal Visitation, instituted in 1638, and conducted by the Bishop of Oxford, Sheldon, Warden of All Souls, and two other^o Commissioners. These Ordinances are a revised and enlarged edition of directions issued by the Archbishop himself during the course of the inquiry, and preserved in the College Register. Other directions, relating to personal or occasional matters, were issued on the spot by the Visitors. One of the articles of charge preferred against Laud on his trial alleged that his Visitors at Merton had enjoined the Fellows and Scholars to bow to the Lord's Table, and had censured Messrs. Cheynel and Corbet for not doing so. At all events, the Ordinances founded on their report disclose the searching nature of their proceedings, and purport to regulate almost every detail of collegiate discipline and management. Not only are all the members of the foundation to attend the Chapel services in surplices and hoods on all Sundays and feast days; but all Masters of less than two years standing, as well as all Bachelors and Scholars, are to attend every morning between five and six o'clock. It is added that "your brethren of St. Alban Hall shall not be admitted into the choir," or allowed to wear surplices and hoods. All the Doctors and Masters above two years standing are to engage in theological disputations once a week, if there are eight in residence; otherwise, once a fortnight, or at least twice a Term. Disputations in Arts are to be held, apparently, every day for two hours, beginning before seven o'clock. These disputations had always been a characteristic feature of Merton discipline, but it is equally characteristic of Merton traditions that a dispensation is allowed to "such Doctors or Masters as may be absent for the purpose of travel, or in the discharge of duties in the families of the nobility or other grandees." An instance of such ab-

sence on leave had occurred in 1618 when John Hales, Fellow of Eton and Merton, accompanied George Carleton, once a Fellow of Merton, but then Bishop of Llandaff, on a deputation from James I. to the Synod of Dort. A second instance of a similar kind is supplied by the case of Griffin Hyggs, another Fellow of Merton, who had been sent by Charles I. to the Hague, in 1627, to be Chaplain to his sister Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia.

The Ordinances proceed to enjoin that no Fellow is to absent himself from the College for more than four months in the year, except for grave reasons to be approved by the Warden, and the dates of their departure and return are to be carefully noted in a book. Masters of Arts are not to hold converse with Bachelors and Scholars, except in the Chapel or Hall. The gates of the College are to be closed at half-past nine, and the keys given to the Warden, and none are to sleep in Oxford outside the College walls. All are to breakfast and dine in the Hall, carefully separated according to their degrees.¹ Leases are always to be made for twenty-one years, and fines or leases are to be divided, so that half may be appropriated to the Warden and Fellows, and half to "Domus," or the common uses of the College—a principle of division constantly maintained until leases began to be run out some thirty years ago. There are never to be more than twenty-four Fellows, and neither more than five, nor less than three, are to be elected at the same time. Fellows accepting College benefices, or possessing a private income exceeding that of a Fellowship, are to vacate their Fellowships after a year of grace. The weekly, monthly, and yearly accounts are to be kept with strict accuracy. The Subwardenship is to be held for a year only, so that all may become acquainted with College business. All the College documents

are to be deposited in the Treasury and properly catalogued. Rents are to be paid at once into "the public chest," henceforth to be furnished with two locks; which may or may not be the same with Bodley's chest, still existing, with three locks, in minute accordance with his will. All Fellows and Scholars are to walk about in a modest, decent, and clerical garb of black or grey, wearing neither slashed dresses, nor wide collars, nor boots under their robes, and never curling their hair. All conversation within the College is to be in Latin, and no double flagons, but only single cups are to be used in drinking²—a rule which Sir Henry Savile had vainly striven to enforce.

The practice of keeping a furnished house in London for the use of the Warden and Fellows is to be abandoned, and two chambers only are to be retained for that purpose.³ In the election of Fellows a *cæteris paribus* preference is always to be given to scholars of the College; and any Fellow who receives either reward or promise for promoting the election of any candidate to a Scholarship is to lose his Fellowship at once.⁴ Finally,

² This is Mr. Percival's translation of the Ordinance. More probably the "*potus simplex*," was small beer, as opposed to "*cerevisia duplex*," or strong beer.

³ This practice seems to have been first sanctioned by a College order in 1626, when it was agreed to hire and furnish a house in Warwick Street.

⁴ In 1631, when the Queen had recommended a candidate for a Fellowship, and his father pressed his claims on the strength thereof, a very spirited reply was made by the College.

An entry in the College Register, dated January 8, 1639, states that three Probationers were elected on that day "*post accuratum et sincerum examen candidatorum*."

On June 21, 1642, four Probationer Fellows were elected, against the protest of Mr. Peter Turner, whose opinion was adopted by the College on April 22, 1643, when it refused to admit these Probationers as actual Fellows, chiefly because the corporate revenues did not admit of any further charge. The King afterwards enjoined the College to admit two, Woods and Lydall, and it was agreed to do so, upon certain conditions, at the following Michaelmas.

¹ A College order of 1627 gave "Postmasters" the privilege of coming into Hall to supper at the same time with the Fellows.

these Injunctions of the Visitor, together with the Founder's Statutes, are to be publicly read before all the Fellows and Scholars thrice a year in the Hall, and three copies are to be made, one to be in the custody of the Warden, one in that of the Sub-Warden, and one to be kept chained in the College Library. In the attestation-clause, Sir Nathaniel Brent, one of the witnesses, is described as the Archbishop's Vicar-General and Municipal Official. A remarkable entry in the College Register, of November 6, 1641, joyfully records the fact that on that day the Visitation of Merton which had lasted three years and a half, and which threatened to rival the siege of Troy, was brought to an end by Divine Providence, "being the most unjust of Visitations, and worse than the worst of all."

On the 25th of June in this year (1641) Laud had resigned the Chancellorship, and by the summer of 1642 the Civil War had really commenced, though the battle of Edgehill was not fought until October.¹ On July 7 the King, then at York, addressed a requisition to Prideaux as Vice-Chancellor, inviting the Colleges to contribute money for his service, by way of loan at 8 per cent. interest. Convocation immediately voted away all the reserve funds in Savile's, Bodley's, and the University Chests. A letter from the King, dated from Beverley on July 18, shows that a large subsidy had already reached him, though in the meantime Parliament had issued an order declaring the requisition illegal, and directing guard and watch to be set on all highways about Oxford. On September 1 a troop of Royalist horse,

¹ On January 17, 1642, letters from the King to the University "*de Reipublicæ negotiis*" were publicly read to the Fellows by the Warden. On July 8 in the same year declarations sent down by the Parliament were read out in like manner by the Sub-Warden, Greaves, who had been elected on March 24, under a special mandate of the King to the five Senior Fellows, in consequence of the prolonged absence of the Warden and the Sub-Warden, Corbet.

under Sir John Byron, entered the City, but left it on September 10, at the approach of a superior Parliamentary force. During this short occupation Dr. Peter Turner, Fellow of Merton and Savilian Professor of Geometry, acted on a Delegacy for provisioning the Royal troops, in support of whom a body of graduates and students was enrolled and regularly drilled in the Park. On the departure of Sir John Byron, Turner accompanied him, and, being captured in a skirmish near Stow in the Wold, was brought to Banbury and committed to Northampton Gaol. When a Parliamentary force occupied the City on September 12, Colonel Goodwin, their commander, and other officers were quartered at Merton, while their horses were turned out in Christ Church meadow. On September 15, Merton, with other "Southern" Colleges, was disarmed, and searched for plate; but Christ Church seems to have been the only College actually robbed of plate on that occasion.

On the 29th of October, 1642, the King entered Oxford after the battle of Edgehill, and thenceforward Oxford became the head-quarters of the Royal army, as well as the seat of the Royal Government. Charles I. himself always lodged at Christ Church, with the Princes, "except Rupert and Maurice," and there kept his Court, often going forth on expeditions, but falling back on Oxford. Fortifications were now pushed on in earnest, one work extending from Grandpont or Folly Bridge, across Christ Church meadow, in front of Merton. Arms taken away from the citizens suspected of sympathy with the enemy were stored in New College Tower and Cloister, now converted into a magazine. Volunteer corps of students, already formed and trained in New College quadrangle, were now regularly employed on guard, and it was said that, in 1646, twenty out of a hundred students of Christ Church were officers in the King's army.

On January 10, 1643, the King's

letters were sent to all Colleges and Halls, demanding their plate to be melted down for his service, and all are stated to have complied, except New Inn Hall, which accordingly was turned into a Royal Mint. Soon afterwards most housekeepers were obliged to do likewise, and Anthony Wood particularly mentions that even the plate given him by his godfathers and godmothers shared the same fate. On January 16 300*l.* more was "borrowed" from the University Chest. There seems to be no entry in the Merton Register expressly directing the College plate to be given up for the King's use, but it was certain that it was given up, and two of the Fellows afterwards mutually accused each other of having thus misappropriated the College property. Indeed, an exact account of the plate contributed by the various Colleges of Oxford, as well as by the gentry of the county, is preserved in Gutch's *Collectanea Curiosa*. Magdalen heads the list with 296 lbs. and 6 oz.; All Souls' follows with 253 lbs., Exeter with 246 lbs., and the next largest quotas are furnished by Queens', Trinity, and Christ Church. Merton sent in between 79 lbs. and 80 lbs., being about the average amount contributed by the remaining Colleges, while 701 lbs. were sent in by six country gentlemen, one of whom, Sir Peter Wick, contributed as much as 360 lbs. It appears from the archives of All Souls that these gifts of plate were treated as loans, to be repaid at a fixed rate per ounce, but it is perhaps needless to say that no such repayment ever took effect. On June 14, 1643, another levy of 2,000*l.* was made upon the University and City respectively. The University raised its quota by taxing each College, not excluding the servants; and the City, in an unwonted fit of loyalty, added another 500*l.*, about the assessment of which a dispute afterwards arose. At last, in October, 1643, the Heads of Houses agreed that 40*l.* should be raised weekly by the Uni-

versity during the next twenty weeks, by a levy on Colleges and Halls, in consideration of the scholars being exempted from all further contributions towards new fortifications. An entry in the College Register, dated August 4, 1643, informs us that, since the whole society was impoverished by the non-payment of rents, and many of the Fellows were driven to live in the country or abroad, the Sub-warden and those who remained at home resolved that, as soon as peace should be restored, the absent members should receive an equal share of their customary allowances with their resident brethren. As for University studies and discipline, they were almost suspended, and the strange pictures of Oxford during the King's residence preserved in the pages of *John Ingle-sant* are supported by the evidence of Anthony Wood and other contemporary authors.

It was not until July 13, 1643, that Queen Henrietta Maria joined the King at Oxford. The King went out to meet her, and she was received with great ceremony at Christ Church, whence "she was conducted by the King to Merton College, by a back way made for that purpose through one of the Canon's gardens, another garden belonging to Corpus Christi College, and then through Merton Grove." On her arrival the Public Orator did not fail to salute her with the address, which Royalty was never spared, and various dignitaries were presented to her. She was lodged in the Warden's house, occupying at intervals for nearly three years the rooms still known as "The Queen's Room," and the drawing-room adjoining. The King was constantly there, probably finding Merton a pleasant retreat from the bustle of Christ Church, and doubtless many interesting reunions took place there of which history is silent. It is particularly remarked by Anthony Wood that, during the Queen's stay in Merton there were divers marriages, christenings, and burials in the Chapel, of which all

record has been lost, as the private Register in which the chaplain had noted them was stolen out of his room when Oxford was finally surrendered to Fairfax. Meanwhile the City was scourged by a great plague in 1643, followed by a great fire in 1644, which ravaged the quarter west of St. Aldate's and the Corn-market; but probably these calamities had little effect on the spirits of the Cavalier officers.

Unhappily, the general history of Oxford during this memorable period is but very briefly told by Anthony Wood, then a boy, who had been sent out of harm's way to Thame, and much remains to invite the researches of some modern antiquary. The domestic annals of Merton are no less meagre, but the Register contains an interesting account of the proceedings before and on the election of the illustrious Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, to the Wardenship of Merton. On the 27th of January, 1645, letters were received from the King, still lodged at Christ Church, reciting the fact of Sir Nath. Brent having absented himself for nearly three years, having adhered to the rebels, and having accepted the office of Judge Marshal in their ranks—to which might have been added that he had actually signed the Covenant. We learn from the articles afterwards exhibited against Dr. John Greaves, then a Fellow of the College and Savilian Professor of Astronomy, that he was the person who drew up the petition against the Warden, and “inveigled some unwary young men to subscribe it.” The King's letters accordingly pronounce the deposition of Brent, and direct the seven senior Fellows to present three persons as eligible to be his successors, out of whom the King would choose one. The Royal mandate was obeyed, but there were some irregularities in the consequent election against which Peter Turner protested, and resigned his Fellowship, on his protest being overruled by Lord Hertford, who had

succeeded the Earl of Pembroke as Chancellor in October, 1643. However, five out of the seven Seniors, including the Subwarden, placed Harvey first on their lists, and the King lost no time in nominating him. Harvey was educated at Caius College, Cambridge, but had been incorporated at Oxford after the battle of Edgehill. He was solemnly admitted Warden, according to the ancient custom, on the 9th of April, and two days later addressed the Fellows in a somewhat Pharisaical speech, assuring them that, unlike some of his predecessors, he assumed office with no desire of enriching himself, but rather of advancing the interests of the College. His reign at Merton lasted but a single year, and, under such conditions, could not leave any mark on the corporate life of the College, then occupied in force by the Court and partially converted into officers' barracks. Indeed, it is recorded in the Register that on August 1, 1645, the College meeting was held in the Library, neither the Hall nor the Warden's lodgings being then available for the purpose. Meanwhile, on May 22, after various feints against the City, Oxford was invested by Fairfax, and vainly besieged for fifteen days. On the 14th of June, however, the Royal cause was ruined at Naseby, and on the 27th of November a supply of provisions was laid in by the College against another expected siege. On the 28th of December, the King ordered special forms of prayer to be used in the Chapel on Wednesdays and Fridays “during these bad times.” On the 24th of the following March, we find the College giving a bond for 94*l.*, on account of provisions, which it evidently had not the ready money to purchase. In the spring of 1646 Fairfax regularly laid siege to Oxford, and on June 24 it was surrendered on very honourable terms, the garrison marching out over Shotover, 3,000 strong. In the Treaty of Surrender, the rights and privileges of the Uni-

versity and Colleges were expressly reserved, but with a distinct proviso intimating that a reform was intended by the Parliament.

Harvey must now have retired from the Wardenship, and Brent must have resumed office, though no minute of either event is preserved in the College Register. We find, however, that in September, 1648, Brent rendered accounts, as Warden, for the four years from 1642 to 1646. In the beginning of February, 1647, the Earl of Pembroke again became Chancellor in the place of the Marquis of Hertford. Anthony Wood describes, in language which has often been quoted, the utter confusion in which the past three years had left the University: the Colleges impoverished, lectures almost abandoned, many of the students dispersed and others quite demoralised—"in a word, scarce the face of an University left, all things being out of order and disturbed." This account is confirmed by a striking entry in the College Register, under the date of October 19, 1646. It is here stated that by the Divine goodness the Civil War had at last been stayed, and the Warden (Brent) with most of the Fellows had returned, but that as there were no Bachelors, hardly any Scholars, and few Masters, it was decided to elect but one Bursar and one Dean. It is added, that as the Hall still lay "*situ et ruinis squalida*," the College meeting was held in the Warden's lodgings. At the same meeting, two Fellows of Merton, Fowle and Lovejoy, were suspended for having borne arms against the Parliament.

Nevertheless, there was vigour enough in the University to organise an effective resistance to the Parliamentary Visitation already known to be impending, but first initiated by an Ordinance issued on May 1, 1647. Professor Montagu Burrows, in his exhaustive monograph on this Visitation, has depicted the anarchy which prevailed in the interval, and the attempt made by Parliament, then

dominated by Presbyterians, to convert the Academical mind through Presbyterian discourses. Considering that Merton had been so long the Queen's abode, it is somewhat remarkable that it should have produced three out of the seven Presbyterian ministers commissioned for this service, with power to preach in any Oxford church—Edward Reynolds, Francis Cheynell, and Edward Corbet. Reynolds, the most eminent of these, had always been an anti-Arminian, and was among the most celebrated preachers of his time. He took the Covenant, but afterwards refused the Engagement, pledging the signatories to a Government without a King or House of Lords; thus forfeiting the Deanery of Christ Church and Vice-Chancellorship to which he was promoted under the Commonwealth. He lived, however, to be Warden of Merton, and Bishop of Norwich. Cheynell was a fiery spirit, reputed to be *Malleus Hereticorum*, among the Presbyterians, and at this very time held a fierce disputation with one Erbury, of Brasenose, an Independent army-chaplain, in a meeting-house opposite to Merton. Corbet was a man of comparatively moderate opinions, and earned a good word from Anthony Wood himself for modesty and scholarship, since he resigned the Public Oratorship and a Canonry at Christ Church rather than sign the Engagement.

When the Parliamentary Visitation, or Commission, as we should call it, was issued in 1647, "for the due correction of offences, abuses, and disorders" in the University of Oxford, all these men were appointed Visitors. The President of the Commission was Sir Nathaniel Brent himself, who had gradually become a strong Presbyterian, and whom Anthony Wood accuses of having taken down the rich hangings over the High Altar to adorn his own bedroom, though it is shown by the College Register that this was done by express order of the College, after the

curtains had been thrown aside as lumber. The Visitors usually sat in the dining-room of the Warden's house, though sometimes in Cheynell's rooms, when he appears to have acted as Chairman in Brent's absence. Thus Merton again became the centre of an Academical Revolution, this time conducted by the leading men on its own governing body, and yet, like the Reformation or the Civil War, leaving but little trace on its domestic chronicle. In spite of the Commission, the quiet stream of College-life seems to have resumed its natural channel after the cessation of hostilities, and the return of Sir Nathaniel Brent. Indeed, the College Register for the Academical year beginning in August, 1647, differs in few material particulars from the College Register during the least troubled period. We have the election, in due course, of the Subwarden, the Deans, the Bursars, the Principal of the Postmasters, the Readers in Grammar and in Greek, and the keepers of Read's and Bodley's Chests. All the officers render their accounts as usual, and various decrees are passed for the payment of dividends in arrear. Presentations are duly made to livings, service is celebrated quarterly in memory of the Founder, the Statutes are read according to ancient usage, and a "Scrutiny" is held, according to a comparatively modern rule, which limited it to three questions—concerning the conduct of the servants, concerning the number of Postmasters, and concerning the election of a garden-master. The Subwarden is granted special leave of absence on two occasions, in order to prosecute the financial interests of the College in London, with the War-

den's assistance. A sum of 20*l.* is voted to a Fellow travelling in Italy, probably in lieu of his dividend. The Subwarden and the itinerant Bursar are commissioned to make the customary progress for the purpose of visiting the College estates.

None of these entries betoken any consciousness of the acute crisis through which not the College only, but the University, the Church, and the State were then passing. Not a word is said of Sir Nathaniel Brent having been appointed President of the Visitors, or of the Visitation having been issued at all. Indeed, political reticence is carried so far that, although we are told of the Earl of Pembroke's reception on April 11th, 1648, and of his residence in the College for three days, the purpose of his visit is studiously concealed, and the only incident of his arrival thought worthy of mention is the fact of the Mayor and Aldermen having been admitted into the College with all their beadles and tipstaves, by permission of the Warden and Fellows, but with an express proviso that it should not be drawn into a precedent. The important events here ignored, as well as the subsequent proceedings of the Parliamentary Visitors, in relation to Merton, are only to be learned from external sources. Happily, the public records of the Visitation enable us to fill up many blank spaces in the College Register, while the personal reminiscences of Anthony Wood supply copious materials for the next chapter of Merton history, embracing the period of the Commonwealth and the Restoration.

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[REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

THE "simple service to humanity," as the Prime Minister described the expedition for the relief of Sinkat and Tokar, has turned out to be much less simple and less humane than it looked. Before the expedition could do effective work, Sinkat had fallen, and Tokar had very cheerfully surrendered to Moslem assailants rather than await succour from Christian allies. The officers, however, on the spot, were of opinion that Souakim could not be held so long as the insurgents under Osman Digna hovered round its neighbourhood. They deemed it essential to the defence of Souakim that his menacing bands should be dispersed. On the last day of last month (February 29) General Graham, in command of a force about 4,000 strong, defeated three times as many of the natives close to the scene of the merciless slaughter of Baker's Egyptians on the 4th of the same month, and of the destruction of Consul Moncrieff in the autumn. The Arabs fought with a daring and valour that could not be surpassed, and old soldiers confessed that they had never encountered a more resolute foe. The battle was furious and stubborn, and when it was over the enemy had left 2,000 dead upon the field. The British loss was slight, being 30 killed and 142 wounded. The next day (March 1) the force moved on from Teb, the scene of the engagement, to Tokar, and the General telegraphed home that Tokar was duly relieved. Of course it needed no relief. The bulk of the garrison had gone over to the enemy, and fought against us at Teb. The town population is said to have received our men with great joy—an announcement that might perhaps be more truly described as the great desire to please, arising from great fear of a victorious force.

When we left, many of the relieved garrison expressed their preference to remain in the place rather than abandon it. Many of them were natives of Tokar, and had neither need nor desire of relief. Four hundred women and children were brought away. "The objects of the expedition," said the General in his order, "are now achieved. Tokar has been relieved, and the rebels so thoroughly humbled that the force before Tokar may safely retire."

Osman Digna, meanwhile, remained in his old camp, thirteen miles away from Trinkitat. In reply to a proclamation from the British Admiral, he announced that he would drive the English and the Turks into the sea. The defence of Souakim was again deemed to require an offensive movement, and on March 10 the Black Watch advanced, with considerable suffering under the intense heat, to a place eight miles distant from Souakim, and some six miles distant from the supposed camping-place of Osman.

The entire force followed the next evening, and bivouacked at Baker's stockade. Towards four in the morning of the 13th, the Arabs crept close to the British lines, and filled the air with their shrill cries to one another, while our men remained perfectly silent in the moonlight, amid the blaze of the enemy's fire from every side. Then there followed an hour and a half of suspense, neither of the two hosts making any sign. At daybreak the battle began in terrific earnest. The Arabs showed the same savage daring, and fought with the same tigerish indifference to death. After the first wild charge, "they crawled on their hands and knees beneath the bayonets and beneath the muzzles of the Gardners and Gatlings, and thus got

into the square, when they commenced stabbing and slashing our men, doing terrible execution among them. At close quarters with the cold steel our men were no match for these powerful savages, who dodge the bayonets or catch them on their shields, and deliver two or three spear-thrusts before the man armed with the bayonet can recover." We have no relish, however, for the details of what the *Spectator* calls the victory of "a just and merciful policy." Enough, and more than enough, to say that the Arabs displayed a ferocious bravery that won even the admiration of the men who were obliged to kill them, and that our own men did their work with the stoutness and intrepidity in which they seldom fail. If the Arabs fought like tigers, "the Black Watch when attacked in rear fought like devils." At one moment there was danger of a repulse, but all was speedily retrieved. Nearly 3,000 Arabs were killed on the ground. Those who were left sullenly retreated. The British advanced to the villages where Osman's camp lay. The villages they burned, and all that they contained. After a day of enormous fatigue, and with a loss of between 70 and 80 killed and 150 wounded, they returned to the stockade. During the night they heard the Arabs less than a quarter of a mile off, loudly wailing as they buried their dead sheikhs on the field.

On the following day, the troops returned to Souakim, and a special General Order informed them that "The second task of the expedition has now been accomplished; the rebel army that threatened Souakim is dispersed, and its leader, Osman Digna, is a fugitive in the hills with a price upon his head." The last item, by the way, was speedily cancelled. To set a price on the head of a fugitive chief wounded the capricious susceptibilities of English sentiment, and the British commanders were instructed to withdraw the old-fashioned offer of a reward for their enemy's head.

From Gordon at Khartoum there had come no news for several days, and the excitement over the two engagements at Teb and Tamasi was no sooner over than it was succeeded by anxiety for Gordon. On the 22nd, communications were received to the effect that the Arabs, to the number of 4,000, had begun to harass Gordon by intrenching themselves along the river bank, whence they were able to fire with impunity on passing steamers. A body of black troops had been left on the Nile below Khartoum. In the attempt to pass Halfiyeh they were attacked by the Arabs, and lost 100 men. A garrison was beleaguered in Halfiyeh, and on the 15th (two days after Graham's success at Tamasi) Gordon sent three armed steamers to their rescue. The steamers were defended with boiler-plates, and carried mountain-guns, protected by wooden mantlets. The troops were concealed in the holds and in iron barges, to protect them from the intrenched Arab marksmen on the banks. The expedition was successful. The same evening the steamers and barges returned with the rescued garrison. Since then, no tidings have reached this country.

Concurrently with these external incidents there has been a remarkable development of English policy in the Soudan, possibly in regard to Khartoum, and certainly as respects the littoral of the Red Sea. At the beginning of the year, after it had been decided by the British Government that the Soudan should be evacuated, the question of the Red Sea ports was left open. On January 9, Lord Granville declared that Her Majesty's Government "are favourably disposed to the retention by Egypt of Souakim, though they are of opinion that further information and discussion will be necessary before the question of that and the other ports can be definitely decided." On March 3, the Prime Minister said that "we ought to get out of Souakim as quickly as we

can compatibly with the fulfilment of our duties to the cause of peace and humanity," and that "we ought not to remain at Souakim for the establishment of British power there." But a week later Lord Hartington declared that it was essentially necessary that the Red Sea ports should be held either by a civilised Power, or else by a Power which is under the influence of a civilised Power. The first reason for this, he said, was that "it is a matter of importance to British interests that the ports of the Red Sea should not be in any condition which would tempt any other Power to occupy them. Considering the importance of the Red Sea as being in the line of communication with our Indian possessions, it is of great importance that no European Power should have a port on that sea." This may be a very solid ground to take. It is a view at any rate that is capable of political defence. But it is undeniably an advance from the view of the Prime Minister. He said we must get away from Souakim as fast as we could. Lord Hartington says that we must do no such thing—for this is what his words come to. He gives us two alternatives. The ports may be held by a civilised Power, and if so that Power must be Great Britain, because the Red Sea is on the road to India. They may, on the other hand, be held by somebody under a civilised Power. But by whom? By the Egyptians? But Osman Digna and his like could drive Egyptians into the sea whenever they pleased. By Turks? This was the first idea of the Government, but the Turks have not a shot in the locker, and there are other reasons against them, some good and others bad. The Turk is the last buffer between the Western Powers and Africa. As he is gradually edged out from Algiers, from Tunis, from Egypt, the Western Powers to their own heavy detriment are being drawn in. As his sway shrinks, it is upon them that his burdens fall. It will be well if the process completes itself without bringing the two Western

Powers into violent collision with one another; it will be well, but it is hardly possible. If it cannot then, for good reasons or for bad, be the Turk who is to hold Souakim and other ports for us, it can only happen that we shall hold them ourselves. And it is to this that Lord Hartington's declaration of March 10 amounts, when translated into the positive language of plain fact. The ports will be held by black troops, commanded by English officers.

Let us turn to the development of policy in respect of Khartoum. When General Gordon was sent into the Soudan, he told the Government (January 22) that his policy was to restore the country to the different petty sultans who existed at the time of Mehemet Ali's conquest, and who still exist. Khartoum, he said, offered a more difficult question, for that town and Kassala had sprung up since Mehemet Ali's conquest, and had no old standing families. By and by he made up his mind that Zebehr Pasha should be sent to succeed him. Two squadrons from Graham's force should advance to Berber.

"With these squadrons and Wood's Invincibles should advance a regiment, or it should go to Dongola, while 100 British troops might make a Nile trip to Wady Halfa and stay there for two months. This would settle the question, for when the Nile rose, with the Berber black troops and those of Khartoum, which I would bring up, I could deal with the rebels on the Blue Nile and open the road to Sennaar. Then I would take out the Cairo *employés*, and Zebehr Pasha would put his own men there. I would evacuate the equatorial Bahr Gazelle provinces, and hand over the troops to Zebehr Pasha, who would before the end of the year finish off the Mahdi."

That was Gordon's plan on March 7. It was fully approved by Sir Evelyn Baring. The coolest heads in Cairo thought that nothing better was open. But English sentimentality was aroused. Gordon had in old days taxed Zebehr with active complicity in slave-hunting. But during his interview with Zebehr the other day at Cairo, the witnesses present are said not to have been satisfied that Gordon had

proved his case: Zebehr challenged Gordon to produce the letter establishing his complicity in the revolt for which his son was executed, and Gordon admitted that he could not produce such a letter, and that, if wrong in this item, he had treated Zebehr with harshness. In any case he wished Zebehr to go with him then, and he wishes to have Zebehr sent to him now.

The *Times* correspondent at Cairo, like Sir Evelyn Baring, sees no better course.

"Whatever Zebehr Pasha's character may be," he says, "I have no hesitation in saying that he is infinitely superior to Hussein Cheri, the ex-Governor of Khartoum, when it was under Egyptian rule. Unless we are prepared to govern Khartoum ourselves, the choice lies between such alternatives. The abandonment of the Soudan means the recognition of slaveholding, and it is impossible logically to hold in Cairo as a prisoner one Soudani for rebellion while we are granting the Soudanese self-government. Slave-hunting must be stopped, but *this would be more effectually done by establishing Zebehr Pasha at Khartoum, granting him an annual subsidy contingent on his not practising slave-hunting, and by destroying both supply and demand markets on the Congo and in Egypt.*"

The Anti-Slavery Society raises a loud bray. Mr. Forster makes a speech. The Jingo in drab shouts with the Jingo in scarlet. The Government take fright. Lord Hartington tells us that "it is better that General Gordon should remain a longer time to complete his work himself than that he should receive the assistance of or leave the succession to an objectionable agent like Zebehr."

This is the point at which we are left suspended at the present moment. That is to say, while protesting that the question ought to be settled on the spot, and that it would be folly to govern Egypt from London, we repudiate General Gordon's urgent advice, we scold Admiral Hewett, and we let Sir Evelyn Baring's word count for nothing.

It is very easy to say that Gordon should remain a little longer. But how and on what terms is he to

remain? Unless the Government pluck up courage to resist all this noble insanity, an army will be sent. "You will have to keep 10,000 Indian troops at Khartoum until the Soudan is evacuated," says one bold prophet. We shall not do that, but a considerable force may be sent, and if it is sent, it will stop. The experience of the past in Upper Egypt will repeat itself at no distant future in the Soudan, and just as we are held fast at Cairo, so we shall catch a wolf by the ear at Khartoum.

As for Indian troops, there is not an Indian statesman who does not look on their employment outside of India with positive horror and dread. Anybody who has a single correspondent of authority among Indian officials is well aware of that fact, and aware too of the even more important fact that the men there who know the constant gravity of our position in India are beginning to look with a gaze of profound apprehension on our position in Egypt. "Egypt in English hands," it has been said in the course of recent debates, "means that India will be brought into the Mediterranean and within the sphere of European politics." We can imagine the disquiet with which the serious rulers and governors all over that vast territory, whose business it is to watch what one of their own number has called the slumbering volcano in India, observe such symptoms as are described in the following item of intelligence just sent from Calcutta:—

"The course of affairs in Egypt continues to attract some attention from the native Indian press, its remarks being frequently uncomplimentary and sometimes almost seditious. The *Mohammedan Observer* attributes all the recent troubles to the vacillating and uncertain policy of the British Government. The *Bengalee* says that the English are in Egypt ostensibly for the benefit of the Egyptian people, but really for the benefit of the foreign bondholders, whose demands have converted Egypt into a veritable desert. The *Bombay Native Opinion* says that the charm of British success lies not so much in its guns as in its gold, and describes General Gordon's slavery proclamation as a 'disgusting guarantee,' and a 'piece

of moral turpitude.' Great satisfaction is expressed by all the native newspapers at the resolution of the Government not to employ Indian troops in the Soudan."

So closely interconnected is our policy in Egypt with our fortunes and affairs in India. So manifold, various, and far-reaching are the considerations that ought to settle that policy.

What is Government for if it is not to direct and to withstand to the face, if need be, the passing impulse of uninformed and uncalculating sentiment? If the Government do not believe that the policy of engaging ourselves in the Soudan is full of peril, they might as well have gone to work with a will, and prevented the catastrophe that befell General Hicks. If, on the contrary, they share the opinion of Sir Evelyn Baring, so repeatedly and persistently expressed, that "the difficulties of withdrawal from the Soudan, great though they be, are less than those of endeavouring to hold the Soudan," they might as well have stood to their guns from the first, refused to send Gordon to Khartoum, refused to relieve Sinkat and Tokar (neither of which did they relieve after all), and said boldly to the House of Commons and the country: "We will defend Egypt proper, but we cannot rescue the distant garrisons; they must make terms for themselves; their deliverance in any case is a task beyond our strength; it will cost more bloodshed than it could possibly avert; it will involve future difficulties of untold magnitude. If the country insists on putting an end to slavery, or stamping out the slave trade at such cost as this, get Lord Salisbury or Mr. Forster to try. We won't."

Such language would at least have been worthy of a strong Minister who knew his own mind, and it would have brought its own reward. Public opinion would not have been bewildered and confused as it has been, but would have rallied to men who had the courage of deliberate and defensible convictions. We have had one example of such courage in our own

day, though it may have been a good example in a bad cause. In the autumn of 1876 the country was convulsed with indignation at the cruelties perpetrated in Bulgaria. All the Conservative Ministers, save one, bent before the storm. Meetings were held by the score, and resolutions passed by the hundred. But there was one Minister who did not quail. Lord Beaconsfield during all those weeks kept a stubborn silence, and when he broke his silence it was to defy the popular sentiment, to rebuke the popular policy, and to denounce the popular idol. The famous Aylesbury speech may have been as wrong, as impolitic, as cynical as we please, if we look to the substance and the merits of the Turkish question. It was at any rate an illustration of that attitude of courage, of confidence in himself, in his own judgment, and his own policy, which a nation has a right to expect from its leaders in a crisis.

The Empire cannot be safely ruled in accordance with the passing cries of what chances to be the most boisterous section of the hour. "Now for the first time," Mr. Gladstone said, in the debate on the vote of censure (February 12), "is raised a great issue between parties in this House, but that great issue involves in it something much more important than the victories of Oppositions or the continuance of Ministries; it involves the development of great and useful lessons with regard to rash and unwise interventions." We are, indeed, at the parting of the ways. There is no attempt to conceal the ultimate designs of the forward policy. Holding Souakim under the pretext of stopping a vent of the slave trade, we shall be urged to hold the road to Berber. Berber, involves, they next say, the question of Khartoum, which can never be given back to barbarism (from which, for that matter, it has never been extricated); Khartoum cannot be retained without Sennaar. In short, the Souakim - Berber - Khartoum - Sennaar line is to be the Egyptian frontier,

and of course we are to defend it *in sæcula sæculorum*. That is one policy. The other is to let Gordon have Zebehr at Khartoum, and then proceed on his mission to the Congo, the source and fountain of the slave trade; to trust to cruisers and consuls at Jeddah and elsewhere to intercept the slave dhows; and, finally, to leave the Soudan to its fate, as we left Abyssinia, Zululand, Ashanti, and divers other lands. For the moment the first looks at once the easier and the loftier. But when the cost comes to be counted, it will be so enormous, and in every respect so disproportionate, that it will go ill with those who have added this most portentous of all loads to the overburdened Titan. It may prove that on the steps that are taken within the next few days it depends whether we are or are not committed to half a dozen or half a score of years of troublesome warfare with native tribes in the Soudan, at last bursting out into the vast conflagration of a war with France. Well might Mr. Gladstone say that we are in presence of issues more grave than the victories of Oppositions or the continuance of Ministries.

In domestic affairs, as little way has been made as might have been expected from the competing excitement of events in the Soudan. On March 3, the Franchise Bill was read a first time, having been introduced by Mr. Gladstone on February 28, and debated for a couple of nights. Its provisions have been generally regarded as moderate and reasonable in themselves. They involve no sweeping removal of franchises to which the Thorough section object. Even this section acquiesces almost contentedly in the retention of abusive privileges, such as that of the non-resident voter, for they perceive that the possessors of these illegitimate political advantages will count for little amid the two millions of new voters whom it is estimated that the Bill will place on the electoral registers. Ireland, as usual, will be the stumbling-block.

In introducing the Bill, the Prime Minister took occasion to throw out his own ideas on the principles that should regulate the redistribution of seats, when the time should come for that important sequel to the measure now before Parliament. One of these ideas was that the numbers of the representatives from Ireland should be undisturbed, though on the basis alike of population and of taxable property Ireland has more than its fair proportion of members. The boroughs in the south of England are to give up seats that are to go to the north of England and to Scotland, but Ireland is to retain her present quota. This has scandalised a good many people of various sorts who profess to be favourable to the Franchise Bill. It will no doubt remain in their minds during the session, and induce them to persist in requiring guarantees that are not very likely to be given. Mr. Bright, however, has expressed a strong approval of this point of adherence to the Act of Union, and his approval will carry weight, from his well-known aversion to what he has himself denounced as "the rebel party." If some will ask for new declarations about Ireland, others will seek some security that minorities shall be protected by one of the various artificial expedients that ingenious dwellers in Nephelococcygia have devised to that end. The debate on the second reading will commence to-day. In 1866 the corresponding debate lasted over eleven sittings, many of them of incomparable dreariness. If the same pertinacity is shown this time, there will be very little chance for any other measure of more than merely secondary importance during the present session.

To a fair observer it is not obstruction so much as the difficulties of the time to which we ought in truth to charge the tardy progress of public business. So complex, shifting, and momentous a set of transactions as those in Egypt and the Soudan must necessarily give rise to constant discussion, and throw up point after point for debate. The deliberative

council of the State would be wanting to itself if this most pregnant issue in our national policy were left to work itself out without vigilant criticism of every step that is taken. Idle questions are put, no doubt. Good and bad arguments alike are needlessly reiterated. There are irrelevancies, personalities, self-advertising egoisms, all in abundance. But these hardly constitute wilful or sinister obstruction. They are inseparable from deliberation by any large body, containing its fair share of human nature. The more important and complicated and exciting the question of the hour, by so much the more room and the more provocation or excuse for these superfluities of discussion. An executive Government must make allowance for them in its estimate of the business that can be done in a week, or a month, or a session. Such delays must be anticipated in the account, and the certain prospect of them ought to regulate the measure of what is undertaken. No prudent calculation respecting an assembly like the House of Commons will omit a necessary percentage for waste. It is an absurdity to complain that the whole of a prolonged sitting should be devoted to a preliminary talk upon the army, as happened when the estimates were presented. The subject is one of importance at all times, and just now its importance is special. More than one problem of military organisation is still undecided. Pedantic fogies invariably think, at any moment you please, that the condition of the British army is critical; but that condition undoubtedly gives some concern to men who are neither old-fashioned nor alarmists. The same may be said of the navy. A longish sitting was devoted to questions relating to the efficiency of the ironclads, and the strength of the national fleet relative to the naval resources of other countries. To talk about ships' boilers was to incur from impatient simpletons and cuckoo partisans the blame of obstruction. Yet the destinies of the

Empire are in ships' boilers. We are already in the thick of enterprises that will tax our military resources, and slowly drifting into future engagements that may tax both army and fleet to the uttermost. Under such circumstances nothing can be more futile than to rebuke colonels, admirals, or economists, for taking part in debate. All debate is more or less cumbrous. To expect from a Parliament the quick and sinewy argumentation that goes on between a strong judge and a strong counsel on a point of law or a precedent is the height of unreason and misapprehension.

What seems worthy of remark is, that when pure and undoubted obstruction is raised, the House of Commons seems to be afraid of using the instrument that was devised with sore travail for the express purpose of dealing with it. In the sitting which began on Saturday noon and lasted until daybreak on Sunday (March 16), the last few hours offered more than one instance of obstruction. The occasion was exactly fitted for the application of the closure, if the closure is ever to be applied at all. It is true that the House was in Committee, and that there may have been a natural reluctance to resort to the new expedient for the first time under any less authority than that of the Speaker in the Chair. But these hesitations will have to be overcome. There is no excuse for having devoted so many days to forging this strong weapon, if it is not to be used under such circumstances as these. Little way will be made until the closure becomes a regular element in debate, and is used as freely and constantly as cases may require. But mere clumsiness, tediousness, honest persistency in threshing out the last grain, are not to be classed as obstruction, and the more fully this is admitted the less reluctance need there be to stamp upon obstruction proper and deliberate.

The same sitting that furnished this instance of unwillingness to use

the new rules, was also an instance of the inadequateness of the rules themselves. The rule of 1882 provides that except on the first occasion of considering the estimates or a vote of credit, when Supply stands as the first order on Monday or Thursday, the Speaker shall leave the Chair without putting any question. The same rule ought by all parity, and even *a fortiori*, to have been extended to all extraordinary sittings on Saturdays held for the express purpose of Supply. But for some reason or another this provision was neglected, and hence six hours were consumed upon an amendment before the business was entered upon for which the exceptional sitting had, at great general inconvenience, been specially held. If you will not take the trouble properly to stop the holes, there is little use in scolding the foxes for getting away.

It is, of course, patent that the Conservatives are not zealous to make way for the Franchise Bill. Nobody expects that they should be so. They believe that, if a general election could be forced at this moment, it would shatter or destroy the present majority. The cooler among them doubt whether at the best the Conservatives could muster a strong majority of their own, and are not keen to take upon their shoulders the formidable and vexatious tasks that must for some time to come weigh heavily on any British Government. These provident counsels do not prevail: in the heats of party warfare provident counsels prevail seldom. The tactics of the Opposition in rallying to a peace motion proposed by Radicals on the other side were described in a pungent phrase by the Home Secretary, which was instantly adopted with passion by Ministerialists in the House of Commons, and has been eagerly caught up by their supporters outside. Such tactics have been generally condemned by that moderate and neutral opinion which does duty with not a few for principle and conviction, and is so powerful a factor in

all political emergencies. On the other hand, the leaders of the Opposition contend that the motion which was brought forward by the Radicals below the gangway was in effect the same motion as they desired to propose themselves, if the Prime Minister had not refused to find them an opportunity. They argue that there is no reason why the devil should have all the good tunes to himself, or why Radicals should claim a monopoly of sensible motions.

Once more, it is the troubles of the time that make the true obstruction. Take the questions put to Ministers last Thursday. There were sixty-seven upon the paper, and upwards of seventy were actually asked. Of these twenty-one referred to Ireland:—under what circumstances a young man met his death in an hotel at Donegal; whether subjects for dissection are supplied to the Queen's College at Cork from the Cork Lunatic Asylum; why an Orangeman who tried to shoot a sentry at Omagh was let out on bail while a Nationalist who fired at a soldier not on duty at Mullingar got penal servitude for life; whether the Government can give information with respect to acts of disorder and outrage in the village of Windgap, Rossenany, in the County Kilkenny; and so forth, and so forth. India came in for eight questions, ranging from the Bengal Tenancy Bill to the expenditure of 40,000 rupees on silk hangings for Government House at Ootacamund. Had the attention of the Government been called to the complaint made in the petition presented by the natives of Chingleput, Madras, last month, to Lord Ripon, that Government levy duty of two rupees, or thirty-two annas, on three annas' worth of salt? and does not this taxation exist now throughout India, though in many parts the cost of carriage equals the cost of salt and duty? What had the Under Secretary of State for India to say about the appearance of official advertisements in the Madras papers offering for public auction the right of

making and vending intoxicating drink in the districts of Tanjore, Tinnevely, and North Arcot? What had he to say about a recent sentence of public flogging inflicted upon certain students of a high school at Dacca, on the charge of being concerned in a brawl or disturbance with the police? and did not these youths belong to some of the most respectable families of Dacca and the neighbourhood? And about an address from the people of North Arcot, containing a population of nearly two millions, declaring that the salt tax is so heavy and prohibitive that people cannot obtain salt for their own requirements, and that their cattle are ravaged with various diseases owing to the want of this indispensable article of life? Would the Under Secretary tell the House all about the circumstances of the death of the Rajah of Kolapore in a struggle with a European ex-soldier named Green? and about the circumstances of the assault by an officer of the King's Dragoon Guards at Meerut upon a distinguished Bengalee pleader of the High Court, practising at the Meerut bar?

It is true that some of these questions were put by a single Irish member; but we do not know on what principle his right to put them can, on existing maxims, be denied. We may be very sure that, in any case, the right will be exercised; and we shall do well to mark that the most important and significant of all the questions—that on the salt duty—was placed upon the paper by Mr. Burt, the honoured representative of what is best and most characteristic in the sentiment of the English workmen. The moral of this is that the interest taken in India will be sure to increase and not to decrease; that the result of that increased interest will be an increased pressure on the time of Parliament, and a growing and even more mischievous tendency towards the supreme folly of directing the details of Indian administration from Downing

Street in accordance with a public opinion that is trustworthy enough in impulse and leading instinct, and perfectly fit to guide where the people know the ground, but obviously unfit where all the conditions [of the problem are so entirely remote from any that are within the range of their own knowledge or experience.

This it is,—the multiplication and diversity of affairs,—that is squandering the time and straining the powers of the House of Commons. Members will insist on travelling over the whole field of empire. Vanity, sense of duty, officiousness, petulance, honest interest,—a hundred motives good and bad, will prompt them to incessant occupation of Parliamentary time. That, as we shall have only too surely to observe in the years before us, is one among many reasons why wise statesmen with an interest in domestic legislation and improvements at home should avoid an adventurous policy abroad, and should with all their might resist the first approaches to such a policy. It is the Soudan war that is the true obstruction. Nor need we at all deplore that it should be so. The old ordinance that one who proposed a new law should come before the assembly with a halter round his neck, is no bad example for dealing with a Minister who is drawn to commit his country to distant expeditions and new responsibilities. We do not say that war and fresh engagements can always be avoided. But at least let those who enter upon them have fully in their minds at the moment that the addition of new tasks is a fatal subtraction from the time and chance of lightening the old.

Those who are disquieted by the entanglements in which our own country is involved with one inferior race will find little comfort in seeing France achieving the same disastrous successes over another in the Far East. Men with an eye for difficulties ahead may find as many in France, as the same

description of men, if such there be, in England. M. Charles de Mazade is an experienced observer, and this is how the state of his country figures itself to him:—

“ It is not at any rate either serious questions or black specks that are now wanting to our country. Even were we bound to consider as a last piece of good fortune the successes that could not fail our little army of Tonkin, which has just effected its victorious entry into Bac-ninh, such successes are assuredly not without alloy, since they are far from being the close of an enterprise that was begun rather by chance than design. Apart from the satisfaction of seeing brave soldiers hold the flag high, difficulties are becoming in truth numerous enough and pressing enough to create one of those situations in which the most confident minds cannot look for the morrow without fear and without hesitation. Difficulties are on every side. They are not only in the diplomatic isolation in which France stands, they are still more visible perhaps in our internal affairs. They are in our finances, exhausted by a system of improvident expenditure. They are in the strikes which set in motion an excited populace, led astray by declaimers who are the miserable and mischievous expression of a profound crisis in our industry. They are in the discussion on the Municipal Bill and those Educational Bills, which embroil and confuse everything, which show even the Senate contradicting itself from day to day, voting the publicity of the sittings of communal councils after having rejected it, and turning little local assemblies into little parliaments. Difficulties are to be seen in almost everything that is done. . . . If our affairs

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seem so grave, so compromising, it is exactly because we feel that they escape all direction, that they are given up to chance, to Ministries that have only intermittent fits of resolution.”

It is, of course, well not to forget that these complaints are in truth an indirect fashion of disparaging the Republic. The literary class in France—seldom, by the way, more meagre in illustrious names than now, save the veteran Victor Hugo and, *longo intervallo*, M. Renan—is plunged at present into a condition of political scepticism that makes it as unfriendly to the Republic as the great men of the past generation were its enthusiastic votaries. In politics, as in so much besides, sanguine illusions fade with possession. In England, too, a cloud has come over the political hopes, the anticipations, the ideals that were bright in men's minds four years ago. It may be that the ideals were a dream, at variance with the hard conditions of actual affairs, motives, interests, and principles; or it may be that time has more to do with the business than, with our brief and transitory lives, so disproportionate to the largeness of political aim and social imagination, we are willing to suppose. The very qualities that endow men with the faculty of taking general views and passing beyond temporary incidents, are what lead them to antedate results. Like Joseph II., they are apt to take the second step before they have taken the first, and, according to the Russian saying, they want to have Friday before Thursday. But though too long a sight has its perils for the practical objects of the hour, still less can we deny the perils or escape the mischiefs of short-sightedness, however convenient and however complacent.

END OF VOLUME XLIX.

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